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WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

No. 19 Park Place - New York City

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

Contents for December and January.

FRONTISPIECE—THE WILLIAMSON RIVER

AMONG THE TROUTS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE....*J. R. Moore* 3
(Concluded) Illustrated.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA*Wm. C. Harris* 10
Illustrated.

HUNTING TARPON IN CORPUS CHRISTI WATERS,
Illustrated. *Will. Southworth* 18

CANANDAIGUA LAKE—Verse.....*C. T. Mitchell, M. D.* 25
Illustrated.

FISHING IN THE BLUE EARTH RIVER.....*I. S. Dodd* 28

A DUAL FISH—CAUGHT ON TWO RODS.....*Kit Clarke* 31

FISHING A NEW SECTION OF THE GATINEAU REGION,
Illustrated. *R. Nettle* 33

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 39
A New and Wise Suggestion—Remarkable Catch of Sea Trout—Diverse Angling Opinions—Selling Trout all the Year 'Round—Catching Chub with Blackberries—From Montana — An Apolonaris Spring — From Across the Water — An Oregonian Among the Tarpon — Pleasant News from Sarasota, Fla.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST..... 46
To Jamaica Bay—How to Relieve Fatigue in Wheeling—A New Pedal Attachment—How to Use the Pedal—Good for Pulmonary Complaints — Hill Climbing — A Signal Code.

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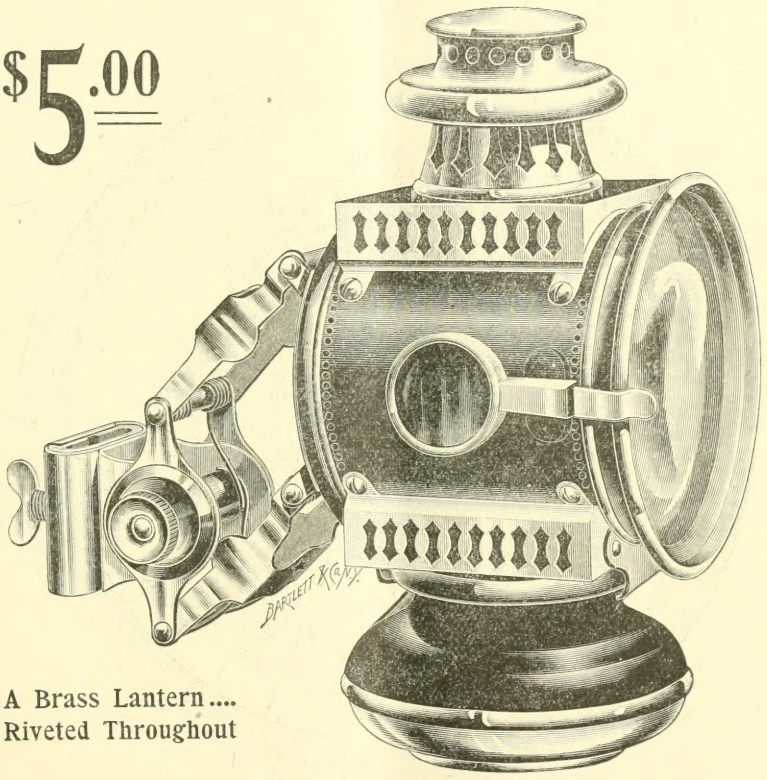
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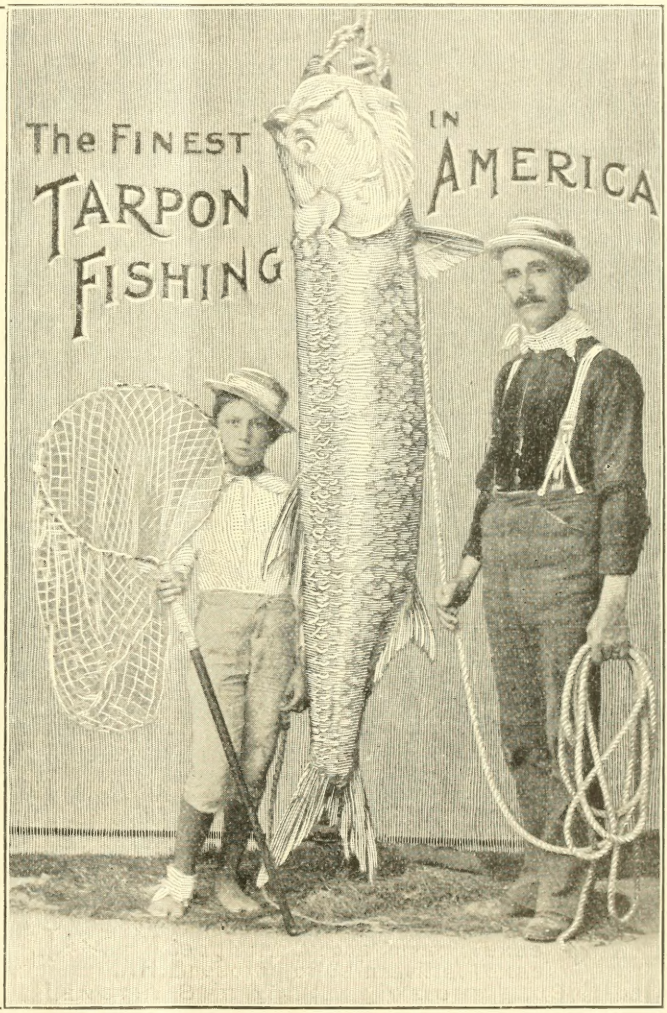
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THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. DECEMBER AND JANUARY—1895-6 No. 1.

AMONG THE TROUTS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY J. R. MOORE.

(Concluded from November issue).



The large catches I had heard of from Williamson river were made almost exclusively with the spoon, and generally below the junction of the Williamson with the Sprague. Here there are many long rapids flowing over rocky ledges. Wading out upon the ledge, the line is easily carried down stream for almost any distance, and from the thus easily acquired remoteness from the fisherman, the big fellows will grab the shining bait. The skill required in angling for them on the Williamson proper is thus discounted.

I was amazed and delighted at the wonderful show of jumping salmon on the McCloud, but never realized that the same spectacle could be witnessed, with huge trout for jumpers, until I saw them in the Williamson—three, four or five of them out of the water at once, coming down with a great splash in the pools.

It is difficult to say how many Indians we fed while on the river. They would congregate at every meal, most of them going away disappointed. They invited us to present them with every article their eyes rested upon, and when their hand went forth to receive anything given, their eyes still peered after something else which they hoped to get. I regret to say I saw no evidence of inclination among them to do anything in return for favors received, and we had some minor annoyances from a few of them.

Like most of their race, however, they are accomplished hunters and fishermen. It would surprise many to see the length of their casts with their two-handed willow rods. While they get out a lot of line, the fly, as a rule, is too roughly placed upon the water to ensure the greatest success; still they take a number of fish. It is, however, with the spoon by which they secure the large ones, and for this reason they usually fish in the Sprague, which is better suited to their method.

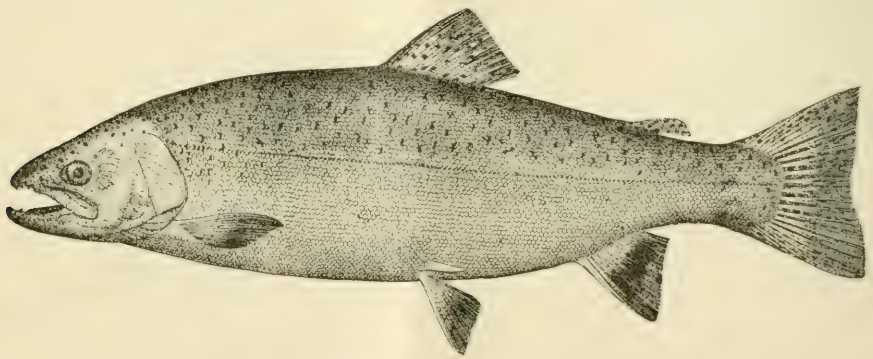
During my visit to the slope I have endeavored to get straightened up a bit on the nomenclature of the trout and salmon of the region. With the constant changes taking place, as investigation discloses new light, we anglers, not being entirely in the scientific swim, often find ourselves behind the times, and generally in a state of uncertainty or confusion. It is evident that the process of elimination and

concentration still goes on. The questions are still fairly numerous and still unsettled, and should we live long enough, there will yet remain corrections to be made in our present notes.

I see with regret that Professor Jordan has given the sanction of his great reputation to the term salmon-trout, and applies it to the steelhead—*Salmo gairdneri.* One hears this vexatious name from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the East it is used in connection with the great lake-trout—*Cristivomer namaycush.* In the West to any large trout whose flesh is pink. I have always hoped the term would fail to find an authority to support it.

Strange to say I have never heard a steelhead called a salmon trout, on the Pacific slope. Would it not be better, perhaps, to let the name steelhead stand alone, or, if another name seems necessary, call him a sea-trout, as the anglers of Europe call the *S. trutta.*

Following the English theory, which suggests the probability that the *Salmo fario* may be but a form of the *Salmo trutta* habituated to inland waters, our ichthyologists apply it to the rainbow—*S. irideus* and steelhead—*S. gairdneri*, surmising that the one may be but the inland form of the other. Future investigation may demonstrate the correctness of this view. At present,



The Steelhead—*Salmo gairdneri gairdneri.*

Anglers in Europe almost invariably call the *Salmo trutta* by the name of sea-trout. Its congener in America is, doubtless, the steelhead. While Professor Jordan admits there is nothing of the salmon about him, and that he is not even anadromous; although he is found in salt water more than any other trout, still every trout goes more or less to the sea if his surroundings admit of it; yet his name is mixed up, as it were, with the salmon, and with him will continue to be confused the great lake char, and all the big trout of the Pacific, should they happen to have pink flesh.

however, it is a doubtful question, admittedly so, by the authorities on the subject.

While there is absolutely no structural differences between the fish, there appears to be good authority for a marked difference in the young. This difference has been observed by Dr. Gilbert in Alaskan waters, where the young of the steelhead and rainbow were seen together; and at the California State Hatchery at Sisson, the spawn of the two were hatched out, and the difference between the young fish easily noted.

Anticipating the correctness of the

English theory as applied to our Pacific forms, Professor Jordan suggests the name *S. gairdneri irideus* for the rainbow trout, and, following in the same line of anticipation, continues the nomenclature of the other three varieties as follows:

S. gairdneri stonei for the McCloud river trout or "No Shoe"; *S. gairdneri gilberti* for the Kern river trout, and *S. gairdneri agua-bonita* for the Golden trout of the Kern river region. This, of course, eliminates the identity of the rainbow as a species, and makes it, as well as the three other offshoots, varieties of the steelhead.

While this theory may eventually prove to be entirely correct, and it would be hardihood, indeed, for any layman to question such distinguished authority, even in his anticipations, still it looks, perhaps, in view of the unsettled condition of the question, as though Professor Jordan may have been a little previous.

In following the process of concentration now in hand, there remains only to be shown that the *S. mykiss* is the parent of all the Pacific *salmo*, when the *irideus* and *gairdneri* will pass into oblivion as species, and the matter appears to be complete. All this may come to pass.

The nomenclature of the five varieties of the Pacific salmon, I found unchanged. The prolonged stay upon the Williamson had deprived me of seeing the great catches of salmon at Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river, where I hoped to see the silver and dog salmon, two varieties I had never observed. Unfortunately I reached Portland on a Sunday, while the salmon fisheries ceased on the previous Saturday night.

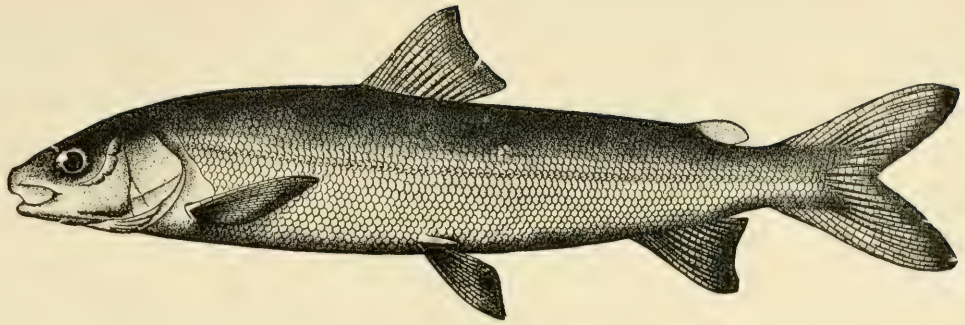
The salmon of the Pacific, however, are of little interest to the angler, as they rarely rise to a fly. A few are occasionally taken in this manner, notably in the Spokane river, in the neighborhood of the Falls, but they are far too uncertain to make the pursuit an object. In any of the bays on the coast, or in the salt-water mouths of the rivers frequented by them, they will take a spoon or minnow trolled at a certain depth, and many are caught in this manner.

In 1893 I took six of them in Monterey bay during one morning, and for trolling with a rod it was good sport. The heaviest weighed 25 lbs.

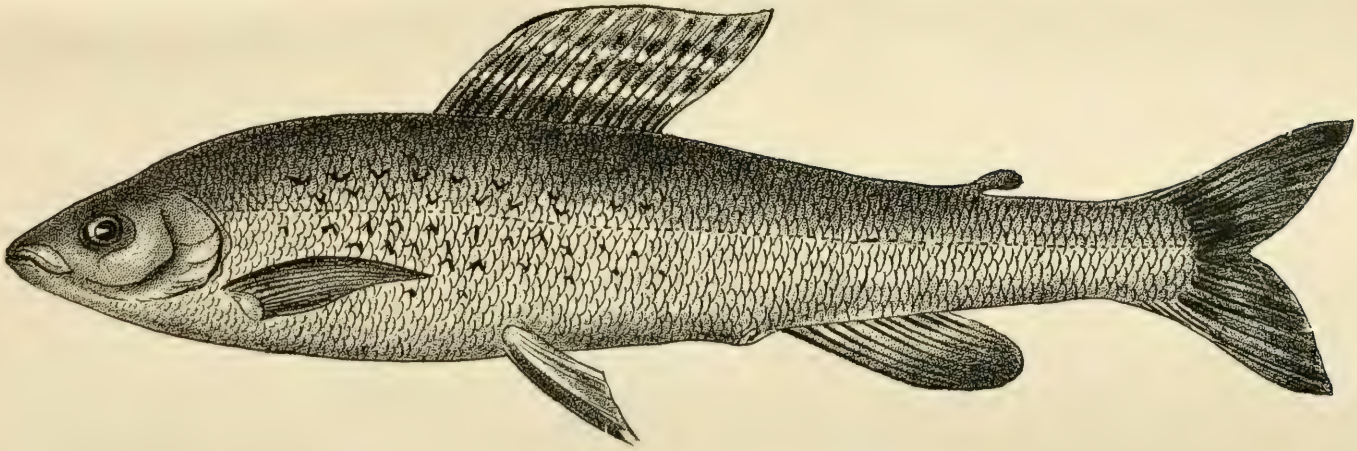
The steelhead trout is in the same category, so far as the angler is concerned. More's the pity; for he is certainly, in form, strength and average size, probably the finest trout in the world.

The run in the Columbia average 12 lbs., and individuals are taken weighing 25 lbs. They run in the river late in the season, and are caught with salmon roe for bait, affording capital sport.

Having learned from you the existence of the grayling in the Gallatin river, I concluded to stop there on my way East, and have a look at this beautiful fish, so seldom taken by anglers in America. Finding there no longer existed a station at Gallatin, where you left the train, I went on some five miles further to Logan, where I found a wee bit of an inn, and the usual boy who knew the river. "Grayling? Well yes. Guess we kin git a mess." So after he had provided himself with ammunition in the way of grasshoppers, he shouldered his long bamboo pole, and off we went. The river, a beautiful stream, pebbly bottomed and swift of current, ran



The Rocky Mountain Whitefish—*Coregonus williamsoni.*



The Montana Grayling—*Salmo ontariensis montanus.*

directly back of the house. We journeyed up stream about a mile, where the boy was "dead sure of gittin' 'em." On reaching the river, however, we found it terribly riley from the discharge of an irrigating ditch which ran through the Manhattan ranch, owned by New York people, whose barley is grown and malted on the premises.

I saw at once that fly fishing was useless; but the boy, going to a favorite spot under an overhanging rock, eventually threw out a beautiful ½ lb. fish, the first I had ever seen. What strikingly handsome little fellows they are, with their enormous dorsal fins striped in variegated colors, and spotted and striped sides. Singular in shape, too, and with such very small mouths. While they call this *Thymallus ontariensis montanus*, I infer it is the same as the *Thymallus ontariensis* of Michigan.

Having determined to get above the disturbing ditch, we procured a wagon, and in the afternoon went in search of clear water. After driving about three miles, and crossing the offending waterway, we tied up the nag and proceeded to the river.

Wading in about thirty yards from the shore at the tail of a long rapid, with a nice pebbly bottom, where we saw fish breaking, I cast my flies, and soon had another novelty to inspect—a white fish—a variety of those so well known in our great lakes, with large fins and the most comical little square mouth imaginable. Quite a fighter, too, and a most active riser to the fly. I was glad to see the stranger, but wanted grayling. Nor had I long to wait for, presently, a big-finned little beauty rose and, being hooked, pranced around in charming playfulness, soon to find himself in my hand, and thence to the creel. It was like dealing with child-like little comedy after the ponderous tragedies of the Williamson; and the change was at once picturesque and amusing. I took perhaps a dozen, with many whitefish, none of them running over ¾ lb., but all bright, merry and pleasant. On the following afternoon, I killed a considerably larger number, the whitefish rising in the proportion of four to one of grayling. I had provided the boy with a casting line and some flies, and by whipping them out in the quick water, he succeeded in taking quite a number of fish, and declared it to be better than "rootin' for grasshoppers." Grayling are seldom caught in the river of a greater weight than 1 lb. to 1¼ lb. Three quarters of a pound was the heaviest I took. It is beautiful sport, however, and the river and its surroundings most charming. We found no trout, as they were said, at this season, to be higher up the river, which finds its source in the Galatin range of mountains on the south-west side of Yellowstone Park. The variety habituating these waters is the cutthroat.

Leaving Logan, I went on to Livingston for a tour of the Yellowstone Park, and was not in the least disappointed in its wonders.

Discouraged by the bad accounts of the fishing in the Fire Hole river, I did not try it. Since, I have regretted it; for I might have tempted even a few of the European brown trout and Loch Leven varieties, with which it is stocked. Like many observing anglers, I was considerably mystified by the mention in the guide books of the "celebrated Von Baer trout." Really an old friend under a new name; in fact, the *Salmo fario*, most feelingly written about by the ancient Ausonius, and none other than the trout of Isaac Walton. It is

rather mistaken gratitude toward the German professor who first sent the fish to America, to make this classic



Camping in the Park.

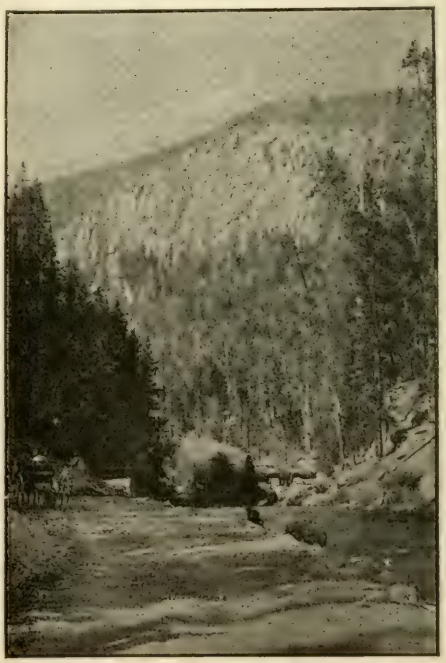
trout appear, even under such a distinguished alias.

After reaching the Thumb on Yellowstone lake, I left the lumbering stage, and took the little steamer for the run of twenty-one miles up to the hotel above its junction with the Yellowstone river. In this stream, a short distance below the lake, the trout are exceedingly abundant. Seven parties started out immediately on the landing of the boat, accompanied by a large thunder-cloud in the west. It being rather late in the season, the fish were said "not to be rising much." Most of those who went out, judging by their eccentric motions, I fancy had never interviewed a fly-rod before, and they found the report of the disinclination of the fish quite correct. A pious father of the Tuck variety, with a friend, close by me, went home fishless. Others who had whipped a stream before, were more fortunate. After taking twenty-five, weighing in the neighborhood of 30 lbs., in less than two hours, and, in the meantime, getting a thorough drenching from the cloud that accompanied us, I returned. Though the fish are of good size, they are not in good condition, and their fighting qualities, much below the standard. They are too plentiful and rise freely; in fact, it is too easy.

I have no doubt that earlier in the season, it would require but patience and endurance for an average angler to load a boat.

The guide books describe them as salmon-trout.

I found two varieties: The cutthroat *S. mykiss*, which is indigenous to the waters, and the rainbow, probably *S. gairdneri shasta*, which has been introduced. The color of the latter is most extraordinary, being of a dirty brick dust red, and in great variety of the same tint. Their condition is poorer than that of the cutthroats, nor are they so strong upon the rod. They are said



Scene in the Park.

to possess worms, and are certainly not delectable to look upon.

On returning to Mammouth Hot Springs, I concluded to remain over a day. Through the courtesy of Captain Anderson, Sixth United States cavalry, commanding post, and the kindness of Mr. I. Jay Haynes, who accompanied me, I had a beautiful morning's angling on the Gardiner river, bountifully stocked with our Eastern brook trout. Starting about 9 o'clock, we drove some eight miles through the Golden Gate to reach the river, which flowed through a picturesque cañon. To find out whether any fish were below, Mr. Haynes lengthened out his line and dropped a fly into a pool beneath where we stood. Immediately a game little six-to-the-pounder fastened on, and up he came to the top of the cañon, and down we went. The stream was perfect for brook work. Wadeable through the length we fished, with pleasant pools and sparkling rapids, filled with the genuine old-fashioned wild fish, such as I caught when a boy, in Henry's Run, with dear old Thad. Norris as preceptor. Peace be to his ashes, for a more finished angler or more lovable sportsman has not arisen since his time.

I know of no fish that rises with such avidity as our fontinalis. All the trout of the Pacific are behind him in this respect, and oftener take the fly under water than on the surface. It was a charm, indeed, to be again among the old friends of the brook. These had brought with them a full measure of the vigor of the race to which they belonged, and a merry dance we had with them. Little fellows they were, to be sure, but they were plentiful and active; the sport was so hot that it actually made me laugh. Jumping clear of the water after the dancing fly, they made too lively a measure to tire one of the song, and its sportive melody recalled the happy days of my youth and those never-forgotten memories that cling to boyhood. It is difficult, however, to put three pints into a quart measure, and although I had hung a huge 20 lb. creel over my shoulder, I found, ere 2 o'clock had come, that fish were getting out of the hole in the cover, and when I packed it up to the top of the cañon, I knew there was something on my back.

Reaching the wagon and emptying the creel, 118 speckled beauties fell out upon the grass, while my friend had ninety-seven. The best morning's brook fishing in my experience.

This ended my angling in the West. My rods are carefully rolled in their cases, the flies quietly resting in their books; and like the old darky who brought down the coon, I will say in closing—*dah!*

I am stopping at Dawson, S. Dakota, on the way home, with the grouse, the ducks and the geese. When they take up their annual flight south, let us hope that we may soon follow. Once again in balmy Florida, I trust it may be my good fortune to see your salt-water tackle, your artist, and yourself.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

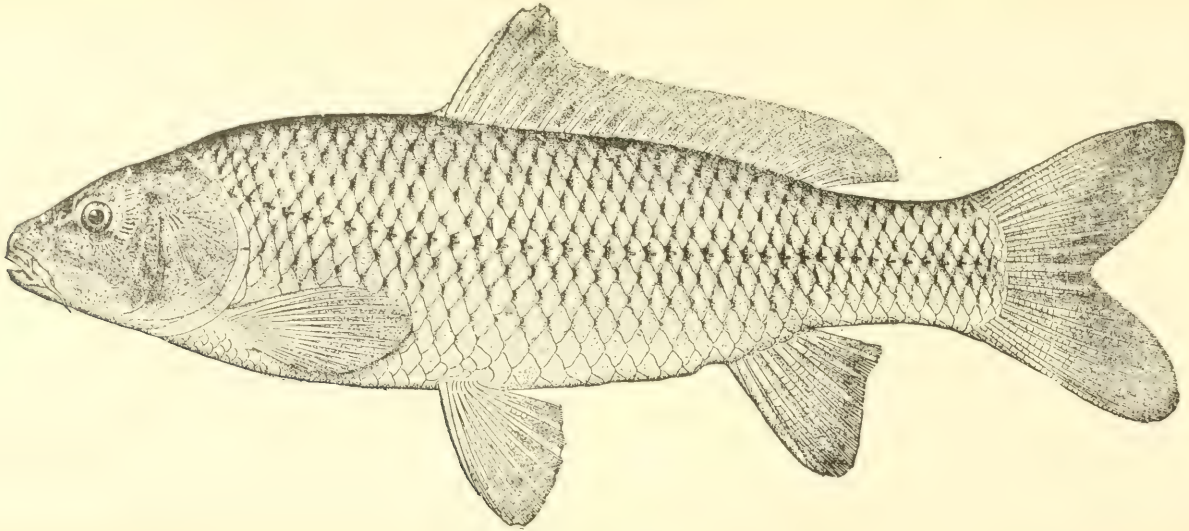
(Continued from page 159, Vol. 25).

I have given, doubtless in the judgment of many anglers, unnecessary space to the consideration of the sucker family, but palliation lies in the fact that all these fishes, with probably one or two exceptions, will take a baited hook; and even a persistent hand-liner, or snood-snatching sucker fisherman, may be developed into a half-fledged angler, or perhaps a stream observer. There is, as we all know, something in the environment of an outing, even for suckers, that leads to self-study and a broader appreciation of nature in all her moods; a closer study of her children, and a repose of mind which often is a prelude to activity of thought and investigation of the curious and interesting objects, animate and inanimate, which she so profusely and generously places under our eyes. With such surroundings even a sucker fisher may possibly become a student of nature, and from him we may yet learn many curious life-phases of these generally contemned fish.

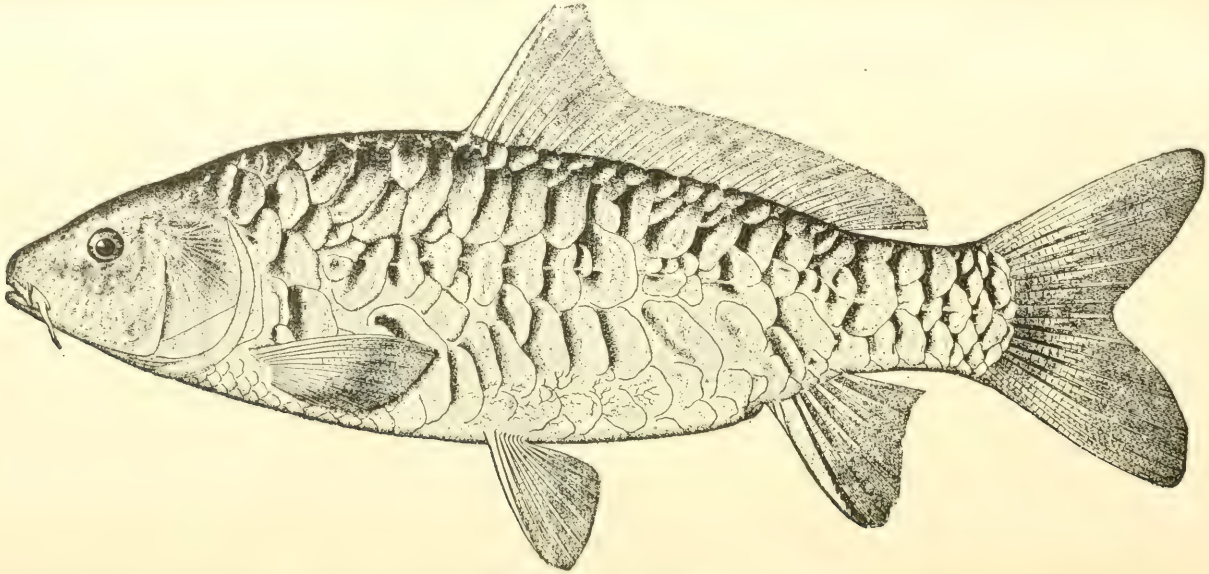
Worthless as American anglers now find the carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) to be on the rod and on the table, it has undoubted claims that make it worthy to be classed in company with the grayling as an historic, in fact, prehistoric fish. Fossil remains have been found in the marl slates and carbonaceous shales of Europe, Asia and America, and it has been talked and written about through all the ages of the Christian era, and Aristotle described and gave it prominence 350 B. C. Its nativity is veiled in the misty records of the East, where tradition merges so complacently into history, for we are told that the father of Confucius extolled its qualities 2,500 years ago. Oppian described it in the Second Century under its Greek name, *Kuprinos*, significance unknown, but from which the present generic name of the carp (*Cyprinus*) is derived. It was known on the Danube as early as the Sixth Century; was cultivated in France and Austria in the Thirteenth, and was certainly in England during the Fifteenth, for Dame Juliana Benners wrote, in 1496, that it was "a daynteus fish, but there ben few in Englonde." The old monks of that country fattened and protected it in their monastery waters, and doubtless fished for it, as only such unctuous anglers could, to the refrain of the rollicking old song, accentuated now and then by the grassing of a fat specimen:

The sun was setting and vespers done, the monks came one by one,
And down through the garden trim, in cassock and cowl to the river's brim;
Every brother his rod he took, every rod had a line and hook,
Every hook had a bait so fine, and thus they sang in the even-shine:
"To-morrow will be Friday, so we'll fish the stream to-day,
To-morrow will be Friday, so we'll fish the stream to-day, *benedicite*."

The carp is not only a fish with an ancient history, but rivals the pike in its records of individual longevity and weight, and far surpasses the tribe of *Lucius* in its tenacity of life under the most trying conditions. Buffon wrote, in 1750, that he saw carp in the fosse at Ponchartrain, France, that had been



The Scaled or Asiatic Carp.

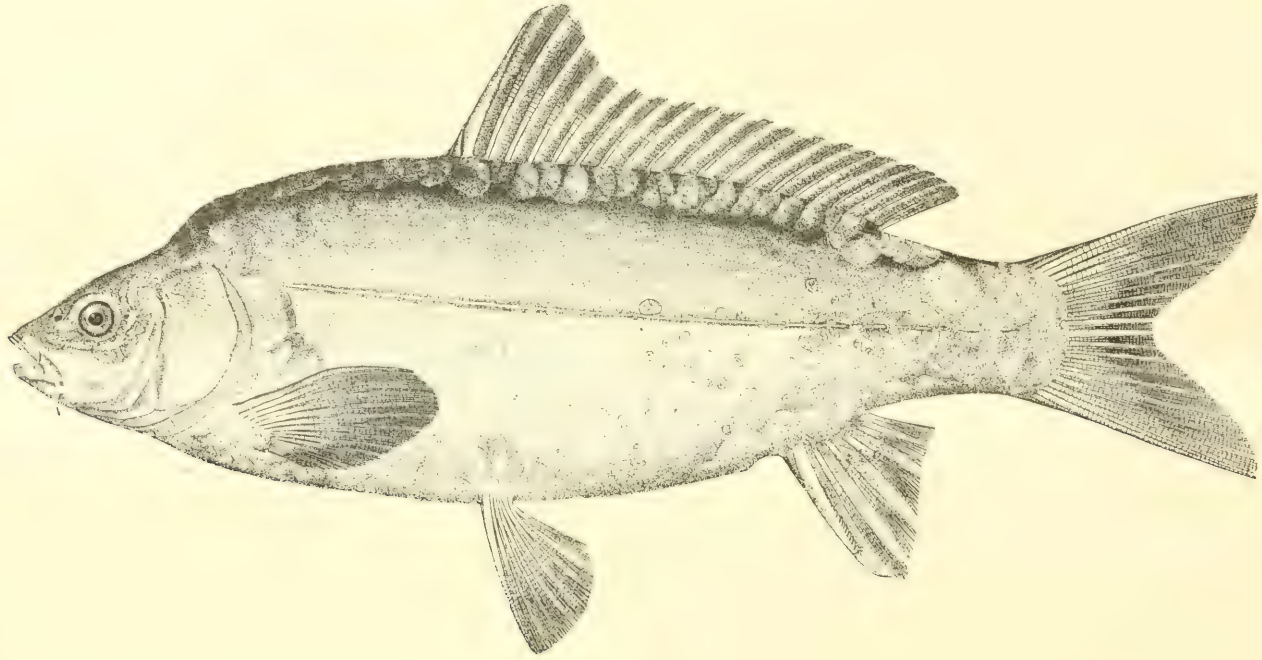


The Mirrow or King Carp.

there for 150 years, and were still vigorous; at Fontainbleau carp exist, or did, that were actually bleached with age, and Manly tells us he knew of one that would score a century; and it is stated that a carp was caught in the Lago di Corra, Italy, that weighed 200 lbs. Block, a reliable and celebrated German ichthyologist, reports that one was taken near Frankfort-on-Ober which measured 9 feet and weighed 70 lbs.; Mr. Emil Weeger, of Brünn, Austria, says he saw carp at Pesth, Hungary, that weighed 67 lbs., and in the lower Danube they were taken weighing 80 lbs. Some eight or ten years ago, Messrs. Darhaus, owners of the Berlin fishery, caught in the river Spree a large carp which carried in its lower jaw a ring with inscriptions upon it, and, so far as they could be deciphered, it appeared that the fish was placed in the Hozelhurst waters 268 years ago. It weighed 36 lbs. Taking this record of weight and age to be reliable, the query naturally arises as to the age of the carp caught in Lago di Corra, burdened as it was with a weight of 200 lbs. The simple rule of three tells us that its age was over 2,680 years. Of such is the kingdom of fish-annalists.

According to present and entirely reliable data we find the weights of large carp in Germany to range from 10 to 40 lbs., and exceptional fish may be placed at a maximum of 60 to 70 lbs. In England the heaviest authenticated weight of carp is 24½ lbs., and a 5-pounder is now considered there a large fish. In America it was reported by J. F. Hall, of Atlantic City, that carp in the private ponds of Mr. Banner Thomas showed a growth of 30 lbs. in three years. It may be well to add that Mr. Thomas, on being communicated with, would neither affirm or deny Mr. Hall's statement, and seemed rather offended at this intrusion upon his private affairs. But be this as it may, the rapid increase in weight of carp under the favorable climatic and food conditions of this country, particularly in the Southern States, is phenomenal. Mr. Amos Smith, of Hamilton, Ga., placed, on the 15th of May, thirty carp in his pond, ranging from 5 to 8 inches in length, and they commenced spawning at once. Two months later the spawn from these fish were 3 inches long, and continued to grow about an inch or more in length every month, and some of them in October were 8 inches long, and those of the original stock, planted in May, were from 15 to 18 inches in length. Again, Thomas S. Scattergood, of East Bradford, Pa., found the carp in his pond to have grown 12 inches in nine or ten months. Such instances could be multiplied, but it is unnecessary, for we all know to what an extent a prize-taking hog may be pen-fed and fattened, hence we should not be incredulous when a fish of a certain species is said to have been caught showing an abnormal weight. Put a black bass, or a trout, particularly a German or brown trout, in a deep and fruitful pool, where they do not have to forage to obtain food, but simply open their mouths and gorge it, and their growth will be not only rapid but enormous and, to the non-reasoning angler, incredible. In this connection, Gunther, one of the leading ichthyologist of Europe at the present day, writes :

"The growth itself seems to continue in most fishes for a great length of time, and we can scarcely set bounds to—certainly, we know not with precision—the utmost range of the specific



The Leather Carp.

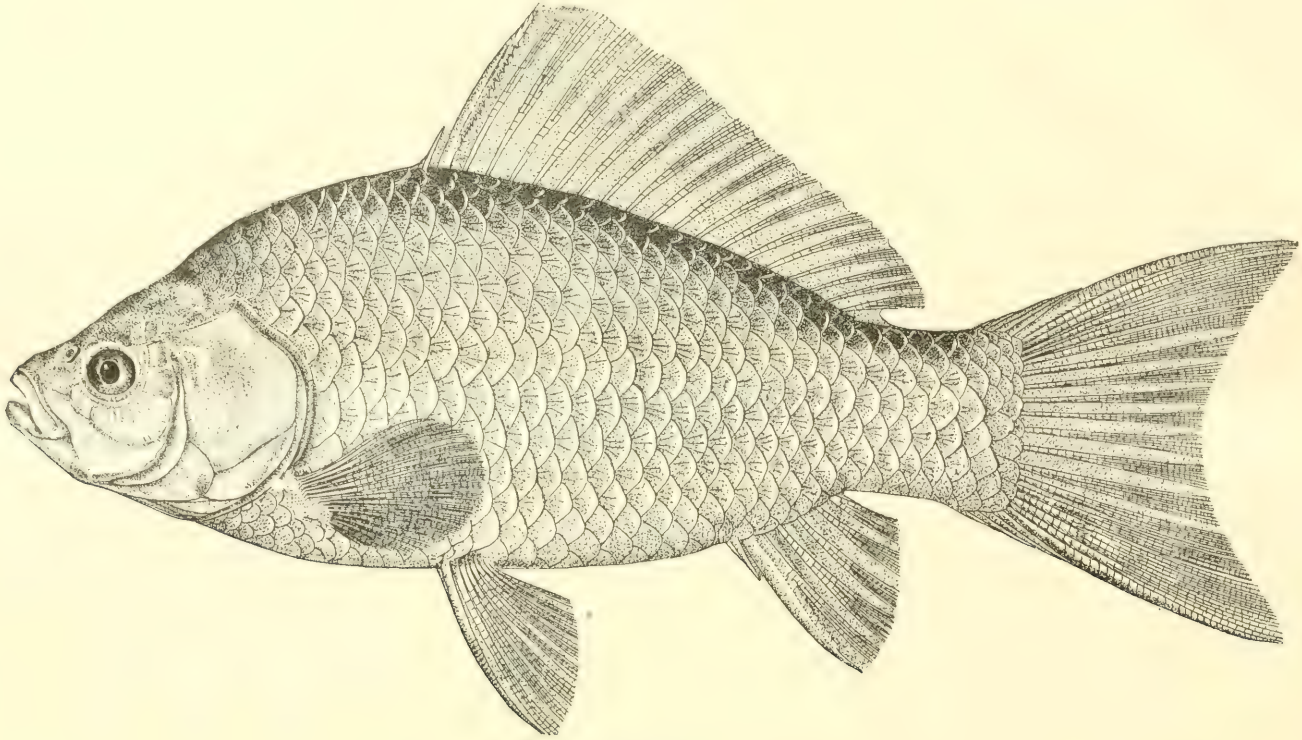
size of fishes. Even in species in no way remarkable for their dimensions, we sometimes meet with old individuals, favorably situated, which more or less exceed the ordinary weight and measurement of their kind."

But if there is doubt as to the maximum weight and growth of carp, none exists of its great tenacity of life. He can be frozen rigid and thawed out to an exuberant vitality; partially eviscerated and the cavity filled with felt, and he will still pursue his ordinary vocations; unsexed, and the fish seems to improve in flavor, fat and activity. A most striking instance of its hold on life is related by Mr. Fred. Spiel, a fishing tackle dealer of Philadelphia. He stated to me that he caught a carp in Darby Creek, near that city, that weighed 12 lbs. It was brought to his home and lay until next morning on the store counter, where it repeatedly flapped its tail twenty-four hours after capture. On the second day it was put into a tub of water, and in a few moments was swimming around lively. On the following Saturday, five days from the date of capture, it was taken out of the tub, its head chopped off with a hatchet, and it was disemboweled. It was then split in twain, and when the knife was put into the flesh the tail flapped, and the fish moved at one time so violently that a glass of water standing six inches from the fish was knocked off the table. We can the more readily credit this statement of Mr. Spiel, whom I know personally to be of good repute, because of the fact that in Holland these fish are kept for months in nets in cool cellars and fed on bread and milk, thus fattened for the market, which process of stall-feeding will account for the popularity of the carp on German tables. Packed in moss, with their mouths filled with bread which has been steeped in brandy, they will live for days; or, if placed in fresh grass they can be kept alive for a long time, if the basket is dipped once in twenty-four hours into fresh and cool water. The celebrated fish painter, Rolfe, kept a carp alive for more than a week, only giving it an occasional bath, and at the end took it down to the Thames and released it, when it swam away as lively as ever. Finally, in closing these notes on the vitality of the fish, I quote from *The Silver State:*

"There is a pond on the Lay Ranch at Golconda which is fed by the waters from the Hot Springs. This pond has an area of two or three acres, and the temperature of the water is about 85°, and in some places where the hot water bubbles up from the bottom the temperature is almost up to the boiling point. Recently the discovery has been made that this warm lake is literally alive with carp, some of which are more than a foot long. All efforts to catch them with a hook and line have failed, as they will not touch the most tempting bait. A few of them have been shot, and contrary to the general supposition the flesh was hard and palatable. How the fish got into the lake is a mystery unsolved. Within 100 feet of it are springs which are boiling hot, and the ranchers in the vicinity use the water to scald hogs in the butchering season."

We can swallow almost anything in the fish line (except carp flesh), but our faith weakens over the carp growing firm and palatable in a habitat of hot water. With this exception we see no reason to doubt the statement of the Nevada paper.

In addition to its great gifts of



The Gold Fish.

weight, age and unusual vigor of life, the carp was esteemed highly in olden times as a remedial agent; the fat of the fish was held to be an excellent emolient for "hot rheumatism"; its gall as a curative liniment for sore eyes, and a triangular stone, said to exist in its jaws, was considered a good styptic and efficacious in other directions. Under such a reputation we are not surprised to find the carp as the insignia of an ancient Persian order, *Maha Maratib*—the Dignity of the Fish—conferred only upon those who had performed great deeds of war or state. These ancient honors are in keeping with the fact that the brain of the carp, according to Professor Owen, is larger in proportion than that of any other fresh water fish; it is certainly considered to be one of the most shrewd and cunning that take a baited hook, so much so that it has earned the title of "River Fox" among the anglers of England and other countries. We find, however, in American waters, the carp to be much below this high standard as a rod fish, but of this more hereafter.

The carp breeds in May in our Northern States, and earlier in the Southern. As many as 700,000 eggs have been taken from a 9-lb. fish, and they commence to spawn when of the length of 5 to 8 inches. There are said to be occasional hermaphrodites among them, producing both eggs and milt, and a fish in good condition was at one time believed to spawn several times a year, but they do not do so except under most favorable conditions of food and temperature, which exists in our Southern States, where they spawn two and possibly three times a year. Hybrids between the carp and other cyprinoids, such as the bream and roach, are not infrequently met with in European waters, and such, no doubt, will be found in our own as investigation extends and this fish multiplies. It is of all other fresh water fishes most subject to parasital pests. A tape-worm measuring 15 yards, taken from a carp of 16 lbs., was examined by J. Harrington Keene. These fish are also subject to a disease called "leprosy" by Blake, a fungoid growth which turns the fish almost white. In fact, their lethargic habits render them particularly open to the attacks of parasites.

The carp family (*Cyprinidæ*) is a very extensive one, embracing nearly 200 genera and 1,000 species; in America alone we find about 53 genera and 225 species, but of these only four, the carp (scaled, leather and mirror), the chub, the roach and the gudgeon, merit our attention as rod fishes, the others being mostly minnows, and only serve the purposes of the angler as baits for larger fish.

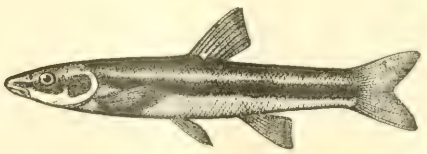
The angler layman is perhaps often in doubt, when he attempts to differentiate the three varieties of carp (*Cyprinus carpio*), "scaled," "part-scaled," and "scaleless," as they are designated by many fish culturists, but a glance at the drawings given on this and adjacent pages will be of great aid to him. He will observe that the scaled, or Asiatic species has regularly arranged scales over its entire body, except the head; that the mirror or king carp has unusually large scales irregularly placed in rows, three or four, on its body. Professor G. Brown Goode tells us that when there is a row of large scales down its back, it is called the "saddle carp." The leather carp has on its back only a few scales, or none at all. The angler will also possibly, perhaps frequently,

when venturing to fish for carp, meet with the gold fish (*Carasius auratus*) and find himself at a loss to distinguish it from the carp (*Cyprinus carpio*). The illustrations of the two fish will enable him to do this, and if he will note that the gold fish is without barbels, or "feelers," which are always present in *Cyprinus*, his assurance will be complete. In addition to these typical varietal forms, there are many others inhabiting the waters of Europe and Asia, which have interbred to so great an extent that their classification is somewhat confused. In this connection it will suffice to reprint what Professor G. Brown Goode tells us when treating upon the carps named above in his most excellent work—"American Fishes":

"In addition to these somewhat interchangeable varieties of the typical carp, there are certain other local forms which have been described as definite species, such as the Danube carp *C. acuminatus*, the lake carp, *C. hungaricus*, abundant in the lakes of Platten and Neusiedler; an Italian form, *C. regina* and *C. nordmanni*, from Southern Russia; another carp, *C. vulgaris*, the Karausche of Germany, often called the Crucian carp or German carp, is as protean in its forms as *Cyprinus carpio* itself, and probably found its way from the far East in much the same manner; a large-headed form, *C. gibelio*, is often called the Prussian carp, and a specially differentiated type, *C. bucephalus*, lives only in the warm springs of Macedonia. The Gold carp, or gold fish, is believed by some competent ichthyologists to be simply a variety of the Karausche, and when it escapes from domestication, quickly reverts to its ancestral form and color. The Karausche hybridizes freely with the carp, and numerous curious and perplexing forms have resulted from such intermixing."

The concluding sentence of Dr. Goode's interesting notes should be a caution mark to those ichthyologists who are disposed to elaborate species. We have been led to expect better work from these fish savants who appear to discard hybridization entirely as a factor in creating varietal forms. It is refreshing and consoling to the angler, however, to find, as he does, that many of the leading ichthyologists of the country have, of late years, inclined toward consolidation of species.

(To be continued.)



The Dace.

HUNTING TARPON IN CORPUS CHRISTI WATERS.*

BY WILL M. SOUTHWORTH.

We were late getting started that Tuesday morning, but finally we were on board the Iola with our dunnage, the sails raised, and we were off on our exploring expedition. We formed a jolly crew, comprising Capt. Fermin Rivas, a descendant of the Aztecs; Will Bickenbaugh, tender of the jib; Mrs. S., chief steward; Johnny, "the Kid," Mrs. S.'s brother and cabin boy, and myself. The Iola, herself, deserves description. She was a sloop of six tons, thirty-one feet in length, and scow built, having a width of about nine feet at bow and eleven feet amidships; full decked, with a cabin aft containing two berths. All in all, the Iola was just the thing for a cruise.

Our objective point was Corpus Christi pass, forty miles to the southeast, a place reported as teeming with fish of every description.

The wind was dead ahead when we struck Corpus channel, and we had to beat our way out for several miles, but finally we got out into Corpus bay and then made good progress.

This bay has an area of 150 square miles, and it can get up a rougher sea than the gulf; but Fermin, after giving us a taste of the waves, kept her well over to the shore of Mustang island so that we escaped the sometimes embarrassing conditions enforced by rough water.

Our first meal on the boat was a cold one, and as we sat on the deck eating our lunch and watching the white caps out in the bay, we were without a care, except the occasional "hard a-lee" from Fermin.

We made excellent time after reaching the bay, and five hours after our start we sighted the great sand hills of Padre island. As we came closer up into the head of the bay, Johnny, who was intently watching everything, suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! What's all those sticks way over there!"

Of course we all looked, and as we got closer, the sight reminded me of the pictures in our old geographies, showing long rows of penguins on some northern coast. As far as we could see there stretched lines of birds, black, gray and white. It was a sight worth seeing, but Fermin told us it was common-place to him. We noticed gulls of different varieties; sea-pigeons, cranes, water-turkeys and two varieties of pelicans. While we were absorbed in watching this, to us, wonderful sight, Johnny made another discovery. We were crossing a bar and the water was shallow, and seemingly filled with countless mullets. In their efforts to get out of our way, schools of them leaped into the air before and after us, and now and then one landed in the skiff we were towing behind. Some of them struck the tow rope, and flew head over

*During our vacation at Aransas Pass, we, that is, Mrs. S. and myself, determined to retrieve past delinquencies by catching at least one tarpon each. That we did not do so is the fault of Dr. W. F. McMullen and Sam Panton. The blame of the latter lies in the fact that he had no time to go a-fishing; was too busy, in fact. The former's fault is more serious, and one that can less easily be pardoned. Dr. McMullen is the owner of a 31-foot sloop, which he maliciously placed at our disposal, well knowing that if we accepted his kind offer we would have no time to catch tarpon. The intent is plainly seen when I state that although the doctor has hooked many a tarpon, he has never yet succeeded in landing one. The account which I have written is of one of our cruises, and if the reader fails to appreciate it, he must blame the genial Doctor. —W. M. S.

tail into the water on the further side. Others jumped clear over the skiff at its widest part, and the occasional thump announced that one had made a miscalculation and landed on the inside. One ambitious fish actually leaped on the Iola's deck.

After we had passed this bar we were in the pass. This pass or channel connects Corpus Christi bay with the Gulf of Mexico, and is bounded on the north by Mustang, and the south by Padre island. The channel is about four miles in length, and winds about between the sand hills like a river.

Going up this channel we had to beat against the wind, and it was nearly sundown before Fermin headed the boat into shore and called out to "lower the jib."

Our anchorage was soon made, and then we looked around; standing on the deck we could see the breakers of the gulf about 150 yards away, separated from us by a narrow strip of sand, the southern extremity of Mustang island. On the other side of the "river," as we named it, the sand hills of Padre island rose up out of the water, dazzling white to a height of forty or fifty feet, clothed at the top with a coat of bright green.

You may be sure we enjoyed our supper, sitting under the awning—bacon, fish, corndodgers, preserves and coffee, and we had regular sea-dog appetites.

We were too well satisfied to wander about that night, and sat on the deck, watching the stars come out, and occasionally stirring up the water of the Pass to see the phosphorescent glow. While enjoying ourselves in this manner, it seemed as though the water below us suddenly became alive with darting streaks of flame, crossing and zigzagging and darting here and there, occasionally leaping to the surface and splashing up a shower of little diamonds.

It was a beautiful sight, but when Fermin told us they were shrimp, our physical nature got the best of us, and nothing would satisfy us but shrimp. So Fermin took his net and threw it out over the school. As the net struck the water every mesh turned to gold, and when drawn in it looked like a golden balloon floating in space; but that didn't spoil our appetite for shrimp, and we soon had a bucket full over the



furnace cooking. How good they were! Not the little shrimp of Northern waters, but big fellows of 5 and 6 inches.

Whether shimp are narcotic or not I do not know, but I do know that I slept the sleep of the just that night, and was still sleepy when Mrs. S. aroused me to come on deck and watch the porpoises gambol around the boat. One of them made a miscalculation and found himself in shallow water. Then there was a circus. Water was splashed high in the air in his efforts to get back into the channel, which he finally succeeded in doing.

After breakfast the chief steward announced that she was going a-fishing, and so we all went. Taking the skiff we rowed up close to the mouth of the Pass. Here we left the steward to fish from the boat, which was drawn up on a shallow bar, while the rest of us waded out into the surf. I should say we started to wade out, for it was hardly more than a start before we heard Mrs. S. cry out for assistance. I looked around and saw her rod bend over and line straighten out, while she was holding on to the reel with both hands. Further and further, she leaned over the side of the skiff until I thought surely she would tip over. "Give him line," I shouted, and then she shut down harder, the rod bent over and then suddenly straightened out. The line was reeled in, but the fish was gone, he had straightened out that hook as neatly as could be done with a pair of pliers.

"Why didn't you give him line?" I asked.

"Oh!" she responded, "I didn't want to have him run away with all of it. And, besides, I thought you told me to hold him tight?"

After that incident was over we resumed our fishing. I was out of luck that morning, one bite and a miss. Will Bickenbaugh had two experiences similar to Mrs. S.'s. with the exception that his reel would not work, and he had to lose two nice fish. We succeeded in getting enough, however, and what more could we ask?

The remainder of the day we spent in exploring the beach and taking an occasional dip into the surf. We found some nice shells, and a peculiar black substance looking and tasting like asphalt, which Fermin said was cast up by the gulf. He called it "chickadee," and said that it was frequently found in masses weighing over a ton, and that it was worth 1½ cents per pound.

After supper we strolled over to the gulf and watched the big gleaming waves rolling in on the beach. The night was dark, and as we looked down the long stretch of sand, it seemed as though huge waves of fire were breaking and curling and splashing as far as the eye could see. Beautiful, though it was, tired nature asserted her rights, and reluctantly we turned back to the boat and were soon asleep.

The next morning we were all up before sunrise, eager for another day in this wonderland. This land where the water was on fire; this desert of white sand where we could get fresh water by simply digging for it.

To the uninitiated it seems strange to see bright green shrubbery of various kinds growing out of the white sand, especially when one remembers that it has not rained here for months. But the mystery is easily explained. Those white sand hills looking so dry and dusky, are in reality store houses of cool, sweet, fresh water, which filters down with each storm,

and waits there to be tapped for our use.

After breakfast Capt. Fermin said that he was going to get a barrel of fresh water, and I accompanied him to see how he would get it. The barrel was loaded into the skiff and rowed to the other side of the channel where the sand hills came down almost to the water's edge. Taking a shovel, Fermin walked up to the foot of one of the hills and soon scooped out a hole two

That night we fished after a different fish, the toothsome flounder. With lanterns and gigs we went out, but not for long, for Johnny soon told us that we had enough for breakfast and that was all we wanted.

When we had returned to the boat we held a caucus and decided to leave the Pass in the morning for Flour Bluff, a favorite haunt of the silver king.

It did not take us long the next morning to hoist sail and head down



or three feet deep, which quickly filled with clear, sweet water, tasting as though it had just fallen from the clouds.

Our water barrel refilled, we illustrated the saying, "it is not all of fishing to fish," by loafing around on the deck and bathing in the surf until supper time.

It was a noticeable fact that we were always ready for supper or any other meal, although at times we had to wait on the furnace, as we had broken the grate.

the channel and out into the bay; and a brisk breeze landed us at Flour Bluff in time for dinner.

By this time we came to the conclusion that we had better catch a tarpon in order to save our reputations, and we immediately set about it. Fermin caught the bait while I rigged up my rod and attached a ten per cent. O'Shaugnessy hook snelled with piano wire, and we were off. It was not an ideal day for trolling, owing to the wind being from off the bay, bringing in quite a sea and making the skiff

hard to handle; but I was out for blood, and I got it, but not any tarpon blood.

Fermin had been rowing for about half-an-hour when I suggested that he drop the anchor and roll a cigarette, for like all Mexicans and many Americans, he liked that method of using tobacco. Hardly had the boat stopped when I felt that indescribable twitch that tells the angler his bait has been taken. After waiting a moment I struck the fish, which gave a pretty little fight before being landed. As I drew it up to the boat I was disappointed to see that it was a large sea catfish. But Fermin was delighted.

"Catfish is good, so good," he said, "I like them better 'an redfish or trout." So we kept him. After baiting the hook again, this time with a silvery skip-jack about 7 inches long, we started in again. For another half hour Fermin pulled the boat half against the wind, and then he slackened up again to roll another cigarette, and I started to join him. I laid the pole down and had just taken the tobacco bag in my hand when Fermin said: "You've got a bite!"

I looked at my line and sure enough it was circling around the boat out into the deep water. To grasp the rod and gently but firmly strike the hook into the fish's mouth was the work of an instant. No need to tell me I had a big one. The way that reel sang and tip-dipped was assurance enough. He ran away with considerable line before I stopped him, and then he sulked in about 14 feet of water. For a few minutes he positively refused to move, and then he began in a line that set my nerves on fire. He would run a few yards and then stop and jerk against the line. Every time I felt that snap of the line I thought the fish was gone. He seemed to be using his tail as a pivot and swinging clear around, first one way and then the other, endeavoring to jerk the hook from his mouth by main force. A steady pressure on the line started him again, and this time he came to the surface, showing his broad tail seventy-five feet away. Fermin, who was intently watching for the fish, exclaimed: "Bully, big bull redfish!" but I thought he was too big and game to be a redfish.

Through some oversight we had forgotten the gaff, and so I asked Fermin to pull up to the beach, where we could land our catch. When the boat struck the bar I immediately jumped out and proceeded to draw the still fighting fish up into shallow water. Just as I felt sure of him Fermin jumped into the water, splashing it with both hands and feet and calling out: "Look out for the shark!" And there it was. I could see a big black triangular fin coming straight for my fish, which was still too full of fight to be drawn out. I drew the fish as close to the bank as I could, and as I did so, I saw that black fin shoot down. There was a mighty swirl in the water, discoloring it with—sand, and then, with heart in mouth, I saw Fermin reach down and draw out my redfish safe and whole.

When we drew alongside the Iola with our fish there was great rejoicing. We could not weigh him, but he was 44 inches long with a girth of 27 inches.

In the evening the wind had fallen somewhat and the bay was smoother, so Will and the Steward decided to try their luck. They started out full of hopes, but they met with disappointment. Hardly 100 yards from the Iola before I saw that the steward had a fish. It was a tarpon, too, and he had no more than cleared the water, before

another one leaped a little further over on the other side. The distance was too great to see clearly what followed, but I could see that things were getting into a delightful tangle. It was not long before they came back, and were well satisfied. Both fish had circled and crossed the lines, and started north and the other south, and kept right on going. The steward said the tarpon were too big anyway, and that she had no use for that kind of a fish.

We were all tired and hungry enough to stop fishing, and so we started supper. While preparing it, Johnny called Fermin's attention to a big fish swimming around the boat, which the latter pronounced a man-eater, and the same one that had given us our scare. Plans were laid to effect his capture, and after supper a stout rope with large hook was baited with mullett and thrown out for him. He bit. And for a few minutes we all had our hands full. Gradually he pulled the rope from our grasp until at last all the slack was gone. We could see every move the "varmint" made in the phosphorescent water; but not for long, for with a sudden jerk he broke the rope and stood not on the order of his going.

This was the first anchorage we made where we could feel the swell from the bay, and as the Iola gracefully bowed to the incoming waves, both the Steward and Will began to look anxious. Shortly after supper the Steward wanted to know if we couldn't pitch the tent on shore, while Will complained of a headache. But such talk was treason and would not be listened too. With many misgivings on their part we retired for the night, and truth compels me to state that their fears were unfounded, as we were all too tired to submit to the nightmare of the seas.

Morning came too soon, and as we had only one day left we decided to start for the old wrecks on St. Joseph's Island. The time passed so rapidly that it was nearly nine before we started, and shortly after the wind died down so that we made almost no progress. We reached Shellbank at supper time and turned into Aransas Bay just before dark. Although the stars were all out it was so dark that I could not imagine how in the world Fermin managed to keep his course, tacking against the light breeze. About 9:30 the Captain sent Will forward to watch for the buoy which he expected to pass. Will watched for about ten minutes faithfully, then he relaxed his vigilance, and the first thing we knew there was a bump that threw us all to the deck, a rumbling, grating noise, and we had found the buoy.

"Caramba!" rolled out of Fermin's mouth, as he handed the tiller to the Tender of the Jib and jumped down the hatch with a lantern to inspect the damage. No trace of the collision could be found, and as we were near the wrecks a landing was soon made.

Heretofore our nights had been nights of bliss, and I would like to pass this night of nights over without a word, but candor will not permit.

We went to sleep all right, but about 3 o'clock I was aroused by a serenade. The air was full of music and my arms and face full of burning. In my vain attempt to drive the tormentors away, I aroused the Steward and she woke up the kid. We tried to sleep some more, and then we tried again, but it was no use. The light breeze from off St. Joseph's Island seemed to be loaded with mosquitoes.

The only excuse I have for waking the rest of the crowd is that misery

loves company, but from their actions I could plainly see that they had no sympathy for us. We started breakfast, and even though it was Sunday we determined to have fish, so Fermin started out with his net and bucket after mullett. I can't swear that Fermin did not put in all his time catching bait, but it seems to me that he must have gone to sleep doing it. He got back after we were through breakfast, but would neither confirm nor deny the accusation. Suffice it to say that the nice assortment of bait entirely failed of its purpose, and at 10 o'clock we hoisted our sails and left St. Joseph's Island without a fish.

At about noon we reached Aransas Pass and tried to beat out into the Gulf, but with a light wind right against us, and a strong tide coming in, we could not make it, and had to turn back, making a landing in the cove at the head of Mustang Island.

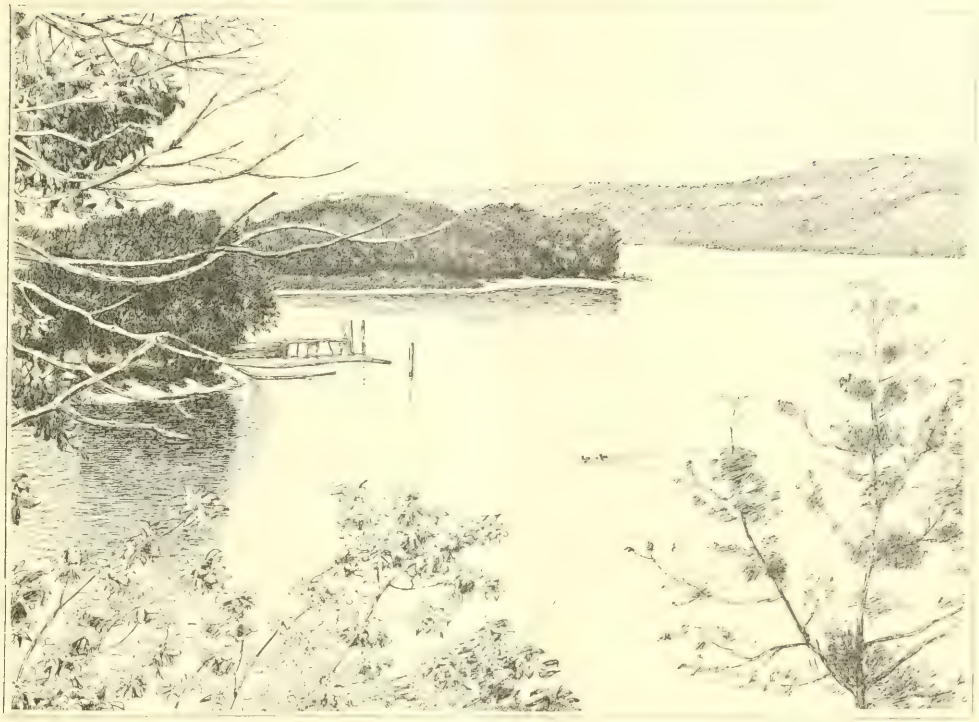
While here we inspected the life-saving station, and it was coming back from there that I first saw a porpoise feeding.

The fish, if fish it is, came up within a few yards of us after mullett, which it would toss into the air and jump for as they came down. It looked as though he threw them up with his nose, although I am not sure. Although so close his movements were so quick that the eye could hardly follow them.

After returning to the Iola we again hoisted sail and made for St. Joseph's Island, where we gathered shells and bathed in the surf until we knew that it was time to start for home.

The homeward trip was uneventful as we even found Boyd with his wagon at the landing waiting for us. We were both glad and sorry that our trip was over. Glad because we were a little bit lonesome, and sorry because it was all over.





CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

BY C. T. MITCHELL, M. D.

Fair Canandaigua! boldly I proclaim
Thy wondrous beauty, and time-honored name.
Fairest of all thy sisters in the chain,
And loveliest dewdrop in our state's domain,
Thy presence here in wonder makes me ask,
If by design God undertook the task
To beautify the landscape, or to spread
A bounteous table from which man is fed?
I recognize His Goodness, and give thanks,
As oft I spend a day upon thy banks;
Content am I, as I enjoy thy grace,
In angler's heart to give thee fondest place,
More pleased were I if I could true and well,
In rhyme'd words thy wond'rous history tell,
That we together, on this festal night,
In thy romance might revel with delight;
But as I glance across thy changeful face,
I see no clue whereby thy life to trace;
No written line on mouldy parchment found
In sealed vault far hidden under ground,
Can point me to the day that gave thee birth,
And laid thee in the lap of mother earth;
Or fixed the boundary of thy waveless tide
Between the verdant hills on either side.

Unnumbered ages of on-sweeping time,
Have brushed across thy placid face sublime;
Rude storms have tossed thee roughly as they beat
Thy rocky shores, and forked lightning's heat
Has often tried by direst fear to wrest
This birth-right secret from thy sealed breast.
Dark woody glens, down which wild streamlets leap,
In undiscovered graves their secrets keep;
The mystic past, concealed in Nature's womb,
Abode in silence 'midst their leafy gloom,
Till in the book of Nature man's proud mind
Did haply there a true solution find
Of this vexed problem, how and when thy birth
Took place at just this Eden spot of earth,
E'er yet light streaming from the eastern sky

Was not discerned by living mortal's eye.
On her unwritten pages silence looks,
And reads as plainly as in printed books;
And as she reads, so clear if seems to be,
Thou art a waif left by retreating sea,

When strange upheavals changed the first great plan,
To pave the way for prehistoric man.
Along thy shores in rich profusion strewn,
Are fossil forms by cunning hand deft hewn,
Which tell us that at some far mystic day
Old ocean left them stranded in the clay;
Where, sleeping through the ages, they at last
Do reappear to tell us of the past.
The wondrous past, unfolding like a scroll,
On wings of light the new-born ages roll.
Eons have sped, years piled on years have flown,
And time's dark locks to hoary white have grown
Since morning broke, and found thee nestling here,
And golden sunbeams kissed thy waters clear.
Hast thou a tongue? Methinks I've heard thee speak,
As oft alone I've pressed thy blushing cheek
At rosy dawn, at evening's dewy hour,
When thou dost wield thy most bewitching power,
Thy still sweet voice, borne on the whisp'ring wind,
Is only heard by sympathizing mind.

In tune with all the chords of Nature's heart,
From out whose solitude live echoes start.
Oft times while list'ning with an eager ear,
The sound of sylvan voices too I hear,
Which, trembling on the air, awakes the thought
That with wild history all thy shores are fraught.
They tell us that in ages past of time,
When virgin forests were in all their prime,
E'er yet rude man had changed dame Nature's course
To suit his plans for better or for worse—
The wolf and bear prowled through the trackless waste,
To gratify by night their savage taste;
From shady hill-sides to thy stony brink,
The moose and red-deer came ofttimes to drink;
Through thickets dense the partridge winged its flight,
And owls came forth at dark'ning of the night;
In beechen woods wild turkeys roamed at large,
And wild ducks nested on thy sedgy marge;
The leaping trout disturbed thy tranquil wave,
As fluttering insect found a watery grave.

But wilder far the history of that race,
That on thy shores found an abiding place;
Poetic legends tell us of a day,
That in the past was many moons away,
When opening earth brought forth a tribe of men,
Destined their likes ne'er to be seen again;
The noble redman and his faithful squaw
Looked down on thee from off Genundewah.
His wigwam in the shade was hid from view,
Across thy bosom sped his bark canoe;
The forests echoed with the whoop of strife,
When braves went forth with tomahawk and knife;
In times of peace, in simplest forms he knew,
He worshipped one great spirit—Manitou;
Or seated round the night camp's blazing fire,
In younger braves heroic deeds inspire.
He gathered food from Nature's bounteous store,
And friends were welcomed at his wigwam door:
These scenes have changed and thou a witness art,
For in them all thou took'st an active part.

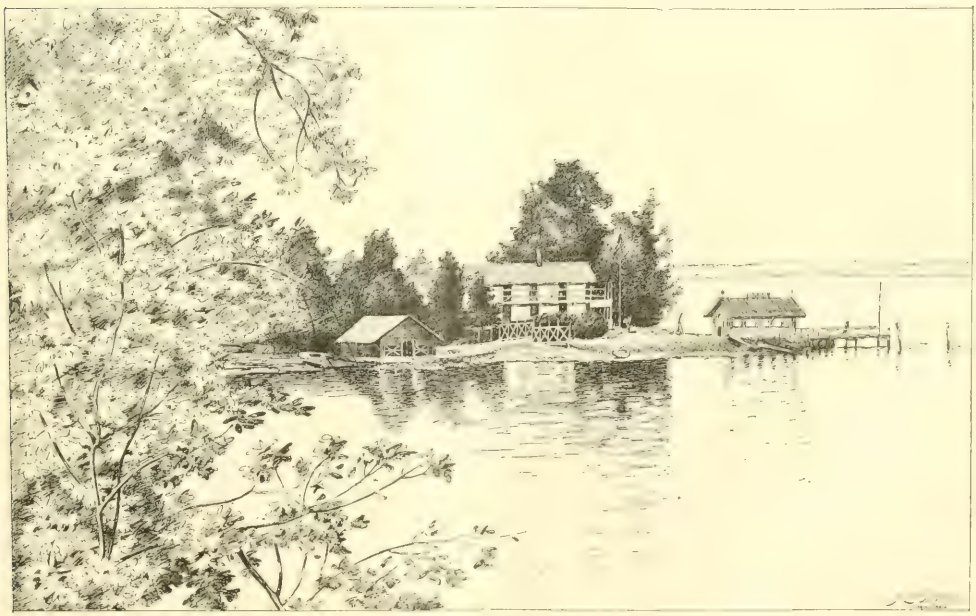
It was decreed that here a nobler race
In after years should find a dwelling place,
As westward, ho! the march of empire pours
A flood of human souls on freedom's shores.
From distant waters, in their big canoes,
Came paleface pioneers, who dared to choose
A home in forest-wilds. where virgin soil
Would yield rich harvests for their earnest toil.
The stately trees they felled to clear the land,
And built them cabins with untiring hand.
Primeval forests melted at the stroke
Of settler's ax, whose ringing blows oft broke
The lonely quietude that reigned supreme,
Except for hoot of owl or eagle's scream,
And in their place behold the smiling fields,
That food for man in great abundance yields,

Where once the Indian roamed in freedom wild,
And into ambush oft his foe beguiled,
Now farms and villages adorn the plain,
And trains go laden with the golden grain.

The bark canoe, urged by the paddle blade,
Gives place to boat by man more skillful made;
Thy placid bosom is by steamship pressed.
Thy shaly marge by lovely cabins dressed.
In shady nooks the restful hammock hangs,
The patient angler trolls with spoon or gangs;
Thy rolling hills are clad with fruitful vines,
Whose purple clusters yield delicious wines;
A happy people on thy shores now dwell,
How much they love thee each alone must tell;
For deep affection plays no traitor's part,
But nestles fondly in the grateful heart;

May kindly providence, that marks our ways,
Grant to us all yet many joyous days
In tent or cabin on thy pleasant shores,
With sail unfurled or lightly feathered oars,
For with time spent in healthful vigorous play.
The marks of care from faces pass away;
Old age forgets that time is on the wing,
When youthful memories fondly round him cling.

For all thou art to me, O, Generous lake!
I could of life no happier moment take
To pay the tribute of my sincere thanks,
For hours delightful spent upon thy banks.
While life shall last my fondest hopes shall be
To spend my swift declining years near thee.
When time shall end, and all shall pass away,
May thou be lifted from the bed of clay;
And in the fields of Paradise find space
To show the lustre of thy shim'ring face.



Seneca and Vine Cottage Point, Lake Canandaigua.

FISHING IN THE BLUE EARTH RIVER.

BY I. S. DODD.

The Blue Earth Valley, so-called, is one of the choicest farming regions in the great state of Minnesota. It is not really a valley, but a magnificent rolling prairie whose water courses drain into the Blue Earth river. To-day it is covered with as fine farms as you could wish to see, but when I first knew it, twenty years ago, it was different. The country was then new, the farms few, their buildings mere sheds, the only crop, wheat, and the towns were ambitious little cities, full of queer characters.

Save the few cows and horses absolutely necessary, the farmers kept no stock in those days. They used to thresh their grain in the fields, and burn their straw to get rid of it; and after threshing was over, for weeks the nights would be lighted up by flaming straw stacks, often with prairie fires to fill up the intervals.

All over the prairie here and there were "sloughs"—marshes, we should call them—some of them only a few yards across, others miles in extent. These sloughs, though marshy and fringed with a dense growth of tall grass and reeds, were not stagnant swamps. They were really prairie-springs and water-courses. The most of them are now drained and dried up. But, in those old days, they were the homes of myriads of wild fowl. Passing by on an autumn evening, you would hear a very Babel of discordant clamor of ducks and geese, trying to settle themselves for the night. Prairie chickens, too, were abundant on all the uplands, and in the timber along the river were pigeons, partridges, and rabbits without number. A man did not need to be a crack-shot or a millionaire to keep his table supplied with choicest game in the season.

But it is of the fishing I meant to write, especially that in the Blue Earth river. No one seems to know why that pretty stream bears such a ghoulish name. Certainly the earth along its banks is not blue. It is a true prairie river, narrow and tortuous, but tremendously long for its size. It is good clear water, little rifts and shallows alternating with long still deep stretches, the bottom generally gravelly, with here and there a boulder, but no rock.

Indeed, there is no rock at all in that prairie country, and on the uplands a stone as big as a marble is a curiosity. The river flows, like most of the prairie streams, through a deep "bottom" or valley, which is well timbered, and with the exception of a few fine groves about some of the lakes, is the only natural woodland in the region.

About a mile and a-half from the "city" where I lived, there was a mill-dam across the river. There I took my first lessons in fly-fishing. My game was black bass. I had a fly-rod, a gift from a friend at the East. It makes me smile now when I think of that rod. It was ash and lancewood, mostly ash, four-jointed, at least twelve feet long, and I don't know how heavy. I had a few bass flies, a three-foot twisted leader, strong enough for a tarpon, and a cheap brass reel with a common linen line. I used to hang three—sometimes four—flies on that short cable of a leader. But this out-

landish rig did the business, for the bass were plenty and unsophisticated. It was sometime, however, before I learned how and when to fish. It will, of course, be clear to the reader that I had had no experience in fly-fishing, and there was no one who could teach me. Scarce another man in the settlement had even heard that fish could be taken in that way. They used to laugh at my tackle. For one thing, they thought it was ridiculously light!

I soon found it useless to fish the deep pools, though sometimes I would substitute a pickerel spoon for my flies, and casting as far as I could, troll from the shore. I took a 4 lb. bass once in that way, and it was pretty easy to catch pickerel, but they were too common and I did not care for them.

I soon discovered, however, that the place for me was just below the logs which formed the apron of the dam, and that the best time to fish was toward evening, and that on some days the fish would rise freely, and on others I could not tempt them. I fell into the way of going to the dam, whenever I could spare time, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

I would climb out on the logs of the apron, and make short casts into the rapid water just below. If I had no rise within ten or fifteen minutes it was of no use to try longer. If the fish were rising I soon knew it, and then in an hour's time I seldom had less than half a dozen bass. Sometimes I would take two at a cast. It is needless to say that I missed more than half the fish that rose to my string of flies, and also hardly worth while to remark that with my tackle I had no use for a landing net, and that when a fish was hooked he had short shrift. The bass from the swift, clear water below that dam were not large. They were singularly uniform in size, as nearly as possible a pound each in weight. Often I weighed my string of six or eight bass, and found I had as many pounds as I had fish. But even in the heat of summer they were always solid and fine flavored, which could not be said of fish from the lakes.

Beside bass I occasionally caught at the dam with my flies a fish which was a stranger to me. Even the local fishermen, who always used bait and seldom or never took these fish, did not know what to call them. They were bright, silvery fish, more slender than the bass, and rather smaller.

Pleasant memories cluster about that old dam. A little way below, two logs, or old dead trees, hung out from the high bank on the deep pool. These were favorite seats for bait fishermen. They were occasionally occupied by Bill H—— and his wife. Bill was a character and so was Mrs. Bill. He was wood-sawyer, well-digger, grave-digger. She "took in washin'."

He coatless, with old straw hat; she in well-worn calico gown and sun-bonnet; each with long cane fish-pole, and each with an old pipe in their mouth; then they would sit perched on adjacent logs with their feet hanging down, making a striking picture of combined connubial and piscatorial bliss.

I believe I am the first person who ever cast a fly upon the waters of the Blue Earth river. It is possible that even yet I am not only the original, but the only fly-fisher who has tried that river. From all I hear from old friends in that region, those who fish there still keep to the good old ways of cane poles, and worms or minnows or frogs for bait; and they catch some large fish, larger than any I ever took,

though I think 4 or 5 lb. is about the limit for bass.

Pickerel very much heavier are occasionally caught. And though with the settlement of the country, the feathered game has mostly disappeared, I believe the fishing is as good as ever. Of late years my fly-fishing has been upon trout streams, with two fellow fishermen who are adepts in the art, for my companions.

With the experience thus gained, and with suitable tackle, how I should like to revisit the Blue Earth river!



A DUAL FISH—CAUGHT ON TWO RODS.

BY KIT CLARKE.

Just a fishing story—that's all, but you can bet it's a good one. Moreover, this is it's début, it's first appearance in public, and possesses the rare merit of being true from foundation to fresco. It also illustrates the curious fact that two men who know how to catch a trout—one of man's most meritorious and compensating accomplishments—have likewise acquired that other largely cultivated art—tergiversation, more familiarly known among the multitude as lying.

It all happened like this: On a charming day in June, away up in the deepest and darkest of Canada's vast forests, and from a little lake as fair as any ever seen, a huge trout was dexterously lifted from liberty into a balky birch canoe.

No matter who did the "lifting," it was a brilliant deed indeed, and by the test made in the presence of a dozen watchful eyes, the fish weighed over six honest pounds.

We were half a score of enthusiastic anglers, enjoying life to its utmost, in a rare log camp on the edge of Labrador, and every creature comfort, even to an example of the illustrious, soul-moving and ever commendable vintage of 1840, was at our command, not overlooking an attractive array of patriotic, that is to say red, white and blue "chips."

During the lovely days we struggled in the deep green waters with sundry and various fat and frisky fish, and "when night dropped her sable mantle o'er the earth," we continued the frisky and oftimes fierce struggle over a table of equally green cloth.

On this memorable night the monster trout filled our minds, and after much argument it was decided to skin the fish, and thus preserve it to the future great glory of its captor in particular, and the Amabelish club of anglers in general.

The decision was unanimous that I should perform the surgical operation of severing the epidermis from the pulp, it being asserted in various languages that my acquirements as a fish skinner were simply multum in parvo, e pluribus unum, sic transit gloria mundi, sui generis, or some such thing.

I said it was true, and skinned the fish. So I went at it "with both feet," to use the familiar phrase of our advanced civilization, and exerted all my conceded skill to insure a satisfactory result, no easy matter, when a dozen savages are busily illustrating a war dance in the immediate vicinity. I had congratulated myself on the success of the momentuous undertaking, when one of the boys—I mean savages—inadvertently struck the operating table, causing the scalpel in my hand to slip and thereby cutting a gash in the back of the fish, and nearly severing the dorsal fin.

There are moments in a man's existence when life is a miserable, a disgusting, double-distilled mockery, and this was one of them. With some freedom I proceeded to distribute an assortment of unparliamentary language—but high atmospheres purify themselves rapidly, and when the sky became clear we examined the "busted" skin. Careful deliberation convinced me that the only way out of the dilemma was to

cut the skin in two, thus preserving the halves, and in reality making a double exhibit of our prowess, the captor retaining one-half and the other being presented to a comrade.

Thus ended the first lesson.

About two months after the incident above narrated, the window of a prominent fishing-tackle house on lower Broadway, displayed this fine trout, handsomely preserved and mounted on a dainty board of bird's-eye maple, and bearing the neatly inscribed words:

BROOK TROUT.
WEIGHT, 8 LB.
Caught at Lake Amebelish, Canada, June 15, on a 5 oz. Kosmic rod.

There was scarcely a moment during which you could get a glimpse of the fish without forcing your way through a crowd of interested and admiring spectators, and I don't blame 'em, for trout of this size are almost as scarce in New York as moose in the wilds of Brooklyn.

One pleasant day a friend and myself were passing, and observing the excitement, struggled with the crowd until my eyes feasted upon the sight. It was, indeed, beautiful, and undoubtedly the six-pounder I had skinned in June, in the midst of a wild war dance in the old camp. Extricating myself from the crowd, my friend and myself proceeded along leisurely and turned into Warren street, scarcely entering which, my eyes were attracted to a sight which instantly froze me to the spot.

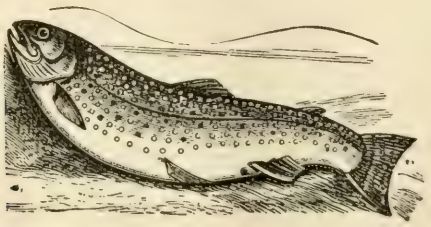
My friend doubtless thought I was demented, for when he asked me "what's up?" I made no reply except to grasp his arm and exclaim, "look!"

"I'm looking. What on earth's the trouble?"

"See!" I shouted, "see!" and he did see, for there, right before our amazed eyes was a tremendous trout, mounted on burnished mahogany, and on a card the legend:

BROOK TROUT.
WEIGHT, 9 LB,
Caught at Lake Amabelish, Canada, June 15, on a 5 oz. Leonard rod.

I made another careful, close examination, and found I was right. A mistake was utterly impossible—it was the other half of my 6 lb. trout.



FISHING A NEW SECTION OF THE GATINEAU REGION.*

BY R. NETTLE.

"Will be home on the 12th." Such was the wording of the telegram that reached me from my son, dated Peoria, Ill. He generally visited me during the fishing season, each year, to spend a short time with the "old folks at home," and amid the lakes and streams in the Ottawa region.

True to time the train brought the one we were so anxiously looking for, and soon the question of the "when and the where" was discussed. Should we fish our old lakes, the "Derry," that were the habitat of the pure *Salmo fontinalis* solely, or should we open up new ground along the line of the new Gatineau railroad?

Friends had very kindly placed at our disposal the fishing of waters of a club, of which they had made me honorary member. These waters were more easily reached than the Derry or the Blanche lakes, and as time was a prime factor in the arrangement, we accepted their invitation, and prepared accordingly. The one drawback was that in these lakes black bass only (no trout) were to be caught, but the fish were said to be of the purest species and of the largest size.

We left Ottawa by the 5.30 P. M. train for Wakefield, a pretty village some distance up, on the banks of the Gatineau River (that is even longer than the far-famed Ottawa, into which it flows), thence a drive inland of some seven miles brings one to his destination. Among the passengers were several of our friends, bound for their summer cottages on the Gatineau. By them we were induced to change the order of proceedings, and to remain their guests at Wakefield for the night, and to fish a lake (Mann's Lake), of which they were the lessees, instead of Johnstone's, where we had proposed to take up our quarters. We were induced to do this the more readily from the assurance they gave us that there were parties at Johnstone Lake fishing. Such being the case we thought it best not to intrude upon them.

We passed a very agreeable evening with our friends, whose Swiss cottages were truly artistic, and fitted with every appliance for comfort and convenience. Their courtesy and attention will ever remain a bright spot in memory.

The early morning saw us on the veranda, admiring the beauty of the scenery (almost alpine), the river laving the shores of the bay, and studded with islands, like emeralds in silver setting. It is only lately that facilities have been afforded (by means of the Gatineau railway) for the residents of Ottawa, or others, of enjoying the

* Being interested, as we always are, in the opening up of a new angling section, we wrote to Mr. P. W. Resseman, General Superintendent of the Ottawa and Gatineau Railroad at Toronto, for information as to the route, etc., of his road, and he responded as follows:

"This line extends to a point sixty miles directly north of Ottawa. Next season the line will be completed to the "Desert," eighty-five miles north, and we will have a station on the famous Blue Sea Lake the best black bass fishing in Canada. The whole country, for a radius of 100 miles from the Blue Sea Lake, is dotted with lakes—all good fishing; in fact, all along our line we have any amount of good lakes, and, at the present time, sportsmen from all parts of Canada are daily bringing in deer, caribou and moose. We have some twenty, or more, sportsmen's clubs located near our line, with a membership in total of something over 500. This does not interfere in any way with outside tourists, as the company has leased some seventy lakes, and acts as guardian for same; and we are at present arranging for a reasonable and fair game law, and cheap licenses that can be given to our patrons free gratis."—ED.]

beauties of the scenery of the upper reaches of the Gatineau valley.

This river and district has been, as it were, a *mare clausum* to all, but the trapper, the lumberman and the hardy pioneer. To those men civilization is indebted for increasing the area of her domain. Now the people of Ottawa and elsewhere can reach Wakefield or adjacent places on the line of route, spend the evening with their friends and families, and return to their several offices at 9 the next morning.

At 7:30 we breakfasted, and then jumped behind a span of horses well-fitted for the road. Crossed a small river that here falls into the Gatineau, and then began our course up hill and down dale with the valleys "ripe with golden grain," wheat, barley, oats, Indian corn and buckwheat, that gave promise of a bountiful harvest, while the cattle (of the primest) on the pasture lands luxuriated knee-deep amid the richest grasses.

Then onward, mile after mile, amid scenery that called forth expressions of delight, and the song of "away, away to the mountain brow" that brought responsive echoes from the hills and dales.

After a most health-giving drive, we caught a glimpse of the waters of Mann's lake, where we were to try conclusions with the fish that were said to be in its waters. On the brow of the hill we perceived a substantial looking farm-house, surrounded by barns and out-houses that denoted prosperity. The owner, Mr. Montcrief, welcomed us as we drove up the hill, and soon we were sitting on the veranda, making ourselves at home; the members of the family showing their good will by setting before us a substantial lunch, which was quite acceptable after our drive.



Mann's Lake.

Soon after we were paddling up the lake to the places where the fish were said to resort. We first tried the fly, (one scarlet ibis, and many others that were favorites), but they were not to be tempted, neither was the troll of any avail. Seeing a commotion in the water some distance off, with minnows jumping out, we came to the conclusion that the large fish were in pursuit of the minnows. We very carefully drew near the spot and came to an anchor where the water shelved suddenly. Placing a live minnow on the hook, the line was thrown carefully, and soon after a sudden jerk caused me to strike, and my fly-rod was almost doubled. It was a dead heavy weight, from which I judged it was not a bass, and after playing the fellow a short time, I found I had captured a good-sized pike, a fish that I abominated. I landed him, however, and hoped it would be the last we should be troubled with of that species of fish.

Soon after, my companion hooked a very fine fish—a veritable black bass—that gave him much good sport, splashing and dashing out of the water in good style. After about ten minutes he was made to succumb; a fish of about 4¼ lbs.

In your journal, of some years since, the capture of a black bass, of above



Mason's Lake—Fishing From Shore.

8 lbs. weight, in the waters of the Illinois river, near Peoria, was recorded. My companion was one of the two that was in the boat, and manœuvered to keep the fish from the reeds and in deep water. Finally he was captured, and the Lotus club, of which they were members, had the fish set up as a trophy, of which THE ANGLER gave the record.

We changed our ground several times during the afternoon, and secured some very fine fish of from 2½ lb. to 5 lb. each, and were fully satisfied with our sport.

Up to this time, during a long life of fishing experiences, I had been regardless of fishing for any of the coarser kinds of fish (except when deep-sea fishing); on this occasion, however, I was compelled to admit that the sport given by a black bass of from 4 to 5 lbs., equalled that of a grilse or trout of equal weight.

Had they taken the fly, the sport would have been much more enjoyable, for the powerful fish gave sport worthy of the keenest fisherman's skill in capture.

At the close of the afternoon we were well satisfied with our sport, and when Montcrief came to take charge of the boat he was pleased to find we had secured some good fish.

The evening was passed very agreeably, our hosts doing everything to make us comfortable. They have lived here the greater part of their lives, and had made a very pleasant home for themselves in the wilderness, and their farm was well stocked.

Montcrief has given us a history of the settlement of the country, and of the settlers. The books scattered around the sitting-room table tells of John Knox and the Scottish worthies, while old portraits tell us of their love of country and of their kin, for they are truly Scotch.

Following in the wake of the lumbermen, they have ever found a ready market for all their produce, and have realized the truth of the old song: "There's health for honest labor," for verily their doctor's bills are almost *nil*.

In speaking of the difficulties of travelling in the past, with the facilities afforded at the present, I am reminded of an occurence that happened some years ago, when the region was, as it were, an undiscovered land.

Some fifteen years ago two gentlemen called at my office in Ottawa with a letter of introduction from the late Hon. D. Price, M. P. and Senator from the Saguenay district. He had commended them to my good offices and had asked me to facilitate the object of their visit, which was to hunt and fish on the upper reaches of the Ottawa and the Gatineau rivers. They had been at the Little Saguenay salmon fishing, and were wending their way upwards to Ottawa with the view to further sport in fin, feather and fur before returning to their home on the Hudson.

I told them they could not have sought for information from any one less acquainted with the upper reaches

of these rivers than I was myself; that I could promise them some good trout fishing on the tributaries to the Blanche and La Lenore; that my fishing had been confined principally to the rivers and lakes flowing through these districts, and that I was satisfied with the sport that was always to be had in these waters; that to compass the object they had in view would take at least a fortnight or three weeks. I said I would introduce them to gentlemen (lumber merchants) who, I was sure, would gladly give them the information they required.

By engagement I met them later on in the day, and we drove to the principal points of interest in the city—the Parliament buildings, the Chandiere falls and mills, and to Rideau Hall and grounds. While looking into the conservatory, the elder gentleman (Mr. Bard) made this remark to his nephew (Mr. Sands):

"These grapes are not as fine as those I sent Lord L."

I soon learned that Mr. Bard had spent large sums in constructing artificial ponds, bridges, conservatories, etc., at his home on the Hudson; that his residence and office was in New York, but that he spent every spare hour in beautifying his country residence.

I introduced them to several gentlemen, who kindly offered to give them letters to their agents in charge of the lumbering establishments on the upper reaches of the rivers, but they were unable to avail themselves of the courtesy, as time would not permit them to be absent so long from home.

They remained but a short time in Ottawa. I managed to make the time pass agreeably, however, and when they left they urged me to visit them in New York and on the Hudson, and very kindly placed their fishing lodge, which they had built on the Little Taguenay, at my service, should I at any time visit those places so dear to memory from old associations since 1857.

I mention this incident to show the difficulties of transit in the past with the facilities of the present time. Railroads and telegraphs have revolutionized the world. Time and space are, as it were, annihilated, so that we are led to ask, "Whither are we drifting?"

Here now is the Gatineau Railroad running some ninety miles through the heart of the woods, surrounded by lakes and streams, with but few miles intervening, offering facilities for hunting and fishing that were never dreamed of before.

The sun peeped through the curtains to tell us of the advent of another glorious day, and soon a knock at our door intimated that the breakfast was on the table. We were soon enjoying the large jugs of milk and cream, with other good things that were set before us, while the kind attention of our hostess gave zest to the appetite. Montcrief had made the boat ready, and taking with us a good luncheon, with a can of milk, etc., we were soon paddling up the lake, the day being favorable in every respect.

The call of the loon told us that it was a favorite spot for these birds, and that they were with their young ones, in quest of their breakfast. We moved gently along, making a cast now and then, while the troll was tempting the fish with a party-colored lure that, in general, was very effective. In this case neither the one nor the other was of any avail until at last we had again recourse to the minnow. We had ex-

plored the bay and other places with but little success, so we edged away to our fishing ground of yesterday. The line had been on the water, scarcely a minute, before the bait was taken, and then the sport began.

The fish was a very large one, and used every art to free himself from the hook. 'Twas of no avail, however, but my own folly lost the fish. The landing net had become disarranged, and to end the contest, I attempted to lift the fish into the boat. The game was ended; splash went the bass into the water, and the line came home with a small piece of the gill attached to the hook. My companion shrugged his shoulders, and I was taught the lesson (not the first in my life) "most haste, worse speed." Most fishermen are of the opinion that the lost fish are the largest. It was, indeed, a noble fish, and he well deserved to escape for his gallant struggles for liberty. It would weigh, I should judge, some 6 even pounds.

Up to noon we had continuous good sport, but after that they appeared to take a noonday rest, so we sought our luncheon basket and flask, from which we mixed with our pure new milk a draught that was very refreshing.

In the last number of THE AMERICAN ANGLER the question is asked, "Does a black bass wag his head." He must be a wag that asks the question, but I would answer, "yes; and his tail, too." Indeed, when endeavoring to free himself from that which ensnared him, every muscle is brought into play. I have thought sometimes that fish are endowed with reason, call it instinct, if you will, but first define, where the one ends and the other begins.

After luncheon we whiled away an hour, trolling at different parts of the lake, and then returned to our old spot, and now again the game began, and it was sport indeed, for the fish were strong and vigorous. 'Twas a fair field, and no favor except when we had to keep them out of the reeds, which was not easy at times, indeed we lost several fine fish, but the sport was all we could have wished for.

We left the lake at about 5 P. M., fully satisfied with our trip and the pleasure, and the heartfelt enjoyment we had experienced. At the boat-house Montcrief came to assist us, and when he saw our day's sport he was pleased indeed. He said they were the finest catch of fish that had been taken out of the lake for a long time. It was no light weight that he had to carry to the house. Montcrief has a personal interest in the protection of the lake, and the lessees have also made him the guardian of the fisheries. So he is, practically speaking, monarch of all he surveys.

We took a light repast, and pledged our hosts in our favorite draught (he, however, preferred the real "simon pure"—"pure and unadulterated").

The trap was at the door, the fish were carefully packed, and with every expression of good will and "come out again soon," we turned our faces homeward in the gloaming.

The evening was delightful, not a ripple stirred the placid waters of the lake, and not a breeze fanned the leaves. "'Twas silence all," and that never to be forgotten epic Gray's Elegy was vividly brought to remembrance in the objects that passed in review as we drove along.

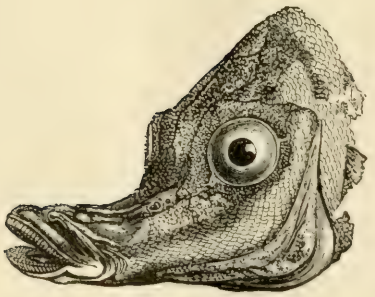
"The 'curfew' tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The strains of the "whip-poor-will" follow us as we drive slowly along, and it was not until we approached the village that his last note is heard, and we re-echo the strain with the addition of "We won't whip poor Will."

We cross the bridge at the Pache and soon reach the hotel, where our friends gave us a warm welcome. They were indeed gratified at the success of our outing, for which we were indebted to their good offices.

The fish were carefully sprad on the gallery, and the eyes of some of the onlookers sparkled with delight. The question arose as to the weight of some of them, so recourse was had to the steelyards; but there was no satisfaction even in that, for some one discovered that both big and small fish registered the same. I think myself they must have ranged from about 2½ lbs. to 6½ lbs., the major part of them about 4 lbs.

The evening was spent very pleasantly with our friends, and an early breakfast prepared us for the road, and when the whistle was heard we jumped on board, and at 9 P. M. we found ourselves at the station at the Chandiere.



The Boar Fish.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

A New and Wise Suggestion.

As to the ownership and development of *upper* waters of trout stream as private fishing preserves, I have demonstrated my faith by my recent purchase of Ehe-lila-Mauk, and the construction on that beautiful stream of eleven small, unscreened dams to increase feeding areas, and one large screened dam for a deep wintering place for larger trout. I am fully convinced that the only way to make trout fishing surely good is for the State to purchase, say two miles of the headwaters of the principal trout streams, and two or more brooks emptying into the main stream five or more miles down stream; then close them up tight forever, stocking heavily every year these preserves *only* from *one* central hatchery. This would not only be possible, but easy, and in the long run infinitely cheaper than the present system, which falls but little short of a failure.

We will take, for instance, those noted streams—the Beaverkill and the Willowemoc; an outlay of $15,000 would purchase outright five miles of spawning brooks tributary to these streams. Any angler will, I think, bear me out in the statement that if these feeders could be closed *entirely*, and kept fully stocked, there would be constant and good fishing in the large streams, as trout will seek deep water after attaining fair size. If the State of New York would cut off one-half of its annual appropriation to hatcheries, and devote that sum only to such purchases, you and I, Brother Harris, might yet live to catch full creels of good trout in the noble Beaverkill. Alas! we cannot do it now, and it gets worse every year, new hatcheries and increasing expense notwithstanding.

The ownership by the State of the watershed to these feeders would prove a blessing to all future generations, entirely outside of the question of fishing, if they were allowed to grow up to timber, thus reforesting large areas on the watersheds of all streams having their sources in high lands; insuring fuller and more constant current; colder water; less tendency to damage by flood; more uniform distribution of moisture, etc. It is a broad, but simple, scheme; almost certain in its results, depending only on practical, accurate judgment in the selection of streams, and in their development, which need never cost over a few hundred dollars to each stream. An annual appropriation of $40,000 would in ten years solve the problem of good trout fishing for all time, in all the natural trout waters of New York State. I emphasize natural; why, I have known of hundreds of thousands of State hatched and State delivered fry to be dumped in waters no more fit for trout than the Erie canal. Temperature of water cuts no figure with the amateur angler, who rushes for a can of trout fry from the supervision allotment; his sire may own a pond where carp would pine and die, but in go the trout fry, furnished at State expense, just the same, and then the anxious dude fisherman buys himself a rod, and is waiting yet for results.

O. M. Cleveland.

Remarkable Catch of Sea-Trout.

I beg to submit an account of two catches of sea-trout, which may prove interesting to the many readers of "The American Angler." Both catches are records for the County of Bonaventure, Province of Quebec, and I think might almost be claimed as records anywhere in Eastern Canada, taking everything into consideration. The weight of the fish can be certified to by Chas. Cullen, Esq., Carleton, P. Q., and also by several other witnesses.

The guide who accompanied me on both trips, was H. H. Brown, Esq., Escuminac, P.Q.

Montreal, Canada. F. P. Armstrong.

Result of Two Days' Fishing on the Escuminac River, Bonaventure Co., Province of Quebec.

FIRST CATCH.

July 30-31, 1895.—The first day I only tried two pools, and two fine sea-trout was the result. On the second day in the morning,

three more fish were added to the string. In the afternoon, however, I took twenty-three trout out of one pool in the actual fishing time of one hour and thirty minutes. All were fresh run and proved splendid fighters.

Their weights were as follows:—4¾, 4¼, 4¼, 3½, 3¼, 3¼ 3¼, 3¼, 3, 3, 2¾, 2¾, 2¾, 2½, 2½, 2½, 2¼, 2¼, 2¼, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2. Total, 76¼ lbs. Average weight, 2.7 lbs.

The whole catch was made with a seven-ounce lancewood rod, and corresponding tackle. Twenty-five fish were taken with a thunder and lightning salmon fly, two with a butcher and one with a silver grey.

SECOND CATCH.

AUGUST 28, 1895.—Also on the Escuminac river, but nearer the mouth. A beautiful string of seven was obtained after about three and one-half hours of actual fishing. Following are their weights:—5, 4¾, 4½, 3½, 3, 2½, 2¼. Total weight of fish, 25½ lbs. Average weight, 3.6 lbs. This catch was made with a six-ounce lancewood rod and very light tackle.

Diverse Angling Opinions.

In response to the invitation extended by you in your article under the title of "Diverse Angling Opinions," in the November "ANGLER," I send you an opinion on the subject. My ideas will not amount to anything more than those of any other angler, and will probably be of no use either way, as every angler has his own opinions on this subject, formed from personal observations and experience. Such opinions formed in such manner are the most difficult to change, no matter how much influence or argument may be brought to bear upon them.

In bait fishing, the Carlisle, Sneck-bend, or any other hook whose point is thrown away from the centre, are good, as no matter how the fish may seize the hook, he is always sure to feel the point. But in fly-hooks, always give me either the Sproat or Limerick. I have tried flies on Sneck-bend hooks, but always with disastrous effects on my fingers, as no matter how carefully I held the hook, either my thumb or forefinger were punctured many times while dressing a single hook. After these flies were tied, I did not consider them a success, as the weight of the bend and point of the hook would always tend to throw the fly on its side when in the water. An artificial fly is intended to represent a natural moth, or living insect, and should, in my opinion, be built so that the wings should always be inclined to remain on top. This is accomplished best by a hook whose bend and point are apt to drag downward one certain side of the hook, thus allowing the tier to fasten the wings to the opposite side so that they will be on top and better represent a natural moth struggling in the water.

In dressing bass-flies on hooks from No. 1 to 4, inclusive, I generally incline towards Limerick hooks, partly from habit, partly because the bend is not so wide as the Sproat, and partly from the fact that, in my opinion, they make a prettier looking fly.

In trout hooks, from No. 6 up, I always use Sproat, as the point stands out more, and, particularly in small flies, is not interfered with by any hard fly body that I might have occasion to use.

For several years past I have used the *bronzed* hooks. At first they were rather difficult to obtain, but now are sold almost everywhere. These hooks make, by far, the better looking fly, and do not show so distinctly in the water as the japanned hooks.

You stated that your club members decided that "tints of colors in feathered lures didn't count in the allurement of fish to the surface, the cardinal colors alone being factors." How about the popular black gnat and the white miller, or either of the coachmen? Certainly, black and white are not cardinal colors. It is true that both the royal and plain coachman have colored bodies, but I claim that the clear white wing is the special lure in these two flies. Flies with black, white and dun colored wings predominate in all fly-hooks, and are probably more used than other colors, but they are not cardinal colors.

The subject is one on which I think you will have a great diversity of opinions. It would be almost impossible to take any company of anglers and find any two who would agree on more than one or two minor points. Each and every one would have a decided opinion, acquired from some special experience.

S. K. PUTMAN.

The O'Shaughnessy has a large wire and a large bend. It will take a good hold and keep it. It is not liable to break. For large fish it beats them all.

The Sproat from Nos. 1-0 to 9 is probably the most desirable. Larger sizes than 1-0 are

liable to break when fastened to large fish, owing to medium wire and large bend.

The Dublin-Limerick has all the advantages of the Sproat, but it has a larger wire.

The Limerick and Pennell are favorites for medium-sized fish; for large fish these hooks from their formation are liable to cut out.

The wire from which the Carlisle is made is too small for any work except worm fishing, or for medium-sized fish.

The Aberdeen has no advantage over the Kendal, which has a square bend, and that formation does not prevent a live minnow breathing so readily as any other formation of hook. It is, therefore, a useful one for still fishing, or paternostering with live minnow. For small flies (ooo to 4) the brown Kendal-Sneck, Pennell-Sneck or Pennell-taper (in numbers these run the other way).

The points of the first and second are bent slightly sideways. This formation is good in small hooks, but a disadvantage in large ones. A slight twist in a small hook helps the point to penetrate, but in a large one there is a tendency to scrape. For flies on No. 9 and larger, the Sproat. If it is desirable to have the fly sink, the Dublin-Limerick or O'Shaughnessy-Limerick is a good one in small and medium sizes.

Gut, as a rule, should be fine and clear and smooth, and in much fished waters the finest that can be successfuly manipulated.

The size of the fly must be sufficiently large to be seen by the fish, but not too large for fear the fraud may be detected. The size must depend upon quantity and color of water, as when the water is high and dark-colored, and when the wind is high and the water rough, the flies should be larger than when water and weather are the opposite.

When trout are not much fished for larger flies prove successful, but when they are shy the smallest flies raise the most fish.

Form of flies does not take a prominent part in the capture of trout, as hackles and winged flies with similar shade of bodies are successful on both smooth and rapid streams.

Color and size have much to do with the artificial in successful trout fishing. As strong a point as I can cite is in relation to the duns —blue, olive and yellow in their various shades, and their progenitors—the brown and red Spinners. From May to September they are insects of the water, and trout feed on them. With hackles and winged flies, with bodies composed of the same shades as the naturals in their seasons, one may rely upon his artificials at any time, weather and water being in order. W.

CANADA, November 20.

Selling Trout all the Year Round.

Mr. S. H. Greene, of Portland, Oregon, in a recent letter to *The Morning Oregonian* on the sale of trout at all seasons, opens up a condition in Oregon that will disgust and depress every trout fisherman of that State. We quote a portion of Mr. Greene's communication:

Section 14 of our fish and game laws, as published and distributed by our very efficient protector, Mr. H. D. McGuire, reads as follows:

"Every person who shall, within the State of Oregon, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, catch, kill, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain, lake, brook, or speckled trout, caught from any fresh water, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall, within the State of Oregon, take, or attempt to take, or catch with any seine, wire net, or other device than hook and line, any mountain or brook trout after the passage of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Last week one of Mr. McGuire's special deputies purchased at one of our markets some bright, lovely trout, which the dealer represented (truthfully) as mountain trout. Mr. McGuire had the dealer arrested at once, as was his bounden duty. The case was tried before Justice Geisler, and his honor took the matter under advisement until this morning. The defense did not question the fact that they were mountain trout, but they produced an affidavit from some man over at Yaquina bay that he caught them himself with hook and line in salt water. This morning Justice Geisler discharged the defendant, and now, in less than an hour after the decision, every fish dealer in the city of Portland is displaying openly for sale the finest of mountain trout. I am not prepared to say whether they all have their affidavits ready. But the market man is all right. It isn't likely that he is going to sit down with his hands in his pockets and talk to his patrons about close season for trout, etc., when his customer can step around the corner to the dealer's more enterprising competitor, and get all the nice black-spotted mountain trout he wants, fresh from the ocean.

And what must these so-called sportsmen think of their own idiotic record; days of toil and hardship among the boulders and rapids, and brush of some little stream away back in the mountains for a few dozen measley trout, when, if they had only been members of the legislature, they would have known that all they need do to secure plenty of mountain

trout for themselves, their friends and to pay expenses of the trip, was just to run down to the coast and sail out on the broad Pacific.

The legislature who so thoughtfully and ingeniously knocked the hog hole in our trout law ought to come forward now and claim the credit of establishing a new Oregon industry; the industry of catching bushels of pretty six-inch mountain trout of the briny deep, for the market.

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What Dr. Jordan, our great authority on the Pacific salmonoids, stated of the trout of the Far West, will certainly prove prophetic as to these fish in Oregon waters. He wrote:

"This is the last generation of trout-fishers. The children will not be able to find any. The trout that the children will know only by legend is the gold-sprinkled living arrow of the white water; able to zigzag up the cataract; able to loiter in the rapids; whose dainty food is the glancing butterfly."

In the Eastern States, particularly those of New England, efforts have been made by the fish culturists to open the markets, under stringent regulations, at all seasons for hatchery bred trout. Theoretically, the justice of this cannot be questioned. If the law permits fish culture as a licensed business, it should not restrict the sale of its products under proper restrictions, but the great danger arises from the loophole for evasion and fraud, and this fact killed the "all-the-year round" bill. But the ignorance of the Oregon legislators, reinforced by that of a Dogberry, as to the habitat of fingerling trout, will result in more injury to the angling interests of that state than could possibly arise in the East from a carefully constructed law, such as Eastern fish-culturists tried to obtain.

There is but one way to secure the best legislation for the angling interest. Fish commissions "out of politics," yet selected through political influence; the disjointed and half-earnest action of fish and game clubs; the spasmotic protests through the sportsmen's journals and the influence of their editorial columns, have all failed to secure the enforcement of game and fish protection. The weak spot is in the angler as an individual; the remedy is in his own hands, but he fails to use it, just as the laborer does in his struggles to better his condition, wasting the aggregate power of associated labor in vapid speech and selfish and bigoted individuality. If the artisan or mechanic would absolve himself from partisan affiliations and use his franchise to better his class condition, in less than half a decade our government would be under the control of labor, resultant in good or evil as the future might unfold. Now, there are nearly 1,000,000 of men in the United States who, at periods more or less frequent, handle either a rod or a hand-line. Let each one of them, before he deposits his ballot, assure himself that it is for a candidate who, if elected, will vote for the protection and propagation of fish for food and pastime, the two conditions being identical and inseparable. We could elaborate this view of the subject into columns, did present space permit, but we hope that our angling readers will take it up and give it earnest consideration and enlargement, so that some concerted action may be taken.

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Catching Chub with Blackberries.

Forty-five years ago, in the Sandy Spring neighborhood, Montgomery County, Md., my cousin, Edward S. Bond, and I started down Stony branch one Saturday morning about 11 o'clock, to catch some fish. We had our tackle in our pockets, our red worms in our boxes, and we cut our rods with our Barlow knives, and fished down stream. The water was perfectly clear, the sun very hot, and after going several miles, taking a few sun-perch on the way, our bait gave out just as we arrived at one of the most beautiful sheets of water in a bend of the stream, under two grand beeches, with their roots extending far out in the beautiful pool. With all of our industry we could get no bait, and at the time never thought of grasshoppers. We, however, were hard to beat at expedients. Presently Ned said: "Let's try blackberrries." "The very thing," said I, "but get all the small ones you can, for if the fish take them at all, we will make surer work with small ones; we must run the hooks through the caps and let the points of the hook come up through the flesh of the berry."

We put our vial corks to the depth of two feet, and threw in, and scarcely had they touched the water when away they went. We struck quickly and drew gently in, and landed two beautiful white or fall-fish about 6 or 8 inches long. We could see the beautiful rocky bed below. We cast out again and again, but without any result, and finally concluded to lie flat on our faces, and get back from the bank out of sight of the wary beauties, and

drop our bait in without a shadow, except our rods. We did so, and simultaneously landed two large ones. We then turned on our backs like a pair of skirmishers in front of the enemy, and instead of loading, we baited, turned on our faces again and threw in, and out came two beautiful fish.

We were as much excited as a fellow who was about to "pop the question" to his sweetheart; our hearts were beating fearfully; our breath coming quick and fast; our nerves at their utmost tension, for we had never experienced anything like it before. We did not know there were such beauties in the streams. After eating our lunch we took a nap and then renewed the attack. Fish after fish were landed in quick succession, some through the tail and some through the side, they were so thick. We positively did not draw once in that place without landing a beauty. Those struck in the tail and side were in the way of the biting fish, and were hooked instead of the fish we missed. Your angler reader will readily take in the situation, while the novice will shrug his shoulders, look wise, and say "that's a snake story that Maryland fellow is telling."

Well, to continue. We did not leave the beautiful shade of the beeches till near sundown, when the fish stopped biting.

"Ned," I said, "I believe we've caught every fine fish in old Stony. They came down stream and up stream to this cool, still water in the shade of the old beeches to play among the roots and keep out of the way, that's my opinion; but if you want to move down stream I'll stick to 'my leader,' and go home after night."

"No!" said my cousin, "we will go home now, Tom, with the biggest pile of white fish ever caught in Haulings river or the Patuxent, much less Stony branch, and every one caught with small ripe blackberries."

My cousin's big fish measured eighteen inches and a fraction, while my largest measured about seventeen inches; many of them were twelve, fourteen and fifteen inches or thereabout.

Dear old "Stony branch!" Dear, because it rises on the farm called "Brook Grove," formerly owned by a beloved relative of ours, Mr. Roger Brook, a broad brimmed Quaker, a gentleman universally loved; a man of great nobility of character, and named after Roger Brook Taney, the chief justice of the United States. The farm is now owned by his son, Mr. George Brook, a stalwart gentleman of 83, a splendid second edition of his honored father. A more loveable man does not live in old Maryland.

W. S. Stabler.

From Montana—An Apolinaris Spring.

I have been spending the summer and fall on Trail Creek, about eighteen miles up the Yellowstone above Livingston, and have had one of the finest times among the birds and trout. I took a trip up one of the streams that helps to supply the river fifteen miles above Livingston on the east side, and I went into the mountains ten or twelve miles. I found the finest trout-fishing I ever struck, and was never so surprised in my life as I was to see such fishing; my bait was the two-legged grasshopper, that being the number of legs most of our hoppers have in this section. I had a pole cut from brush along the stream, and the first trout I got was more than 1 pound, and in the first four hours' fishing I got twenty-eight, and not one among them less than ¾ lb., and from that to over 2 lbs. I had never heard of any one fishing up so far. The mountains rose up thousands of feet high on each side of the stream for miles.

I found a camp where a party spent the summer, and also several old friends hunting game and gold, who were making it their headquarters, and I put in six days with them. I would have enjoyed it more, if you or some other trouter had been along; the pleasure and fun was too much for one to enjoy alone. I would catch hoppers in the forenoon and fish as long as I could, so as to make camp before dark, and in all the time I never even saw any small trout, and did not get one as small as ½ lb.

I found a place where there had been a big snow and landslide, and thousands of pine trees had been swept down into the gulch and stream, and the old hunters told me that the former was piled more than fifty feet high, with the trees swept from the mountain side, and when they were dry had been burned, so that for forty rods or more the channel was covered with burned logs, with the water running under them. At the upper end was a short level place, where the current was checked by the logs, and right there I had fun a yard long and a foot high. I stood on a big boulder and let my hopper go nearly to the

upper log, and out came a two-pounder and took it, I suppose, to show his pluck to his fellow boarders under the log. I gently raised him out, and continued doing so with others until I took up eight, and the weight of them was easily 12 lbs.

I had lived in sight of this stream for over ten years, and merely by accident found such trout were within two or three hours' ride of me. The stream is quite a large mountain one with several branches, and this one branch is all I tried. On another branch, about four miles above camp, is a spring of water oozing out of rocky formation, which is called the Apolinaris spring, and is stated to be almost exactly like the same named waters in Germany. I went to the spring, which is up several hundred feet above the creek, and I could hardly allow myself to leave, as the peculiar flavor of the water exactly suited my complexion. I drank and drank, and then took another swig and stayed there for an hour or more looking at the surroundings. There was heavy timber all about, with a basin cut out in the rock that holds several gallons of this peculiar water, which runs over, and then down the hill and sinks into the ground.

I find that the older I get the tougher I am, and this kind of life don't seem to tire me at all. I have through no fault of my own lost all my property, and can say with truth that I never enjoyed life so well as I have since I 'went broke"—town, county and state taxes don't bother me. They say every dog has his day, and I have had mine as far as being well-off is concerned; my check has in the sixties been good for $20,000, now I have not $1, and I am glad of it. This don't sound like the truth, bnt it is all the same. I was 67 last April, and intend to be fishing when I reach 100. B. P. Vanhorne.

From Across the Water.

"Honor to whom honor is due"; and honor is really due to Mr. William C. Harris, editor of The American Angler, for his bold and laudable enterprise in publishing a novel work, in forty monthly parts, treating of "The Fishes of North America." We are in receipt of a copy of the fifth part, which comprises eight quarto pages of philosophical text on fishes, four engravings, and two full-page colored lithographs representing fishes in the act of swimming—one, that of the weakfish or squeteague; the other, the Rocky Mountain whitefish—the movement of the water being almost visible. These two works of art are not only handsome illustrations of fish, but also rich in colors, taken by a special artist who accompanied Mr. Harris in his piscatorial pursuits to snatch the momentary opportunity of accurately depicting the rainbow hues of the fish, which are seen at their best immediately they are captured. The plates reproduce the exact anatomical proportions as well as the coloration of the fish known in ordinary parlance as the "sun trout" and the "shad trout"; the first-named specimen fish weighing 3 lbs., and the second 1 lb. It may fairly be stated that few, if any, such works of art have seldom, if ever, been issued from a lithographic press either in Europe or America. Indeed, such is the great cost of production (each of the forty parts costing over $1,000), that no publishers in America could be found to risk their money in the enterprise, on account of which Mr. Harris has been obliged to take the burdensome chance upon his own shoulders. Years of effort have been spent in the preparation; and, doubtless, it has been no trifling labor to secure the necessary number of subscribers to warrant the venture. The price is $1.50 for each part, which is prohibitive to the man of ordinary means; but the more wealthy enthusiasts in angling and in works of art may find in the complete work such a volume to grace their drawing-room tables as will prove to them "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to please themselves and their visitors.—*Fishing Gazette, London, England.*

[Part IX and X of this work are now ready for delivery at $1.50 each. Address, Harris Publishing Co., 19 Park Place, New York.]

An Oregonian Among the Tarpon.

Mr. S. P. Panton, editor and publisher of *The Aransas Pass Herald*, sends us an account of the exploits of his brother, Dr. A. C. Panton, of Oregon, among the leaping tarpons of the Texas coast. We quote :

"Dr. Panton had heard of the Aransas Pass tarpon, their abundance and voracity, and concluded to make a record for Oregon. If he could catch only one, and a small one at that, it would be sufficient. So when Nature began her annual six months' weep, raining her tears upon the Webfeet, he struck out for the sunshine of the New Mediterranean, stopping at San Antonio long enough to procure the proper outfit to circumvent the mercurial tarpon. Arrived at Aransas Pass, he spent the next day with the writer at Steadman's Island, to get his hand in on the smaller fishes, of which a variety were landed, and a large blue shark was put to a good deal of inconvenience. Next afternoon we sailed over to Ropesville. The first man encountered there was the veteran fisherman, Mr. Silver, who was promptly engaged with his skiff. It took him some time

to get bait, and then he noticed that the doctor's reel had no brake, and it was nearly 5 o'clock by the time he had a substantial leather brake affixed. They rowed out across the head of the Pass, and as the doctor let out his line, several tarpon essayed to absorb the bait. Within ten minutes a six-footer had securely hooked himself, and promptly made the fact known. His aerial flights, his extraordinary evolutions through the circumambient, and his ferocious expression as he stood on his tail, distended his gills, and viciously shook his head, immediately convinced the doctor that he had attached himself to something very different from the cold-blooded fishes of the Columbia. With both thumbs clamped down on the leather brake the terrific surges of the tarpon still drew out the line. The tide was running out, and the head of the Pass was like the rapids of a great river. The current favored the tarpon, which could not be worked back against the tide, so tarpon, boat and all, worked outward toward the Gulf. The doctor soon realized that a man should swing dumb-bells for a month before entering a contest with that kind of fish. In half-an-hour his hands were paralyzed by the strain, and he passed the rod to Silver for relief. The tarpon took to sulking on the bottom. Then he would come up and enliven the proceedings by cavorting through the atmosphere in his own inimitable style. The doctor got his rod back, and continued the fight for another half-hour. The tarpon sulked for awhile among some rocks on the bottom, the sharp edges of which were hard on the line. The boat was working out toward the Gulf, and it was necessary to close the debate by either landing the fish or cutting the line.

"Silver had again relieved the doctor, when the tarpon made a final grand rush, and the line parted. It was a Tryon, and for the time the doctor lost confidence in that make, resolving to use his Conroy line the next day. It was now getting dark, and the tarpon were given a rest until morning. The doctor had his big tarpon on the surface, close by the boat, several times, and had taken its measure. Silver said he would guarantee tarpon the next day.

"That night the doctor put by his Tryon line, and wound on his Conroy. Next morning Silver was out catching bait until 8:30. Then they soon had the skiff bobbing up and down across the head of the Pass, as Silver pulled it through the ever-present school of tarpon. Several ineffective strikes were made, but by 9:30 A. M. the doctor had landed his first tarpon on St. Joseph island, and Oregon was redeemed. The tarpon was brought back to the hotel. Mr. W. D. Jenkins, engineer in charge of the Aransas harbor improvements, had just come in from the breakwater. He measured the tarpon, which was even five feet long, and producing his kodak, photographed the captor and the captured.

"During the afternoon the doctor landed two more tarpon, one five and the other four feet long. He quit fishing at 5 P. M., satified that he had at least thirty strikes in twenty-four hours. He had several tussles with big ones, that ended as the first, his Conroy line cutting on the rocks as did the Tryon. Having landed three tarpon in one day, and struggled with many more, the doctor concluded that after a course of physical culture, he could land ten in one day under the same conditions of weather, water, and abundance of the fish. He left for Oregon last Saturday, with a valise full of tarpon scales, and unlimited confidence in the future of Aransas Pass, not only as a seaport, but also as a sportsmen's resort."

Pleasant News from Sarasota, Fla.

No doubt it will be a source of gratification for anglers to learn that Mr. C. F. Orvis of angling tackle fame, has leased the Sarasota Inn, formerly run by Mrs. Jones, now deceased. We understand that a brother of Mr. Orvis and his daughter, Mrs. Marbury, will be in constant attendance, and that Mr. C. F. Orvis will spend considerable time at this delightful Florida resort. Anglers should not overlook the fact that, within a short distance from the hotel, there are two creeks, Phillippi and Billy Bowlegs, where fly-fishing can be enjoyed to its fullest extent.

Low Excursion Rates South and Pacific Coast.—The Southern Railway (Piedmont Air Line) have just issued a circular announcing low excursion rates to Southern Cities and Winter resorts. The new points to which excursion tickets are sold this winter includes many prominent Southern Cities. This great system penetrates every Southern State over its own rails; operates solid trains, vestibuled sleeping and dining cars, from New York to New Orleans, Jacksonville, Tampa, Atlanta, Augusta, Asheville, Chattanoonga, Birmingham, Memphis. This is the route that forms the great California Limited via New Orleans in connection with the Sunset Limited, the most elegant appointed train service between the Atlantic and Pacific. For rates, schedules, etc., call on or address,

R. D. CARPENTER, General Agent.

ALEX. S. THWEATT, East'n Pass. Agt.,

271 Broadway, New York.

Eat, Sleep and Be Happy.—Eat the best of food, skillfully prepared, at moderate prices, on the elegant dining cars run by the Chicago Great Western Railway ("The Maple Leaf Route").

Sleep in the luxurious bedrooms of the new Pullman Compartment Sleeping Cars run on the same line.

Be happy, as a natural consequence. These advantages may be enjoyed in the superlative degree to which modern science has brought them en route between Chicago, Dubuque, Waterloo, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Paul and Minneapolis, via the Chicago Great Western Railway ("The Maple Leaf Route").

Sunday trips of the Fall River Line steamers have been discontinued for the winter months, the final trip having been made on Sunday, November 24. The Plymouth and Pilgrim are in commission, and week day trips will continue without interruption.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

To Jamaica Bay.

"L. B. W.," who wants to know how to get to Jamaica Bay on his wheel, is informed that by crossing the East river on the bridge, and then going out Myrtle avenue past the Cypress Cemetery, he will find a good road which, if he will turn to the right, will take him near South Woodham, which he can reach over a fair country road. At South Woodham he will have to take the steam cars, as no riding roads are built over the little islands, channelways and swamps from there to the beach. We presume that this query is made for use next summer for fishing purposes. If correct we advise "L. B. W." to avoid the trip on the wheel, and take the steam road, as Jamacia Bay is decidedly out of comfortable reach for the angling cyclist.

How to Relieve Fatigue in Wheeling.

With the aid of a slight knowledge of anatomy, and a common sense application of it, bicycle riders may avoid much of the fatigue that very often makes trips of greater than customary length anything but pleasurable. Fatigue is a necessary evil, even on a perfectly adjusted wheel that moves likes the wind at the touch of the foot, and particularly is this true of young and inexperienced riders. Complete freedom from it is only gained by keeping in constant physical training, a condition which few persons in these busy days are able to fulfill.

But much relief may be gained by a study of one's muscles and an adjustment of the position of the body and limbs, so as to distribute the strains and change the form of action demanded of the muscles. *The Chicago Times-Herald* has been making a study of this matter for the benefit of its cycling readers, and the information is reproduced here, in order that other wheelmen may derive the same benefit.

The wrist is the place where weariness is soonest felt, and this may be quickest relieved by changing the grip so as to catch the handles with the palms up. Another way is to raise or lower the shoulders so as to change the angle at which the wrists are bent. This will be found to afford instant relief.

If the pain runs into the elbow, as it often will, when the road is rough, all that is necessary is to sit up straight, so as to straighten the arm, and, when this becomes tiresome, to again lean forward.

The pectoralis major, or great chest muscle is often the source of considerable pain after a long bicycle trip. But the remedy is always at hand. Pain follows upon the unnatural bending of the back for a long period, the muscle being contracted. Straighten your back and the pain will disappear.

But the muscle that is most subject to painful fatigue is the rectus femorus, the great, straight muscle of the thigh.

No other muscle in the body does half as much work on the wheel as this, for it not only straightens out the leg when the foot goes down, but pulls the knee up again, in the next movement. It is the great pushing muscle in cycling.

Some relief can be got from weariness in this great muscle by temporarily shifting one's position on the saddle, backward or forward, as much as possible, so as to change the angle of the thigh and leg. Resting one leg at a time, with the knee bent at a different angle as you travel over easy spots in the road, will also bring great relief. But when this muscle cries out for relief, the most effective plan is to dismount and walk until the pain disappears, as it will in a few moments under this change of locomotion.

Fatigue in the muscle working the ankles, is relieved by changing the gearing of the wheel so as to work the ankle as little as possible. It is the same fatigue that is felt in fast walking for a considerable time. Fatigue just at the ankle-joint is also relieved by changing the gearing.

A New Pedal Attachment.

Among the mass of new inventions for the general benefit of bicyclists, is a toe-clip. Riders have, as a rule, been sceptical regarding toe-clips, for the majority of them, while

having one or two good features, are defective from the fact of being stationary and requiring considerable practice to secure the feet properly on the pedals without bending the clip.

The new toe-clip has several good features. The construction is such that when the pedal is not in use and hanging downward, the toe-clip swings out of the way, so that the pedal may be caught by the rider's foot without any attention being paid to the clip.

The instant the foot is placed upon the pedal, the clip flies up into position, where it locks firmly, and when the foot is removed from the pedal it turns with the clip on the under side, the mechanism immediately unlocks of itself, and is at once ready for further use. By the use of this clip, the side guards on the pedal may be dispensed with, as the clip is provided with a metal strip which acts as a guard, and which can be made wider or narrower, to suit the rider's foot.

The clip can be readily adjusted to fit almost any make of pedal. The construction is very simple, having no parts to become disarranged or get out of order, and the weight is only three ounces.

How to Use the Pedal.

There can be no continuous riding of the bicycle where the rider does not pedal, and yet as essential as pedalling is to cycling the majority of riders know nothing of its proper performance, and apparently care less about it. Why this should be so must ever remain a mystery and one of the chief drawbacks of correct wheel propulsion. If, says the editor of *The Wheel*, the rider will observe the following he will be surprised how little he understands of riding a bicycle, and how much he may learn regarding it by a small amount of attention.

Place the ball of the foot on the pedal, leaving an inch and a half or two inches of shoe sole projecting in front of it. Proper ankle action will add 25 per cent. to the speed that the proper placing of the rider's foot will give him, without in any way increasing the amount of fatigue in its production; but, unfortunately, good ankle action is only the result of study and long practice on the part of its possessor. The object to be sought for by the student of ankling and pedalling is the exertion of a steady propelling force on the pedals throughout as large a part of each revolution of the pedal as possible.

To accomplish this raise the ball of the foot above the heel as the pedal approaches its highest point, then push it forward, exerting a steady pressure through the entire down stroke, gradually lowering the ball of the foot below the heel, so that even at the lowest point you can still maintain some amount of pedal pressure. Avoid the habit of applying pressure as the pedal begins to raise. Each foot should begin its work before the other leaves off, and the upper reach of the chain should always, when riding, be kept taut.

Practice ankle action alternately with each foot, and then with both of them, riding slowly at first to learn, and now and then asking a companion to note if your chain slacks between strokes. If it does, the chain will more quickly wear out; and there is loss of power besides. A great portion of the knack of riding fast without undue exertion lies in early beginning of the forward-pedal thrust, in acquiring which the clips will be found advantageous. The backward pull of the pedals, when they are at the bottom of their orbits, will be facilitated by slots in the shoes, which will also help in the forward thrust where toe clips are not used.

For long-distance riding the great essential is to economize your powers of endurance and strength by exerting the smallest continuous pressure on the pedals which will keep them revolving at a moderate speed. Even the expert rider may with much advantage to himself and his riding concentrate his attention now and then on the action of each of his feet, to make sure that they are working correctly automatically, as they should do.

Good for Pulmonary Complaints.

The stimulus to breathing which is given by riding is of a wholesome measure, and those with slight pulmonary affections are just the ones who should ride a bicycle. It strengthens the muscles of the back and cultivates a habit of deep breathing. It also develops new tissues in the upper lobes of the lungs, which, as a rule, are little used. It is to this employment of new air cells that is due the lameness just inside the shoulders complained of by new riders. All this increased lung power is excellent, and means more power, but with those having severe and long-standing forms of pulmonary complaint the lungs are apt to be too weak for the strain, and many go to pieces under it. Even in cases where light hemorrhages are caused by riding, however,

some doctors advise its continuance; but in these matters physicians disagree, and every individual must be guided by the counsellor upon whom he relies.

Hill-Climbing.

The editor of *The Wheel* asks this question: "Did you ever notice the boy when his skates fly out from under him, and he suddenly seats himself on the identical spot where but a second before he was standing?" If you have not you are a poor student of human nature, and through being so you have missed seeing the finest piece of amateur acting in the world. Your boy at once carefully examines the fastenings of his skates, looks at the edges of their blades, stamps his feet, tightens the fastenings and then resumes his skating, confident that he has convinced the onlooker that the cause of the fall was something wrong with the skates, not the wearer of them.

Watch the average wheelman, but recently graduated from the wabbling stage of his cycling career; see him in all the glory of golf stockings, shining wheel, voluminous knickerbockers and pancake cap. At the foot of the hill note the self-confident, I'll-ride-up-or-bust expression on his face; note carefully how all this changes as each foot of grade is passed; see him bend further and further forward, wabble, zigzag, and finally fall off sideways from his wheel. Does he confess by word, look or action that the task was too great? Not much he doesn't. He remembers the lesson learned when years gone by he skimmed over and fell upon the treacherous ice. He dissembles, acts, fakes and what not.

Carefully the pedals are examined, the chain slack noted, hardness of his tire looked into, saddle and handle-bar examined. Then forth comes wrench, oilcan or pump, tinkering follows, tools are replaced and the journey is resumed up the hill. But does he ride? Nay, nay, he walks, satisfied that all who see him know that the fault is in the machine, not the rider thereof. Verily the world has many queer men in it, and cycling is not bereft of its fair share thereof!

For Sale.—24-ft. Naptha Launch; only run part of last season; a bargain. Address Lock Box 2, Pentwater, Mich.

Grippey Colds.—Grippey colds are epidemic and are promptly "broken up" by "77," Dr. Humphrey's Specific for colds and grippe. For sale by all druggists.

A Signal Code.

The attention of the League of American Wheelmen has been called on many occasions, some of which were tragic in their details, to the necessity of some established system of signals for the guidance of cyclists on the road, and as a means of communication between them. From France comes a suggestion that is worthy of consideration.

Over there the little tinkling bell on the bicycle is not much in favor. Cyclists prefer the whistle, which is generally carried between the teeth, ready for instant use.

Gradually a perfect code of signals has been created which has received the indorsement of many of the clubs, and will be officially sanctioned at the next congress of cyclists. Some of the signals that are generally understood, are as follows:

Ordinary alarm, three short notes: — — —.

Halt, one long-drawn note: ———.

Come ahead, or follow me, two long notes: ——— ———.

"Where are you?" or "We are here," three half-long notes: —— —— ——.

Turn to the right, one long-drawn note, one short: ——————— —.

Turn to the left, one long-drawn note, two short: ——————— — —.

Look out! there is danger ahead, ten sharp notes in quick succession: — — — — — — — — — —.

Call for help, three short and one long note, several times in succession: — — — ——— — — — ———.

This code can be indefinitely extended for both public and private use.

Shooting and Fishing.—The best game country in the Mississippi Valley to-day is along the line of the Iron Mountain Route in Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana. Small game is very abundant and has been shot at very little. Deer and turkey are plentiful, and the fishing of the very best, the waters of the rivers being clear and cold, and especially adapted for black bass and other game fish. The Iron Mountain Route also reaches direct, and by double daily through service from St. Louis and Memphis, the famous hunting and fishing grounds on the gulf. Every facility is offered for the comfort of the sportsman. Reduced rates, the carrying free of guns, dogs, camping outfit, etc. Special hunting cars can be chartered, containing complete sleeping and cooking departments, and can be side-tracked on or close to the hunting and fishing grounds. If further information is desired, or pamphlets descriptive of the country, stating where to go, etc., write Company's Agents or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

I.

A shady nook,
A babbling brook,
A baited hook,
A trout to cook
—*that's luck.*

II.

A wheel to buy,
An awful sigh,
A happy thought,
A Remington bought
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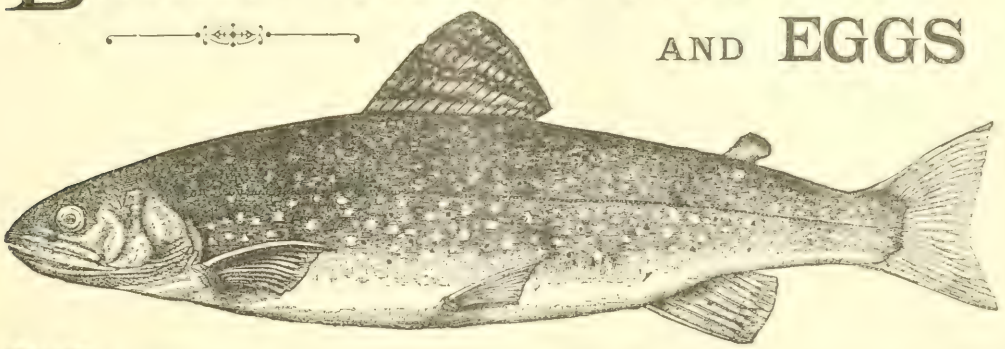
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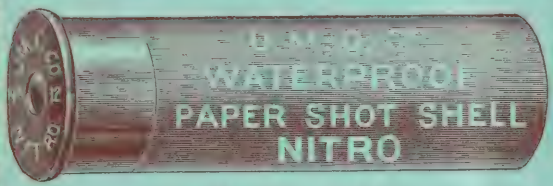
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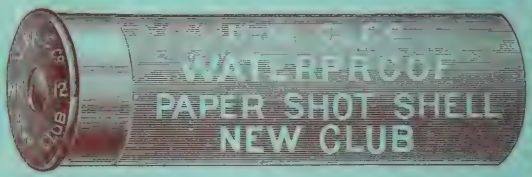
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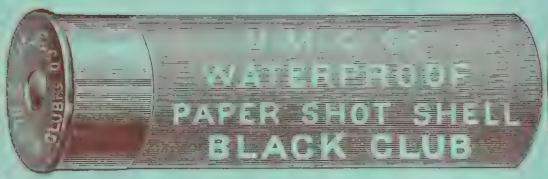
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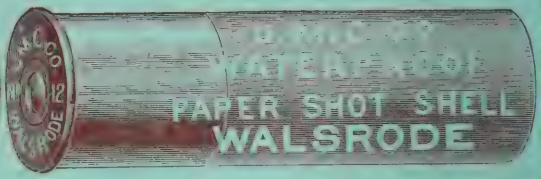
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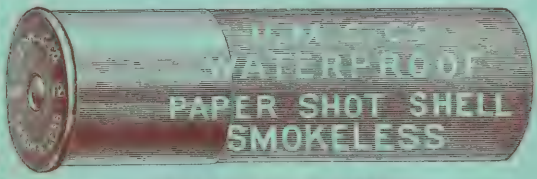
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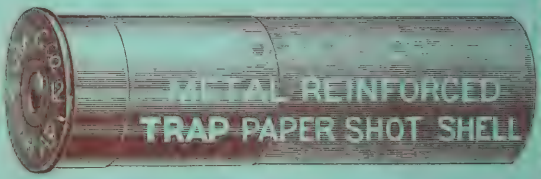
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

FRONTISPIECE—TWIN FALLS ON SNAKE RIVER..... 49

THE GRIND OF BUSINESS DRUDGERY AND ITS PANACEA..... 51

NAPLES ON THE GULF.....*Wm. C. Harris* 55
Illustrated.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.....*Wm. C. Harris* 60
Illustrated.

NOTES AND QUERIES.....
Words from a Rod Crank—The Golden Trout of Whitney Creek, Cal.—The Champion Tarpon, 209½ lbs.—A Continuation of Good Words—Pleasant Business for an Angler—Lively Fishing Through the Ice—The Biggest Fish—The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania—A Florida Fishing Box.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.
How to Distinguish Characteristic Wheelmen—Some New Ideas at Chicago Cycle Show—When Frames are Sprung—Keep the Chain in Good Condition—A Glance at the New York Show.

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TWIN FALL ON THE SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.—See page 74.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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THE GRIND OF BUSINESS DRUDGERY AND ITS PANACEA.

BY J. T. HOPKINS.

Meeting an acquaintance who had just returned from an extended visit abroad—a native German—I asked him whether he felt any desire to go back and spend his remaining days permanently as a citizen of the Fatherland. "Yes," he replied, "but for hindrances—certain business shackles from which I can not readily disengage myself—I should again take up my habitation in the older country where I was born, for one reason, if no other, that I could live there more quietly, with less of that wearing friction of body and mind.

"Men there," he continued, "do not struggle as we do here in America for the dollar that must be unceasingly multiplied without limit, although none can more fully appreciate its value. As a rule, the people of Germany are in position to live independently comfortable, having and enjoying more leisure and being satisfied with less of those material things which are needful merely in the imagination. They have a broader understanding of what true happiness is, and from their habits of living, following closely upon lines of prudence as laid down by the ancestor, they have learned to know that in the beaten track of moderation is to be found all that is most conducive to their enjoyment and personal comfort."

As far as they go, the remarks of my German friend are quoted for the purpose of showing, by contrast, how sadly deficient we are as a people in the proper conception of the value of recreation, and how slow to indulge the inclination, if indeed we have it. The one rule by which we appear to be guided is that there can be no resting place in the race for gain. As though Mammon had decreed that in our humdrum lives no day should be spared away from his service, and that as blind followers, having no alternative, we must obey. To tread the press unceasingly that there shall be no diminution of the flow of wine; to toil, and think, and fret. To undergo those pitying processes by which our stay upon earth—which nature may intend shall be long and pleasant—must be measurably shortened and made a sojourn of misery.

Is it not incomprehensible that as rational beings we can not be led to see the folly of such a course? The pity is that we certainly do not, and the typical American, above all other mortals, is one who seems determined to hasten the occupancy of that little bit of allotted ground in God's acre before his time; deliberately to kill himself by overexertion, deaf to the knowledge that between idleness and constant, exhausting labor there is a golden mean which it is his privilege to enjoy if only he would.

I had spent the better part of that October day in seeking out one or more

companions to accompany me to our camp on Blue River, having received favorable reports of the fishing, and out of a club membership of more than forty I was rewarded by the promise of one who would arrange to meet me at the station for the early train of the next morning. Thankful for the integrity of this fellow-angler, and knowing that only some unforeseen contingency would side-track and hold him out, I found him there walking the platform in the crisp morning air, if anything even more eager than myself. A few minutes later we were bowling along in the smoker toward the point where we were to take wagon transportation—a jolt of some six miles over the intervening chain of hills—and by noon of the same day we had greeted that important functionary, the accomplished camp cook, with the announcement that our appetites had been picked up on the way and brought along.

To render no account in which exploit too frequently fills a prominent place, and to abstain from averment, suffice it that all may rightly conjecture results who know how to appreciate whatever of success, or endure with patience whatever of disappointment may be experienced on such occasions, the assurance being incontrovertible that there need never be fear of the "hard luck" outweighing the general good time hoped for and almost certain to be realized in one way or another in the course of the stay.

Our one regret was that out of so many who were bidden, only four were there to partake of the feast. Two had preceded us to remain until all were ready to return together; one, a gentleman distinguished for high legal attainments acquired by close application and hard work, who held every moment to be idly spent that was not devoted to his worshipful profession, who for years had burned the candle of life at both ends regardless of the truth that day by day the eye became dimmer, the hair more silvery, the form less erect, had been presented with a fishing outfit, the gift comprehending a fine bethabara rod with reel, line and every properly belonging appurtenance.

After unwrapping the parcel delivered by the expressman, the first impulse yielded to by the lawyer was to laugh. In course of long association with wits of the bar nothing had so excited his little, frail, benumbed funny-bone like the contents of that parcel. The utter incongruity of the thing was too much for his gravity, and he gave way to laughter such as had never before so convulsed his sides. Of all conceivable objects what would he do with such things, and what silly person had remembered him in that way?

He did not realize it at the time, but the accident of this peculiar gift was to work a complete transformation in him. One may have a natural bent toward those pleasures to be experienced with the rod and not know it; may have sipped gingerly at the fountain to drink afterwards deep and copious draughts. Accidental indulgence was to be to this lawyer a revelation; and, for that matter, the world is full of example of what the accident has done for the good of mankind. That pig which Charles Lamb tells of, first roasted by accident, it was by accident again that men learned to recognize it as a good and savory thing whose succulence pleased the palate.

One day after the tackle had stood in the corner long enough to accumulate a casing of cobwebs, a new thought entered the noggin of this disciple of the law. Something moved him to go out and "fyshe a spell with the angle,"

which he decided to do if by judiciously choosing those byways which led to the creek he could do so unobserved. A rod in one hand, a minnow pail in the other, this fisher of the depths of the witness box felt that it would never do for his friends to see him in such a rôle as that. The stream had long since been given over as one almost, if not altogether, devoid of fish life; but, strangely enough, as if preserved and predestined to subserve some good and wise purpose, a three-pound bass was there to do his part in a tussle—a part in which by the exercise of superior tactics which the party of the first part woefully lacked—enabled it to postpone indefinitely the hour when it should be yielded up to the broiler. In other words, as might be expected, the neophyte failed to land his fish, but was rewarded by a bit of pleasing experience to which he had been a stranger. A new path was then and there opened unto him not hitherto trodden. Indiscreetly he had tampered with roast pig to be ultimately overcome by its appetizing flavor.

Since that day he finds in recreation what all discover—those healing, revivifying influences which are above the ability of the physician to impart, however skillful he may be. What does the doctor say to you when that stubborn disorder refuses to yield to his treatment? He will advise a sea voyage; may recommend a trip to the mountains—to Florida or the Pacific coast. "Anywhere," he will say; "get thee anywhere, old boy, so that the grind of the mills of your drudgery may cease." Knowing the true panacea, what he is anxious about for your sake is that you find physical and mental rest; knowing, also, that to have it you must get away from that desk, the quicker the better.

But you are indifferent and will not heed, and what follows? Presently the quartet selected out of the choir will sing softly and sweetly; the minister's remarks will be tender—their appropriateness kindly not questioned by those within the sound of his voice who knew you; the mild-mannered undertaker will press the button, and, after the sexton, the courts and trust companies will do the rest.

But how many will profit by the mournful lesson that example made of yourself of unreasoning folly? It is a noteworthy fact that in any community are to be found the fewest number who may derive real pleasure from a day's outing, or a week's companionship with the rod or the gun. One may count on the fingers those of his acquaintances who are imbued with a fondness for such sport; and most of whom, if they be persuaded to engage in it at all, will do so in a perfunctory way, with no more relish than that of the country boy, who, after eating the raw oyster, and being asked how he liked it, replied: "Well, Mister, if you'll 'low me, I'd a heap ruther keep on a swalerin' of my slipp'ry-elm bark." Evidently an epicure in his way, but he had not been educated to that degree which would enable him to have a liking for the bivalvular morsel.

And so it has ever been that misguided man will deny himself of the best of everything that may be lived for, until by some interposition of chance he be constrained to see differently; whereas, it should be his inclination habitually to so shape his manner of living as to make it most conducive, not only to his individual enjoyment, but that of his fellows about him; provided, always, that his conduct be governed by proper and reasonable bounds of decorum.

It is plain that our first parents were placed in the garden to enjoy to the

fullest what was there provided—not to saw wood, or grind tanbark; neither to spin nor to weave—and if, by their transgression of disobedience, they were afterwards made to shift for themselves, not only for pleasure, but for existence, is there a theology which would teach that we as partakers of the fruits of their error should be required to trudge on interminably in harness like the mule in the mine?

We know that the aboriginee rejected such doctrine, yet no follower in the line of man's better development can say that he is happier than the Indian, whose daily venison and smoked fish were procured at less cost than that of the roast beef and pumpkin pie of to-day; and while in his simplicity he believed there were few trappings which need go with his spirit to other hunting grounds, we, in our enlightenment and superior wisdom, seem to forget that we are even poorer—that we can take absolutely nothing; and still we go on with that unnecessary toil which we endure in cheating ourselves into believing is best for us, in order that those granaries of our worldly accumulations may be filled to the rafters for our progeny who shall come after and scatter.

As before said, those persevering workers who take any considerable interest in occasional rest are few. With most men who are deliberately wearing out their lives by assiduous attention to business, with its damaging consequences, its dangers even, the force of habit is strong. Such persons are not easily enticed away from those idols which they insist upon making the objects of a too zealous worship; but it may be that some teacher may yet be able to convert them from their error. They should be tempted into other and better ways which make life worth the living.

Then, not to advance a suggestion but simply to express a thought; which is, that there are fields for the missionary which hitherto have not been worked. That the gospel of recreation may be extended and still more profitably preached; not unto those familiar hearers who compose the club, or such-like organization, but to the people at large. That it might be well for publishers of those admirable periodicals which show us the way, in our outdoor sports, to the best and truest contentment, to distribute some tracts: to disseminate more thoroughly among the uninformed, those principles which are taught in their pages. To seek how they may best arouse more enthusiasm for the love of innocent, health-giving sport; an enthusiasm not less hearty than that which was suddenly experienced by the lassie.

The words are quoted from memory:

"Whistle, my daughter, whistle;
And I'll give thee a cow.
I never whistled in my life;
And I can not whistle now.
Whistle, my daughter, whistle;
And you shall have a man.
I never whistled in my life;
But—I'll whistle if I can."

If, by touching the right chord; the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the minister, the mechanic and whosoever may be thereby induced to go out now and then and play; such converts, by their own example, will draw others into those innovations in their lives which will bring more happiness, and which will prove from the beginning and in the end a blessing.

NAPLES ON THE GULF.

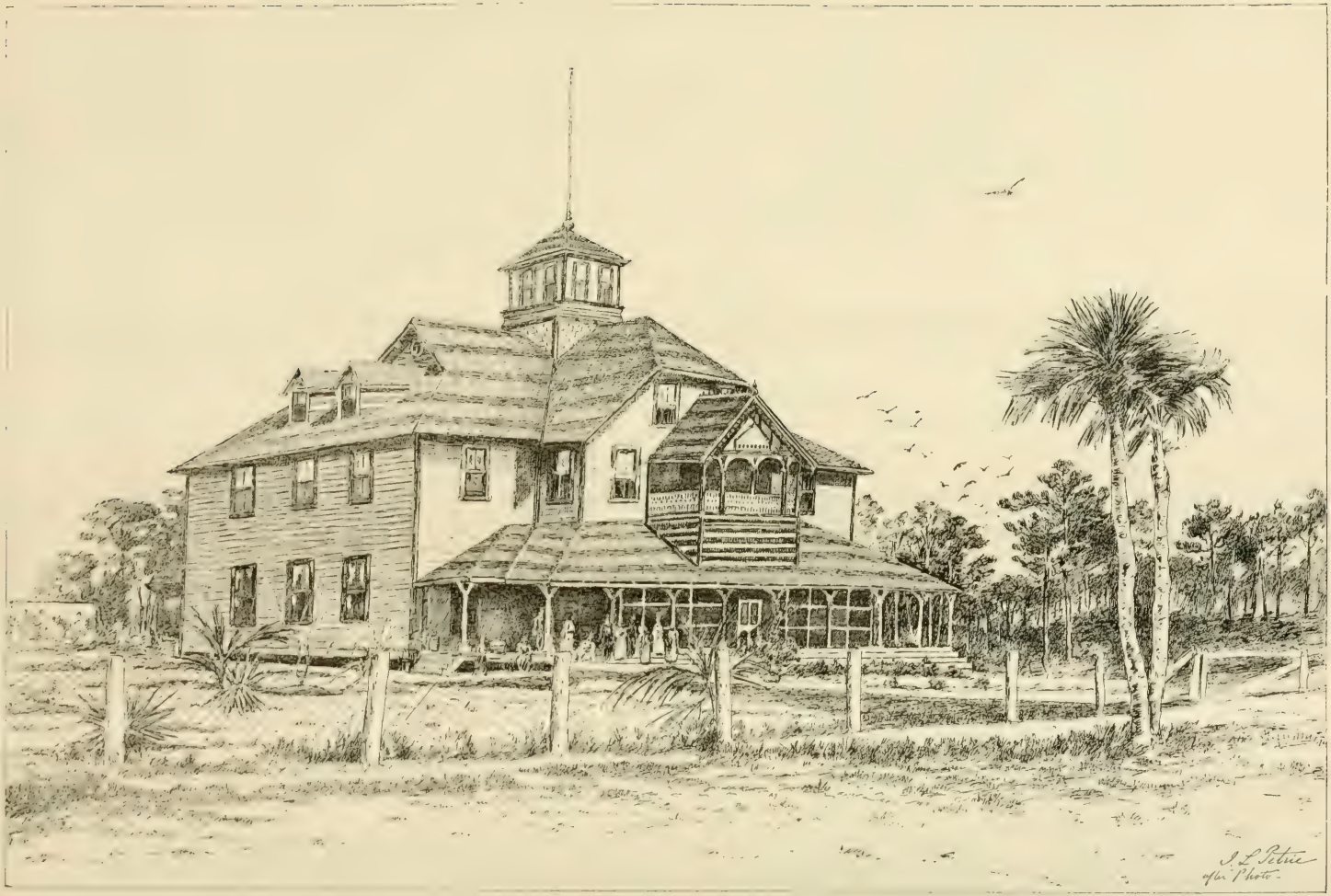
BY WM. C. HARRIS.

It was my good fortune, during 1895, to visit two widely separated angling resorts, both of which I left with regret, because of the restful feeling that I experienced when there—a sort of negation of all individuality and an almost entire oblivion of things gone by and of interest in those to come. So placid and complete was my unconscious, at least undemonstrative, faith that with the uprising of the sun to the gathering of twilight with its touches and tints of beauty everywhere, that come cloud or sunshine, storm or calm, the result would surely be a perfect and reposeful content with all things in life. *Dolce far niente* does not phrase or explain the feeling, for my mind was active, and a warm appreciation of the bright and fruitful outlook for filling every hour of the day with enjoyment, was always present. It was, to a man of my years, like being earth-born again, but leaping at once from infancy to adolescence, with all the ripe and restraining experiences of three score years and ten. My angling friends need not be told that the fishing rod had a good deal to do with this Utopian condition. One of these delightful sojournings was at Bayport, Mich., described at length some months ago; the other at "Naples on the Gulf," twin sisters of repose, albeit more than one thousand miles apart.

About seventy miles from Punta Gorda, the railroad terminus on the west coast of Florida and nearly ninety miles northwest from Key West, the angling tourist will find "Naples on the Gulf." It was at this delightful spot that I spent two months, in company with Mr. Jno. L. Petrie, the artist, during the latter part of the winter of '95, engaged in catching and painting the typical fishes caught on hook and line from the waters of the southern seas.

Naples, with its broad expanse of many thousands of acres, is the property of Mr. W. N. Haldeman, the principal owner of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, of which Henry Watterson, the talented, is managing editor. Mr. Haldeman is perforce the owner of this beautiful and health-inspiriting watering place. Years ago he loaned nearly $30,000 to an association, whose object was to duplicate on the Gulf the attractions of the old city of the Mediterranean. Climate and environment favored the enterprise, but unforeseen difficulties arose, and, failure coming quickly, Mr. Haldeman was compelled to take possession. This result has, despite pecuniary loss, been a boon to the proprietor, who now passes several winter months at Naples, renewing his physical health and mental vigor in the bracing but soothing atmosphere of his winter home.

It is a superb domain over which to hold dominion and receive, in one's later years, the gift of renewed powers of body and mind, but it is not selfishly held for personal ends. A picturesque and commodious hotel, well furnished and thoroughly appointed and several outlying guest cottages have been built, and the management assigned to one of the most competent and courteous of ladies, Miss Mary McLaughlin of Lexington, Ky., who brings with her, each season, a corp of selected servants and assistants from the Blue Grass State, and offers her guests, who come from every section, those home attractions so seldom found in large gatherings at the usual watering places. Mr. Halde-



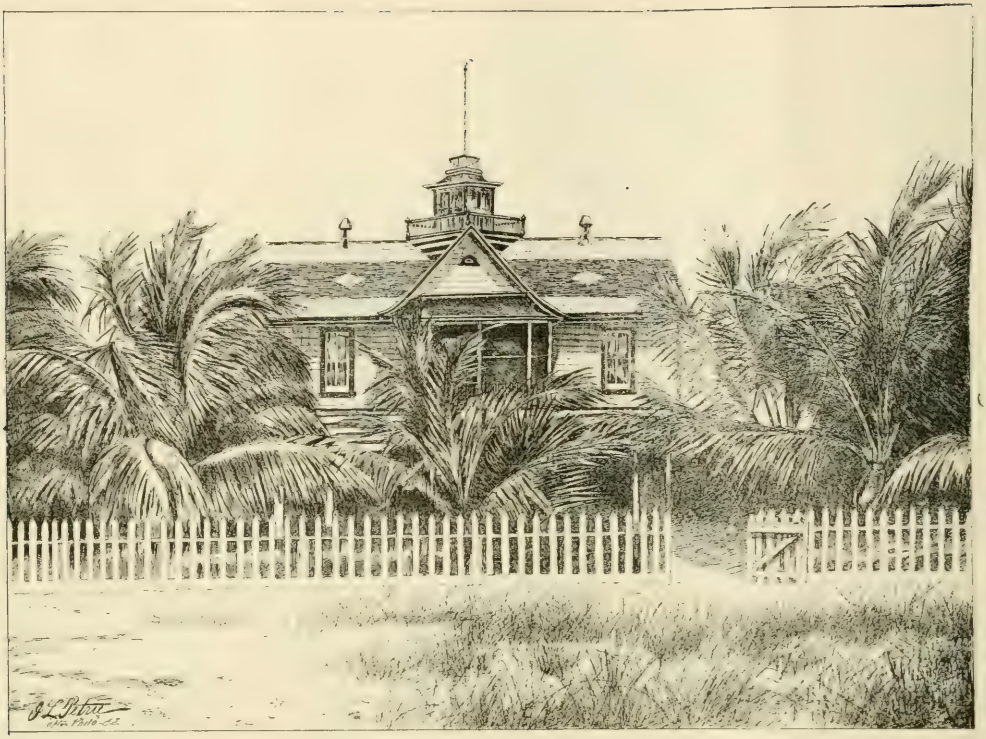
HOTEL AT "NAPLES ON THE GULF."

man, we were told, maintains the estate and hotel at considerable pecuniary loss, but we should judge him to be content to do so, when he sees and mingles with the hosts of happy visitors who so thoroughly appreciate and enjoy their delightful surroundings.

We were most comfortably housed in a commodious cottage within a few yards of the beach and the long pier shown in the drawing. My work was at once outlined and with it that of the artist. Selecting Gordon's Pass, a narrow inlet three miles south of our cottage, as the spot where the fish were to be caught and painted, we procured a boat, placed our working materials aboard and rowed down the Black Bay until we reached the mouth of the pass, where we landed and under the shelter of the palms, Mr. Petrie set his easel and prepared his colors, while I, as the fisherman, jointed my rod, adjusted reel and water tackle, and stepping twenty feet to the water-edge of the beach, cast a phantom minnow on the incoming tide. The result was almost instantaneous and a salt water trout of three pounds was beached. The anatomical outlines, mathematically correct, of this specimen were transferred to canvass in black crayon, supplemented afterwards by tracings with a red crayon. One specimen sufficed for this operation, which, when finished, left on our hands a stiff and bleached fish, but still edible. I then cast for another of the same species, and as the black spotted or salt water trout (a brother to our northern weakfish or squeteaque) were coming in freely to feed, I had no difficulty in getting eight or ten specimens in rapid succession for the use of the artist, hence a perfect life-coloration of this fish was obtained during the first day. This outing of about six hours was duplicated every day, except Sundays, for nearly seven weeks and during that time I caught and Mr. Petrie painted from live and gasping specimens, ten portraits, one each of the salt water trout, the mangrove snapper, the gray snapper, the snook or sargeant fish, the cavallè or jack, the pompano, the lady or bony fish (a sister of the big tarpon) the sheepshead, the silver mullet and the gaff-topsail catfish.

The season was ontoward for tarpon up to the time we left (March 30th) as the severe storms and low temperature had retarded these fish from entering the shallow and relatively brackish waters to feed and disport. On one day, however, at Gordon's Pass, when casting in the hope of luring a cavallè, my bait was taken by a large tarpon, which, as is usual when they feel the restraint of the line, cavorted upward within twenty feet of where I stood, and again leaped frantically twice into the air, although the line was broken and hung slack from the tip of the rod—a clear case of buck or rather hook fever on the part of the fish. On frequent occasions, subsequent to this incident, when the days were warm, with offshore winds, I saw many large tarpon feeding on mullet near the mouth of the pass, lazily rolling with half their bodies out of the water, very much in the same way as the porpoise feeds when he has not to forage vigorously. At such times we did not attempt to fish for tarpon, as our greater need was for other and smaller fish to paint, and we could not, except under most fortunate conditions, have killed a large tarpon from the shore, had we chanced to hook one. We, however, merely adjourned the meeting to another day.

The tackle used in catching the fish named above, none of which weighed over six pounds, consisted of a split bamboo bait rod, length 8½ feet, weight



PRIVATE COTTAGE OF W. N. HALDEMAN.

7½ ounces. The reel held 200 yds. of No. 9 Cuttyhunk line, no leader, 2-0 Sproat hooks, and a sinker (necessary in the strong tideways) weighing two ounces. All the visiting anglers used the phantom minnow of different sizes, but our stock of them was soon exhausted, and we substituted a strip of the belly of the sheepshead, cut somewhat minnow shape, and found it as efficacious as the more expensive lure. The casting being made single handed from the reel, the bait was in constant motion, hence its attraction for the fish.

Our painting camp was visited frequently by the anglers of the hotel, and the mouth of Gordon's Pass presented daily an animated scene. Sometimes a dozen rods were at work, handled by fishermen from every section of the United States and Canada, and Mr. Petrie was at no time without many specimens of fish at his feet. Some of the anglers essayed the artificial fly, large ones dressed in bright colors, but they were not as successful as the natural bait. I used the feathers but on one occasion. When passing along the beach, about a mile south of our home cottage, I noticed a number of fair-sized fish, feeding near the edge of the water in the shallow pockets made by the tide which was nearly full. Rigging up a cast of flies—I happened to have my Kosmic fly rod with me—I threw the feathers among the fish and, although they were taken immediately, I failed to land a specimen, the flies being torn thread-like in every instance and the fish escaping. Curious to ascertain the species of these ravenous and muscular fellows, I stopped fishing and crawled stealthily to within a few feet of a large pocket and found the fish to be Spanish mackerel. It would have required a wire snell and leader to land them.

The cream of the fishing at Naples is from the long pier which extends nine hundred feet into the Gulf. At times the water around the spiles of the pier is swarming with fish. Spanish mackerel, cavallè, red fish, blue fish, sheepshead, kingfish, snook, lady fish, big jew fish, 14 ft. sawfish and sharks of several species, are taken daily, with an occasional chance to harpoon a big manta or devil fish. The pier is the point of attraction for most of the hotel guests, and in the evening presents an animated scene of social gayety and good fellowship. Everybody feels at home there.

It was at Naples that I first ate that renowned table fish, the pompano, fresh from the water. Before this experience I had placed the cisco of Lake Geneva, Wis., as the choicest and finest flavored of all edible fish. I had now found its mate, and strange to state, to my palate the one was almost identical in flavor to the other. Both have, for lack of a more significant term, a well decided oyster flavor, and this fact is the more singular, when we consider that the cisco is a fresh water lake fish and the pompano, so far as known, is never found away from salt water, not ascending, as many other sea fish do, the brackish waters of the creeks along the sea coast. No doubt the food eaten by both will explain this coincidence of flavor. The cisco of Lake Geneva lives for at least ten months in the year in the deepest water of the lake, at the bottom of which the crayfish abounds; the pompano, as is well known, feeds exclusively upon the small crustacea of the ocean beaches. But be this as it may, he who has never tasted either of these fish, is as barren of delightful experience as the one who has never plucked his hook into their tender mouths or captured them on a yeilding rod.



THE 900 FOOT PIER AT "NAPLES ON THE GULF."

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 17.)

The edible qualities of the carp after an habitation of twenty years in American waters, is still somewhat a mooted question. It certainly is considered in Germany and Russia a desirable table fish, but in these countries it is subjected to heroic treatment before and after it reaches the kitchen. It is placed in pure running water for several days, often weeks, before it is cooked, and when in the hands of the *chef* it is usually so smothered in condiments that little or none of the natural flavor of the fish is left. As a table fish in America it is not esteemed, despite the efforts of the United States Fish Commission, which for several years attempted to prove, at considerable expense to the Government, the good eating qualities of the fish, yet even the farmer, upon whose table fish food is rarely seen, could not be made to stomach a dish of carp. In 1884 I first ate of the carp, and thus recorded my experience :

A correspondent, referring to an extract from a Kentucky journal in which the carp as a table fish was deprecated to the extent that the people of the State "wanted no more carp" in their waters, asks our opinion upon the matter, and it chances, quite fortunately or unfortunately, that during a recent visit to the State Hatchery at Caledonia, N. Y., we ate this fish, fried and boiled. The two fish were each of about half a pound in weight, and were cooked without seasoning other than pepper and salt, with butter used in frying. They were taken from a surplus pond which contained relatively pure water, and were captured on light tackle and a barbless hook, giving fair play, somewhat similar to that of a white perch of equal weight. The fried fish was of the better flavor, tasting somewhat, when first put in the mouth, like the river chub similarly cooked. The boiled fish was agreeable to the palate when first tasted, but both of them, when masticated, acquired a gummy consistency, measurably to be compared to the form that chewing gum assumes after manipulation by the teeth. We do not "hanker" for carp.

But, considering its failure as a table fish, the carp holds a still less creditable place with American sportsmen. For years it has been eliminated from the angler's list of desirable hook and line fishes, and considered dangerous, from its spawn-eating habits, to the increase of better species, and now to this protest against its propagation and protection is added the forcible outcry of the sportsman who uses a gun. From all over the country we hear that the carp is eating up the vegetation upon which our choicest wild fowl feed and that sections, formally visited in numbers by ducks and geese, are being deserted entirely as feeding grounds. In the swamps and marshes of California, the carp have bred so enormously that they have destroyed the grasses and the planted food for wild fowl on private and public properties. Many clubs are draining their ponds in the hope to eradicate this fish, but it will be well to do the work thoroughly, for Mr. Louis Papineau, of Monte Bello, Canada, tells us of a carp pond being drained, cleaned and exposed for some days until it was thoroughly dry. On the sixth day water was introduced, and some hours after several large carp were seen swimming near the surface. This is another striking instance of the vitality of this fish, which evidently buried into the mud as the pond was drained.

The destructive nature of the carp to

the spawn of nobler species, and the vegetation upon which wild fowl feed, should act as another caution signal in the introduction of foreign species of fish in American waters. If we study the results of what has been done in this direction, we find either absolute failure or positive injury to our indigenous game fishes so strongly shown in the multiplication of the German or brown trout in the brooks where our fontinalis lives. In the face of these facts we now find our United States Fish Commission busy over the propagation of the tench, an European brother of the carp, and a fish that is considered in England, where coarse fish are eagerly sought by the general angler, to be below the carp as a rod fish, and "when brought to table they smell and taste so rankly that no one will eat them." So saith Pennell, an English authority on fish and fishing.

Amply as I have written, somewhat under a sentimental protest, about the carp, many additional pages could be printed relative to its history and habits, but "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and I have now only to treat of its qualities on the rod and on the table. In 1882, soon after its first distribution in American waters through the United States Fish Commission, inquiries where made of the editorial department of *The American Angler* as to the standing of the carp in the family of the so-called game fishes. I replied at length and as follows:

The carp is, without doubt, destined to become one of the most plentiful of our food fishes, and as such we have had its merits heralded for three years past; in fact we have, to phrase a paradox, been lately surfeited with this fish before we have even tasted it. His gift of age and heft has been conceded, but:

"Is he as good to catch as he is said to be good to eat?"

Let us look into this serious phase of the carp question, first learning what the old anglers say about him:

Dame Juliana Benners, in her "Boke of St. Albans," printed in 1496, in her queer, positive old English, lays down the carp law to us, with a woman's directness of language and force of temperament. We quote:

He is an euyll fysshe to take. For he is so stronge enarmyd in the mouthe that there maye noo weke harnays holde hym. And as touchynge his baytes I have but lytyll knowledge of it. And me were loth to write more than I knowe & haue provyd. But well I wote that ye redde worme & ye menow ben good batys for him at all tymes, as I haue herde says of persones credyble & also found wryten in bokes of credence.

We must admit that the Dame is very good as far as she goes, but she does not go far enough.

The Father and Teacher of us all, of whom to speak is to revere, "Old Isaak." talks as quaintly and knowingly of the carp, and of catching and cooking it, as he does of all the rest of the fish that he angled for, cooked and ate. Read what he says:

If you will fish for a carp, you must be put on a very large measure of patience—especially to fish for a river carp. I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note that in some ponds it is as hard to catch a carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish color; but you are to remember I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and, therefore, being possessed with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the carp angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first, you must know that it must be early or late; and, let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say the tenth of April is a fatal day for carp. The

carp bites either at worms or at paste, and of worms, I think, the bluish marsh or meadow worm is the best; but possibly another worm not too big may do as well, and so may a green gentle; and, as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the toothache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean pastes made with honey or sugar; which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown in the pond or place in which you fish for him some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle rod.

So much from the old gentleman, who leaves us ne'er a whit wiser as to the game qualities of this coming fish.

Sir John Hawkins, who edited a popular edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," adds but little to our knowledge of the angling traits of this fish. He says:

The haunts of the river carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in the summer they lie in deep holes, nooks and reaches, near some scour, and under roots of trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, almost on or near great beds of weeds, flags, etc. Pond carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts; only it is to be noted, that they love a fat, rich soil, and never thrive in a cold, hungry water. They breed three or four times a year; but their first spawning time is the beginning of May. Baits for the carp are all sorts of earth and dung-hill worms, flag worms, grasshoppers (though not at top), ox brains, the pith of an ox's backbone, green peas, and red or black cherries with the stones taken out. Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook, and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for a carp in a boat, for they will not come near it. It is said there are many carp in the Thames, westward of London, and that about February they retire to the creeks in the river, in some of which many above two feet long have been taken with an angle.

And we are still in the dark as to the fight that is or is not in the carp, although a little daylight is let in by Ephemera, in his edition of Walton, issued in 1853. He says:

The carp is the wariest of all fresh water fish, and none but the wariest angler can take him.

We have now reached Frank Forrester, and he states that "though the carp is shy and wary, the difficulty in taking him arises only from his timidity and unwillingness to bite, and he is as lazy when hooked as he is slow to bite."

Coming still closer to our own day, Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," has literally nothing to say in an angling way about this coming fish. Old practical Thad. Norris, ditto, ditto.

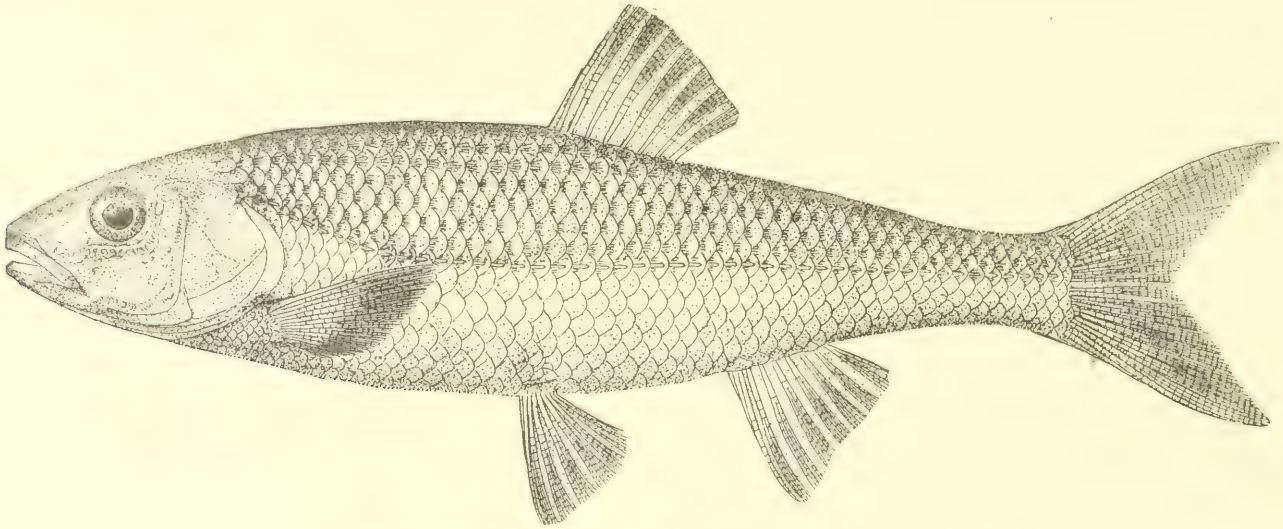
Hallock, in his Gazetter, almost ignores the Cyprinidæ family of fishes, but as a compensation, the complete pages of Chambers' Encyclopedia give us a modicum of comfort, to wit:

To the angler the carp is not a very valuable fish, as he is by no means a free biter. When hooked, however, he runs strongly, and fights with considerable determination and cunning.

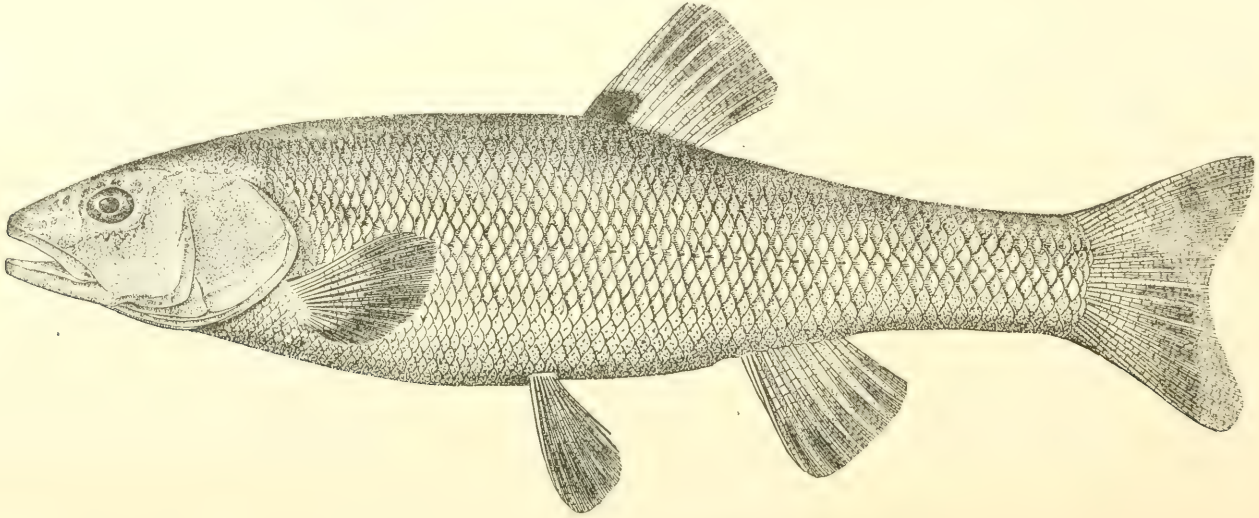
Take it all in all, we fancy that carp fishing will not attract American anglers, as he is essentially a bottom feeder and biter, and it will require the temperament and patience of a wharf-fisher to successfuly basket these fish.

I have nothing to add to the decision of thirteen years ago respecting the carp as a game fish, but as there may be a fisher here and there who desires to go a-carping, the most modern methods and baits used in luring them are given, culled from letters of personal correspondents:

The only time to catch the carp is during one hour at sunrise and one hour at sunset. Use a very small hook, baited with a worm. The line should be dark-colored and have no gut leader. Attach a small cork float to the line six inches above the hook. Cast your hook a few feet from shore, and then throw small pieces of bread into the water. After five or ten minutes the carp will take the bread and the worm on your hook as well. Give the fish plenty of time to suck in your bait. After the



THE CHUB, FALL FISH OR WIND FISH.—*Semotilus corporalis.*



THE COMMON CHUB OR FALL FISH.—*Semotilus atromaculatus.*

float has remained under water one or two minutes haul in your fish. He will hardly struggle at all until you have him in the basket, but there he will flop around for three hours. Do not try to catch carp after a heavy rain, as they will not bite then.

Carp are vegetarians, and are supposed to live upon plant life in the water, but they will take worms and flesh baits on the slightest provocation. They like worms best. Lobs of sweetened dough and bits of bread inclosed in an envelope of mosquito netting, are in vogue in Europe, but Passaic River carp and the carp of the Whippaug prefer the worm always. You can catch carp with the hook, if you are patient, but the fish will not take hold of the bait until they are ready. As this fish grows old he becomes carnivorous, feeding on minnows and the smaller batracians. The baits recommended for carp are numerous and many of them very fanciful. Pastes of all kinds and colors, flavored with cheese, sugar, honey, gin, etc.; beans, corn, flies, slugs, gentles, grubs. caterpillars and worms are to be found in this singular catalogue. In Germany, where carp abound, grains of wheat, steeped, in water until they swell and split the outer skin, are considered tempting lures. A small grasshopper has occasionally proved successful; but no artificial bait will seduce the carp.

I have never caught carp with an artificial fly except in one instance, and the feathers were then supplemented with a bit of liver. They were caught out of a private carp pond, and they readily took the lure an inch or two under the water. This occurred, however, during the process of feeding the fish, which brought them to the surface. The flies were of the "spider" make and of sombre colors.

Admitting the unworthiness of the carp as an angling and table fish, its commercial value must not be overlooked. Professor Barton W. Evermann, the accomplished ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, to whom my notes on the carp were submitted before publication, writes me: "Viewed from the economic standpoint, the carp is a fish of considerable value in almost every state and territory. The annual output from public waters in the United States is not less than 1,950,000 pounds, with a value to the fisherman of $58,000. It is most important in the Mississippi basin, but is also caught for market in large qanti-ties in Lake Erie, on the Pacific coast, and elsewhere. The eleventh census returns showed that in the ten years ending 1890 the value of carp taken from private waters in the United States was $284,650, a sum representing over 9,000,-000 pounds of fish. In the western end of Lake Erie, 627,000 pounds of carp were taken and sold in 1893, for which the fishermen received $16,245.

"The public waters of Illinois are probably better stocked with carp than are those of any other state, the Illinois river having a specially large supply. The State Fish Commissioners, in their report for 1892-94, refer to the carp as follows:

"'We do not hesitate to say that the carp, which is now found in all the waters of the State, is the greatest source of revenue to those who fish for a business, and has paid larger dividends on the investment than any other fish ever introduced into our waters. * * * From one point on the Illinois river, last season, 250,000 pounds of carp found their way to Chicago and New York markets, at about one-half greater price than could be realized for buffalo. Carp are, undoubtedly, the fish for the great mass of fish-eating people, those who eat fish as food, not a luxury. * * *

Black bass, trout and game fish generally will never be plentiful enough to be considered market fish. Under the most advantageous circumstances, the waters could not produce these fish in quantities sufficiently large to bring their price within the reach of the working man. Carp can be raised in such quantities and at the same time in no way interfere with other fish. Carp have not been a failure, but, on the contrary, have given to the people of our State a greater food supply from the waters than could have been produced in any other way from the same area.'

"The carp holds its own very well in the large marketing centers of the country, even when competing with fishes whose game and food qualities are well recognized. Reference to the weekly quotations of the New York, Philadelphia, and other markets will usually show the carp rated above the cod, bluefish, squeteague, lake herring, and many other highly esteemed fishes.

"The aggregate expense to the government connected with the introduction, propagation, and distribution of carp in the United States, to, and including the year 1895, was $218,000, or about $20,000 yearly; this sum includes equipment and construction of ponds which have also been used in the rearing of other fishes. For this outlay, the available statistics which are far from complete, show that there is now an annual return of over $80,000 from public and private waters."

It is a relief to turn from the subject of *Cyprinoids* proper, a somewhat lengthy treatment of which is essential in a work of this character, to their relatives, the chub, the roach and the diminutive gudgeon, all of which merit attention as fishes that are caught on hook and line, and, in the case of the chub, because it is not estimated, in my opinion, at its true value as a rod fish.

The chub, fall-fish, sometimes called roach, silver chub, wind-fish or corporal, *Semotilus corporalis*—the generic name from the Greek signifying "banner" and "spotted," and the specific from the Latin, *corporalis*, "pertaining to the body"—is found from the Province of Quebec to North Carolina, and is essentially an Eastern fish, being, so far as known, never seen in waters west of the Alleghanies. It is the largest of our Eastern cyprinoids, but not the species most frequently met with by the stream fisherman, that being the creek chub or horned dace, *S. atromaculatus*, hereafter described. The fall fish is found everywhere in the Middle States in the smaller brooks, and in larger streams. As the Eastern angler will meet with three forms of large chubs, indiscriminately and locally called roach, dace and chub, and that he many know one from the other, I have given black and white drawings of each, and a portrait, colored, as in life, of one of them, with such textual descriptions as will render the study of their physical markings less difficult.

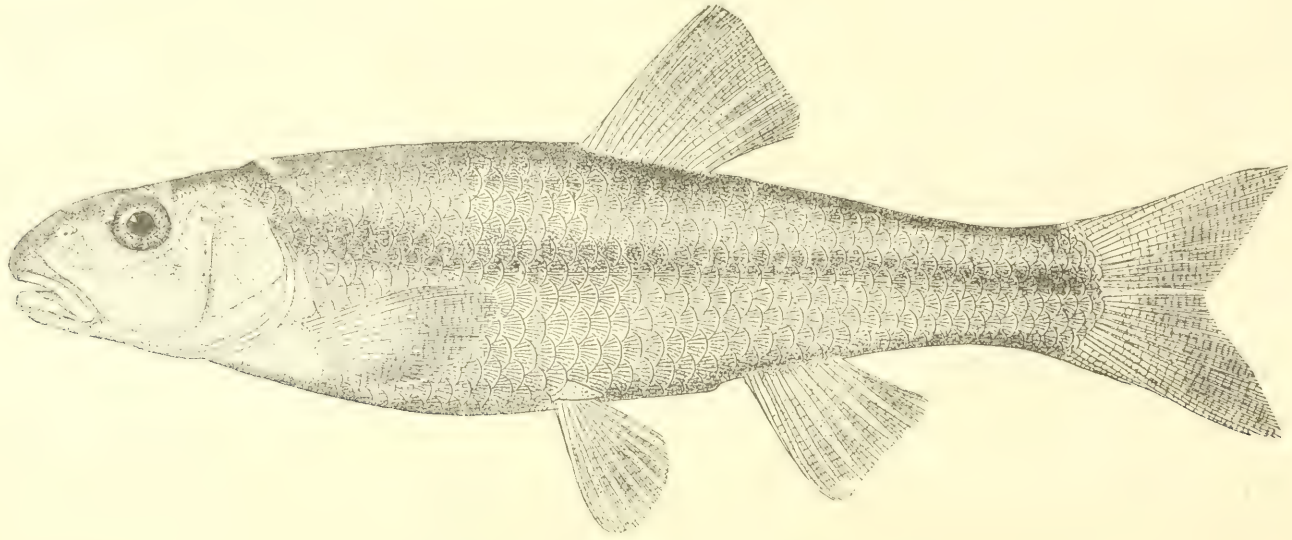
The maximum weight and size of the chub, *S. corporalis*, are undetermined. It certainly grows to a length of twenty inches, and a weight of three pounds. Mr. Louis Papineau, of Monte Bello, Canada, wrote me that he had taken one of three and a half pounds in Canadian waters, and in New Hampshire, in one of the outlets of Lake Winnipiseogee, he had caught several specimens weighing three pounds. These weights would seem to set the record for the chub of American waters, and, giving the fish referred to fostering conditions of food and habitat, which they evidently had, we can not doubt the statement of Mr. Papineau, more particularly from the fact that the chub of England, which is closely allied to ours, has been taken

weighing six pounds, and that specimens of ten pounds have been caught in European waters, where it has been found at an elevation of three thousand feet or more, and again at the sea level in the brackish waters of the German Empire. I have taken one weighing two pounds, on the artificial fly, from a dam on the Lycoming Creek, Pa., and was somewhat astonished when, on proudly showing my trophy to a resident angler, he told me I had caught a baby, and he had taken them at night weighing five pounds, on an eel set line in the same water. He would not modify his assertion when assaulted by strong and heated arguments.

No origin of the popular name of a fish has elicited so much discussion as that of the chub, the consensus of opinion being that it is derived from the old Saxon word *cop* or *copp*, meaning "head," because the chub is said to have an unusually large thick head; but if we examine closely we will find nothing so abnormal in the shape or size of the head of a chub as compared with other fish, such as the perch, dace or carp, living in the same waters, to indicate that the old Saxons would be apt to distinguish this particular fish by so meaningless a name, but be this as it may, the name has clung to it for ages, and has given us that expressive word "chubby," which means, Webster tells us, "like a chub, plump, short and thick," a description which applies less to a chub than to many other fishes. Yet in poetry and prose the name, with its derivation and repulsive derivatives, has been handed down to us by the old writers; and even Walton, whose favorite names for this fish were "Cheven" and "Chavender," fell into the swim of opprobrium and called it the "logger-headed chub."

The physical markings of *S. corporalis*, those that may be described without the use of technical language, yet sufficient to distinguished it from its congeners by closely observant anglers, who know a chub when they see it, are as follows: There is no black spot on the anterior end of the base of dorsal fin, which is present on the more numerous and smaller chub, or fall-fish, *S. atromaculatus*; the dorsal fin is inserted midway on the back between the nostrils and base of tail fin; the length of the head (measuring from end of snout to extremity of gill cover) is four and a half times greater than the longitudinal diameter of the eye; the body (measuring from end of snout to base of caudal fin) is four times as long as the head, and the length of the body is four times that of its greatest depth. There are eight rays in the dorsal, and a like number in the anal fin. The upper parts of the body are of steel blue color, varying in tone in different waters, and the sides and belly are silvery with grayish blendings. This fish, like most of the cyprinoids, puts on, in the spring, nuptual robes of more or less beauty; in some specimens the coloration is very striking, with its deep crimson and delicate rose tints alternating; the lower fins with deep pinkish reflections. As this fish is seldom, if ever, found west of the Alleghany Mountains, Western anglers can dismiss the vexing question of identification when fishing on their home waters.

The common chub or fall fish, *Semotilus atromaculatus*—the specific name from the Latin—*ater* "black," *maculatus* "spotted"—is found west from New England to Dakota, and south to Missouri, Georgia and Alabama. It seldom grows more than a foot in length, and is the species most frequently met with by trout fishermen, and it is upon its presence or absence in a trout stream



THE NIGGER OR JERKER CHUB.—*Hybobsis kentuckiensis.*

that anglers predicate the continued fruitfulness of such waters. Wherever it gets a foothold in the smaller streams, it means good-bye to the trout, owing to the fondness of the chub for the spawn and young fry of *S. fontinalus*. But compensatory nature gives the angler consolation in that whatever stream the black bass lives and thrives, it means destruction to the chub, for which the bronzebacker has an excessive hungering. So great is the terror of a school of chubs when in the vicinity of feeding bass, that I have seen eight and ten-inch fish huddled affrighted in water not deep enough to cover their dorsal fins; and, on more than one occasion, I have observed large chub stealing, as it were, up the shallow water near the banks, to escape the onslaught of their voracious enemies. This occurred near Philadelphia, in the Schuylkill river, a water, twenty-five years ago, that was celebrated for, and swarming with, large chub, sunfish and channel catfish, all of which have been nearly exterminated by the black bass.

In the identification of the common chub, *S. atromaculatus*, the angler will note the black spot which appears to be always present at the base of the dorsal fin, in front, and that this fin is inserted midway between the pupil of the eye and the base of the caudal fin; the length of the body is three and three-quarter times greater than the length of the head, and four times that of the depth of the body; the dorsal fin has seven rays, and the anal eight; the barbel is small and not present in the young fish, on which is a distinct, yet dusky band, ending in a black spot at the base of the tail fin. In the adult fish the color is dusky blue above, the belly and sides silvery with grayish blendings. In the spawning season, the male becomes rosy on the belly, and the black spot on the dorsal fin is encircled with red.

Another of the larger chubs, *Hybobsis kentuckiensis*—the generic name signifying "gibbous" and "face"—is popularly known as the "jerker or nigger chub." Its range of habitat is from Pennsylvania to Dakota, and south to Alabama, and it is not often seen by the trout angler, but more frequently by the bass fisherman, as it lives in the rivers, and is rarely found in small brooks. It seldom grows over ten inches, and the young are successfully and frequently used as lures for the black bass, pike and pickerel. A dark bar will be found behind the gill cover, but no black spot at base of dorsal fin, hence it can be readily distinguished from the common chub, *S. atromaculatus*, but care should be taken not to confuse it with *S. corporalis*, the large Eastern chub, which is also without the dorsal spot. It may also be readily distinguished from the two previously described species by the trend of the lateral line, which is nearly straight, while those of the others curve downward rather abruptly over the pectoral fin, and then go straight, or nearly so, to the base of the tail fin. The length of the body is four times that of the head, and the depth is four and a half to the length of the body. It may be further identified by its color, which is bluish-olive, with coppery reflections on its sides, and pale orange colored fins. Both of the two preceding fishes described are whitish or silvery on the sides and belly, with plain fins. In the spring, this fish undergoes a sort of metamorphosis, not only in coloration, but in form; the top of its head becomes swollen into a crest which is covered with coarse tubercles, from whence comes its name "horned-chub"; a deep red spot also appears on each side of the head, the fins become pinkish and the belly a deep rose color.

(*To be Continued.*)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Words from a Rod Crank.

Every fisherman is more or less of a crank about some part of his tackle. One is wedded to a certain make of reel; another swears by certain flies, while his neighbor fishing the same stream is equally enamored of some other variety, and so it goes through the whole range of tackle. I have lately become a rod crank—a great big long handled, open eyed one.

This past season I branched out and used a variety of rods. The result is that I have gone back to my first love—the lancewood—and I now propose to tell why I prefer this rod to others.

A great many will ask, "What is the matter with a high grade split bamboo?" The highest grade split bamboo rods are very fine indeed—their appearance is beautiful and their casting qualities unsurpassed, but for me there is a fatal objection. All anglers know with what delicacy, the fly casting rod especially, has to be made. The tip must be long, slender and tapering, and all first class ones, whether of wood or bamboo, possess a wonderful degree of strength compared with their weight and bulk, yet they can be broken as we well know. The wonder is that more of them are not broken. Every angler occasionally breaks a tip, and in quite a long experience I can say that about ninety per cent. of these breaks occur just above the ferrule. When this happens to a rod, the ferrule must be at once refitted or the tip trimmed down and thrust into the ferrule of the middle joint, if one is on a stream and wishes to continue fishing. Just here the bamboo shows its great point of weakness. Once the enamel or outer surface of the bamboo is removed to refit the ferrule or to allow it to be thrust into the middle joint, it is rendered practically worthless and will, thereafter, break upon the slightest provocation. Nearly the whole strength of a bamboo rod seems to lie in its hard outer surface, this once broken the rod is useless.

Now we turn to lancewood, greenhart, bethabara, or any first class rod-wood, lancewood being my preference, and under the same conditions what is the result? Once broken at the top of the ferrule, five minute's work with a knife and it can be slipped into the ferrule of the middle joint, and you can be fishing as though nothing had happened. Upon returning to camp or home a permanent repair can then be effected.

Thank fortune an experienced angler seldom breaks a tip, but when he does—which always happens sooner or later—he is in position to make a quick repair and suffer but little diminution of his day's sport, if he uses a lancewood.

To remove a tip that has been thrust into the middle joint, without its ferrule, burn a match around the ferrule of the middle joint and it can then be easily withdrawn.

The casting qualities of a lancewood rod, made of selected wood by a reputable maker, are as near perfection as any one can wish. I have found cheap rods of this wood, rods that retail for $2.50 and $3.00, of excellent quality and good casting. W. C. KEPLER.

The Golden Trout of Whitney Creek, Cal.

In making preparations for an extended trip in the Spring with Mr. Petrie, the artist, to the Texan coast, Lower California and Alaska, for the purpose of completing the series (80) of fish portraits for our work on "The Fishes of North America," it has been our pleasing experience to be in correspondence with many accomplished anglers and students of the life histories of the fishes of the section above named. In this connection we have recently received a private letter from Mr. J. A. Graves, of Los Angeles, Cal., which we assume the privilege of giving to our readers, because it is full of interesting notes on the Golden Trout of Whitney Creek, and because it shows how strong the universal sympathy is for an angler engaged in such work as has occupied us for so many years. Mr. Graves, whom we expect to thank and greet for the first time in May next, writes us:

"In looking over your work last night, I thought I would make the suggestion to you that you should not close it without obtaining

a specimen of the Golden Trout of Whitney Creek, in this State. Jordan and Gilbert think it is a distinct species. I believe it is found somewhere in Colorado. Prof. Jordan's theory is that in some great disruption that has occurred in this country, Whitney Creek, which is a stream leading directly off of Mount Whitney, and the Colorado stream in which the same trout are found, were separated; they, prior to that time, having been the same body of water.

"The California State Fish Commission took out thirty-six of these fish last year, and placed them in the hatchery at Sissons. Through accident they all finally lost their lives. They were, however, at the Sissons' hatchery for eight months, and there was no sign of a change of color.

"The true Golden Trout is found only in about three hundred yards of Whitney Creek, below a fall of a couple of hundred feet in height, and in the main Kern River. I visited the place in 1893, and meet Mr. Gilbert there. He, with a party, had been making a close study of the fish at the time. The colorization is so high that it can be plainly seen in dried specimens. It is the gamiest trout I ever met with, and attains a size of two pounds and upwards. The place where the fish are found is quite easily accessible through Visalia and Porterville, in Tulare County. But if you were going in there for scientific purposes, I would suggest that you go by the route that my party took in 1893, that is, by Kernville, and up the east side of the Kern River. My reason for this suggestion is that twenty miles from Kernville you begin to take trout bearing some of the marks of the Golden Trout, and you find them continuously until you get to Whitney Creek. The Golden Trout is all golden, about the color of a brilliant goldfish. There are faint signs of dark spots running along each side of the fish, and the top of each of the fins is pure white. The hybrid trout that we met with from Brown's Meadows, above Kernville, up to Whitney Creek, all have a great deal of black markings; the golden colors are about as brilliant as on the true trout, and the black markings are exceedingly black.

"If you have never visited this part of our State, you will also find some very interesting specimens of sea fish at Catalina, Clemente and St. Nicholas Islands. Should you determine to visit Southern California I would be very happy to meet you, and think I could be of some assistance to you in finding some of the rare fish of this coast."

Again, the Obnoxious Carp.

Maybe it would interest you to know that in the Tolleston Marsh hundreds of tons of carp are netted there every season, and has become quite an industry among the local inhabitants at that point. The heaviest carp taken last spring weighed 48½ lbs. Numerous others of not quite that weight have also been netted there.

Tolleston is located on the Michigan Central Road just across the line in Indiana. The marsh is owned by a number of Chicago gentlemen, who use it as a resort for hunting, they having a very fine club-house adjacent to the marsh. The membership fee in this club is $1,000. They complain bitterly of the carp in their waters, on account of their eating wild rice, lily-pads and lotus, and one gentleman, whose veracity is beyond question, assured me that in being pushed through the waters on their way to the marsh, that the carp were so plentiful that the flapping of their tails against the boat could be distinctly heard and that they could also see their tails sticking out of the water with their heads buried in the mud along the edges of the bank, eating the roots of the rice weeds. Pickerel are the only other inhabitants of these waters.

Chicago, Ill. FRED GARDNER.

The Champion Tarpon—209 1-2 Pounds.

We have seen many photos of the fish, and read several affidavits of the "high hook" fishermen with their big tarpon caught at Aransas Pass, Texas, that weighed when beached exactly 209½ pounds, and gave the matter full credit at the time; for did not Captain Willard, now of Homosassa, Fla., tell us, years ago, that he personally weighed a tarpon of 363 pounds, for which he paid one cent a pound for fertilizing purposes. This particular silver king was, however, caught in a net, but its capture prepared us for tarpon of ½ cwt. yet to be killed on rod and reel, and it hardly needed the testimony of Ex-Gov. A. C. Mellette, of North Dakota, to corroborate the weight of the 209½ pound tarpon, of which and other good things of Aransas Pass fishing, he excitedly tells his brother angler of the *Indianapolis Journal* as follows:

"Aransas Pass? It is the new deep-water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and you may write it down as the veritable sportsman's paradise of all places I ever saw, and I know something of sport from my boyhood in the wilds

of Indiana to the plains and mountains of the West. No sportsman ought to die until he has caught a tarpon. You know when you have got him and you know it when you have him landed. He is the tiger of the water. He seems to have seven lives, and he pays them out with the utmost economy. He seizes the bait as a cat its prey, but it is not till he finds himself hooked that the fight for his life begins, and he seems to bring to it a reasoning intelligence. After a few bold plunges he will suddenly take slack and thrust a large part of his body erect out of the water and strike his head faster than you can count, and with the greatest violence. In fact, it looks as if he would shake his head off, if need be, to free himself, which he will invariably do unless held taut.

"He seems to divine the intelligence that baffles him and will charge the fisherman's boat and hurl himself in it. So it is dangerous for the skiff to be unguarded. He will continue this programme sometimes three hours, charging rapidly and in the most unexpected manner, and when landed his agony is over, for he is practically a dead fish. His beautiful scales are of the exact appearance of burnished silver, and his ferocious, bulldog head marks the tarpon as at once the most beautiful and courageous denizen of the water. No matter whether you hook a young or an old one, it is all the same, you catch a tartar every time you catch a tarpon.

"Aransas Pass is the veritable home of this fish the year round, and in the seething waters of the inlet, caused by the ebb and flow of the tides, he makes his playground. The unvarying temperature of the gulf stream keeps him at his best and the numbers are seemingly unlimited. They are often caught in the bays and at the wharves. A gentleman recently landed one eight feet three inches long, weighing 209½ pounds. Messrs. Wallis and Bull, President and Secretary of the J. I. Case plow works, and Mr. Lewis, of the Mitchell & Lewis Company, recently caught twelve tarpon in one day, ranging in length from three feet ten inches to five feet eight inches, and aggregating 850 pounds. Tarpon fishing there exceeds the dream of any one who has not tried it. Ducks and geese are there in untold millions. The waters are black with them and when they rise the noise is like a cyclone and can be heard for miles. The sportsman runs his boat in a blind made in the shoals of live oak boughs and shoots till he gets tired of the slaughter. I knew one gun to bring down 167. Over 50,000 ducks were shipped from there last Winter."

An Inexcusable Blunder.

In the last issue of THE AMERICAN ANGLER our proof reader was guilty of a gross oversight which we hasten to correct. The word *silence* was allowed to take the place of *science* in the line, "On her unwritten pages Science looks," as contained in Dr. C. T. Mitchell's delightful verses on Canandaigua Lake.

A Continuation of Good Words.

"The Fishes of North America" is the title of a magnificent work now being issued by the Harris Publishing Co., of 19 Park place, New York City. It is from the pen of Mr. Wm. C. Harris. There has been a great demand for a work of this kind and it is remarkable that the want was not filled years ago. Now that Mr. Harris has undertaken it, it is but just to say that there is no one on this continent better fitted to handle such an important subject. As a forcible writer, an editor for many years, an angler of world-wide repute, and an icthyologist of authority, it is little wonder that the "Fishes of North America" is immediately accepted as a standard. It is indispensable to the student of a most fascinating science, while to the angler it becomes at once a guide and fruitful source of enjoyment. The publication is the culmination of a life-work and everything connected with it is the best that can be secured. One of its most attractive features is the illustrations. They are full-sized pictures of the various fishes in their original tints, as seen when freshly taken from the water. These pictures number nearly one hundred. The author has expended $50,000 to place the work before the public.—*The Times-Union*, Albany, N. Y.

Ten parts of "The Fishes of North America" are now ready for delivery, and other numbers will follow each other much more rapidly than was the case with former issues. The parts now ready contain twenty plates (each 12x19 in.) of typical American fishes *colored as in life.* Subscribers to the work can order one or more parts as issued, on payment of $1.50 for each, or by paying $50.00 in bulk, will be entitled to the complete work (40 parts 80 colored plates) thus saving $10.00 on the cost and the annoyance of frequent remittances. Descriptive booklets sent free. Address, The Harris Publishing Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

A Pleasant Business for an Angler.

I desire the co-operation of a gentleman to take charge of the business department of my book, "The Fishes of North America," which has broadened so rapidly, within recent months, as to tax my dual duties, as editor and publisher, beyond my powers. Such a person will have not only a lucrative future, but a pleasing task, as it will bring him in connection with the most congenial class of men—the angling fraternity. He can assume exclusive charge of the entire business department, or, if located in the West, I will make liberal arrangements with him for managing the large territory lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Pacific slope.

WM. C. HARRIS,
Editor, THE AMERICAN ANGLER,
19 Park Place, New York.

Lively Fishing Through the Ice.

It may be of interest to the readers of the AMERICAN ANGLER to know what excellent fishing there is in this locality (Thorndike, Mass.) during the winter months. My experience so far this season has been more than pleasing, having fished at two different times and the catch was far beyond my expectations. The bait on my last trip was small minnows, which I found most successful. I used large ones, known as "red fins," about five inches long, good lively ones, of which our brooks in this section are plentifully supplied.

I also tried in connection a little scheme of my own to see how it would work, and in my judgment it was accountable for my great luck. I procured from a tinsmith a sheet of bright tin and cut it into strips 3½x2½ inches, and with a shoemaker's awl punched a hole at the top of each and tied them on to the line about four inches above the minnow. I brought with me about thirty tilts with the button attachment, which would hold about seventy-five feet of line. The button is a grand good thing and answers for a reel in every particular; it keeps the line from getting on to the ice and freezing there, a fault with most of the old-fashioned "figure four" tilts, as many a good sized fish has been lost by not having plenty of line to run with.

As I have stated, I intended to put in about thirty tilts and had a friend of mine cutting the holes, after which I did the setting. I had put in about five tilts when my friend yelled to me to run to tilt number one, that the flag was up. As quickly as my legs could carry me, I was by the hole and found that Mr. Fish had taken about twenty-five feet of line away with him and was making the button fly with great velocity. I at once began to pull in, and to my great surprise and pleasure landed a handsome six pound pickerel. I was baiting up the hook when I heard my companion yelling again for all he was worth and dancing around the hole with glee, having landed another beauty which tipped the scales at 4 lbs. 6 oz.

Our luck continued, and I dare say we had the liveliest fishing two men ever had in hauling out some of the finest specimens of pickerel ever seen. In all we fished about three hours, from 9 A. M. to about 12 M., having been compelled by fatigue to pull up, when we found we had eleven pickerel which weighed thirty-eight pounds. These fish were the brightest and cleanest I think I ever saw, and their flavor would have pleased the most fastidious gourmet.

The water we fished is Moulton Lake, about eight miles from this town and abounds with bass, pickerel, perch and pout. I think if my brother fishermen would try the "tin scheme" while fishing through the ice, they will be more than well paid for their trouble. The tin adds much towards attracting the fish, the same as a spoon does when trolling in clear water. The action of the live minnows keeps the tin moving and sparkling all the while, and if there is any fish in the vicinity they will surely fall a victim to this lure.

JOHN F. LURNAN.

The Biggest Fish.

BY THE LATE EUGENE FIELD.

And really, fish look bigger than they are before they're caught—
When the pole is bent into a bow, and when the slender line is taut,
When a fellow feels his heart rise up like a doughnut in his throat,
And he lunges in a frenzy up and down the leaky boat;
Oh, you who've been a-fishing will endorse me when I say
That it always is the biggest fish you catch that gets away!

'Tis even so in other things—yes, in our greedy eyes,
The biggest boon is some illusive, never-captured prize,
We angle for the honors and the sweets of human life—
Like fishermen, we brave the seas that roll in endless strife;
And then at last, when all is done, and we are spent and gray,
We own the biggest fish we've caught are those that got away,

I would not have it otherwise; 'tis better there should be
Much bigger fish than I have caught a-swimming in the sea;
For now some worthier one than I may angle for that game—
May by his arts entice, entrap and comprehend the same;
Which having done, perchance he'll bless the man who's proud to say
That the biggest fish he ever caught were those that got away.

The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania.

At the annual meeting of the above named association, held on January 11th last, the officers elected were: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents, 1st, Edwin Hagert, 2d, Dr. Bushrod W. James, 3d, Howard A. Chase; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer; Executive Committee, Henry C. Ford, Geo. T. Stokes, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm. P. Thompson, Edward A. Sellers, Thos. M. Longcope, Alfred Hand, S. E. Landis; Trustee, Collins W. Walton.

This association is still continuing its effective work in its marked outlines of preserving, protecting and increasing the edible fish in Pennsylvania waters and the enforcement of the laws concerning them. Among other necessary and important features of their labors, a strong effort is being made to restore the shad fisheries of the Susquehanna River. This good work has been hitherto obstructed by the indifference or ignorance of the members of the Maryland Legislature, which happily seems now in a fair way to be overcome.

The association has presented to the Legislature of Pennsylvania some very important modifications of the present fish laws of that state; prohibition of fishing for brook trout for barter and sale and the taking of black bass under nine inches; also, the prohibition of sucker fishing in trout streams, and last, not least, to abolish the close season for carp.

The distribution of fish has been extensive and far in excess of former years. 25,000,000 white fish fry, 72,345,000 pike perch, 3,250,000 brook trout with 750,000 other species of trout have been planted during 1895; and 35,000 black, rock, white and calico bass, and 30,000 sunfish have been transplanted to suitable waters.

The anglers of Pennsylvania can congratulate themselves upon their efficient association, the good work of which extends in every direction where angling and the public interests can be promoted or served.

Mineral Specimens.

I will agree to collect and send 1,000 specimens of ore—one or more from every principal mine in Montana—name of mine, location and assay value with each specimen, and average weight one pound or more. Also 100 specimens from National Park. Will box in good order and deliver to R. R.—will do all this for $1,500.00—$500.00 first of May, $500.00 first of August, $500.00 first of November, 1896. Will give bond for faithful performance if required.

B. P. Van Horne, Chico Park Co., Montana.

A Florida "Fishing Box."

The writer desires a gentleman, fond of angling and boating, to join in building a "fishing box" on the coast of Florida. The land is free and the cost of living through the winter months less than $5.00 per week, including servant's hire. The location has been selected at which to build a cosy cottage of 4 or 5 rooms. It is on the best fishing waters, including that for tarpon, in the South. The entire cost, including boats, will not exceed $500.00. Address, Florida, care American Angler, 19 Park Place, New York.

A Rare Club Opportunity.

A club, leasing nearly 3,000 acres of quail, ruffed grouse and rabbit lands, and over six miles of trout waters, with comfortable club house, completely furnished and appointed, desires to increase its membership, and will admit a *limited number* of desirable and active members, presenting to each a share of the club property and franchises, free of charge. The property is within 32 miles of New York City and possesses unusual attractions and facilities for busy men. Address, "Club Membership," care of the American Angler, 19 Park Place, or call on its editor at the same address.

Salmon Fishing.

The property of the late Sam. Davis, consisting of two pools and a comfortably furnished new cottage is to be leased for one, two or three years. This property is situated on the best part of the River Restigouche, three miles above the Club House, and affords very choice fishing. For fuller information address, J. B. Cole, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York City.

An Ideal Trip.

During the month of February a more delightful trip can not be made than to take one of the Vestibuled Limited trains of the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," and visit the glorious sunny South, or the Pacific Coast. This popular route offers to the tourist, pleasure-seeker and business man a *most attractive* schedule and service.

Florida—Can be reached by the New York and Florida Short Line Limited. A train of Pullman's most modern build, elegantly appointed, and has all requirements of first-class travel. Compartment, observation, library, dining and sleeping car, and is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, carrying Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to Augusta and Tampa.

Asheville.—The land of the sky. Nature's Sanitarium, located in the mountains of western North Carolina, reached in twenty-two hours from New York, via the

Southern Railway, in Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars.

CALIFORNIA.—The true Southern route is via Southern Railway, Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, and Sunset Limited from New Orleans. Pullman's latest drawing and state-room sleeping cars are operated between New York and New Orleans, connecting with fast Limited trains operating similar cars for the Pacific Coast; meals are served in dining cars between New York and San Francisco. By *this route* no snow, no ice.

NEW ORLEANS.—Where could you find a more delightful place to visit during Mardi Gras, which takes place February 15th. The carnival this year will eclipse anything heretofore held in the Crescent City. The Southern Railway operates the Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, composed of vestibule coach, dining and sleeping cars, between New York and New Orleans. For the Carnival Special, low rates will be made, so as to enable all to attend.

The Lake Erie Country.

Manufacturers of grocery products desiring to interest the retail and wholesale grocers of Ohio should communicate with their official organ, *The Ohio Merchant*, Cleveland, Ohio. Assured circulation, Jan. 1, 1896, 4,320

W. E. GODFREY, Editor and Manager.

"Breaks up" Colds.

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77" "breaks up" a cold that "hangs on;" fits your vest pocket. For sale by all druggists.

Our correspondent from Washington, who wants to know something about frog culture, will please write again—his letter has been mislaid.

Twin Falls, Idaho (See Frontispiece).

The Twin Falls are about thirty-two miles from the town of Shoshone, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. An island divides Snake River, and it falls in two portions, nearly vertical, a distance of about one hundred and eighty-feet. The stream immediately below the falls is deep and flows at the bottom of a very steep cañon, and if there were any salmon that were able to surmount Shoshone Falls, four miles lower down, it would be very difficult to detect them. The falls are formed by layers of compact and light colored lava, which the stream wears away with great difficulty. It will be seen, through the illustration, that these great falls are environed in rugged but magnificent beauty of landscape.

The Bristol Steel Rod.

A good many anglers, bound for the waters of the Magnolia State, drop in and see us when on the first stage of their winter's itinerary, and we naturally have earnest chats over Florida fish, their habits, where to catch them, and the tackle to do it with, and in this connection we have been rather astonished to find the steel rod invariably a part of the outfit of these tourists. We knew its value, but were surprised at its universal use particularly by these Florida anglers, who to a man had a Bristol. They told us they would not be without one, for they found it a main stay and a serviceable one on every outing for big or little fish; that on a No. 4 Bristol Bass Rod, one fortunate angler landed at Sarasota, a tarpon weighing 63 lbs. And so it goes, old fellows grown gray on angling waters, like you and I, perhaps, wake up in the mornings and open our eyes to the fact that, like everything else in the earth's revolutions, perfection of fishing tackle is constantly evoluting, and the steel rod has come to the fore to stay, because of its strength, yielding resistance, low price and portability.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

How to Distinguish Characteristic Wheelmen.

To tell an habitual scorcher, 'tis only necessary to size up his head and body, says an old wheelman and phrenologist. A head that slopes abruptly at about where the hat touches above the ears, is pretty certain to belong to a scorcher; and if in addition the person is dark complexioned and in good physical form, the evidence is conclusive. He will scorch regardless of everything, and a fall that would make the average person discard the wheel altogether will apparently give him new impetus. The slope mentioned indicates an absence of caution, and the recklessness of the wheelman depends largely on the size of that organ. If it slopes gradually the disposition to scorch may still be active, but he will avoid scorching in dangerous places. The heads of women, as a rule, seem to be better filled out at cautiousness than those of the men.

To tell a wheelman who always thinks himself strictly correct in riding and faultless on his wheel observe the back part of his top head. At this point the head will rise upward and backward from the ear, showing self-esteem. When this part is prominent you may be sure its owner will not seek advice from anybody. He will have his own ideas on the way to dress and the way to ride, and what suits him will have to be tolerated by others. He will mount his wheel with an air of being the only bicyclist on earth; and he might as well be, so far as his ever deriving any benefit from the methods and experiences of other wheelmen. Among the people generally in this country self-esteem is found to be poorly developed, notably among women. A cyclist who will wheel on a hot summer day and wear a derby hat and starched shirt, with high collar and cuffs, is a victim of large self-esteem, and the woman who opposes comfortable bicycle dress and clings to a long walking skirt is apt to be of the same class. Such a person usually avoids bicycle clubs and has few companions when riding.

When a man or a woman says, "Oh, I like to ride a wheel because so-and-so does, and because, you know, it's just the thing," you may depend on finding that person's hat wider behind than in front. There will be a noticeable breadth to the upper and back part of the head, where is located approbativeness, the faculty that strives to please everybody under all circumstances. It is easily found, and its strength is usually not hard to determine. A bicyclist who burdens his wheel with every new attachment the minute it comes out, insists on having the latest thing in dress and the newest machine on the market, is influenced by approbativeness. He will spend as much time cleaning and polishing his bicycle as in riding it, and his great delight will be to keep thoroughly posted on the very best bicycle etiquette. To sit erect or to sit at a right angle is all the same to him if it is in "good form." The bicycle face and the bicycle feet are matters of necessity to him if he is told they mark the genuine wheelman. The heads of women in general show larger approbativeness than the heads of men; but in wheelwomen this organ seems to be well tempered by common sense and the action of self-esteem. Approbativeness leads some cyclists to attempt century runs for the mere sake of applause, and when very large and not restrained by higher impulses is sure to work injury.

Here's how to distinguish the most enviable of all the knights of the wheel—they who get the most real benefit out of it: The head will appear to have no special development whatever and to be smooth and symmetrical. The width it will be proportionate to its length and heighth, and although the identical traits of the other classes are present, they exert only medium strength, and are of no more importance in such a head than perhaps a dozen other organs. There is not enough cautiousness to cause timidity, and too little self-esteem and firmness for conventionality. The forehead is likely to rise gradually, and the top back head will form a natural curve downward. Wheelmen of this class have what is called a harmonious head, the power of no one organ being sufficiently large to excite disturbance among the others.

When noting the contour of the head one should not forget to consider the body as well. While a person physically well-built and weighing 170 pounds may be naturally fretful and

easily upset, a reduction in weight of thirty or forty pounds will greatly exaggerate his condition. It is not unusual for both wheelmen and wheelwomen in America to have more brains than body. The best remedy for this state of things is to make flesh by riding no faster and no further than is consistent with one's personal comfort and physique.

Some New Ideas at Chicago Cycle Show.

A careful canvas of the exhibits in the stands showed the big tubing craze to be not quite so universal as popularly supposed. Practically none of the makers are going to extremes in it, and a fair percentage are clinging to one-inch or inch-and-a-sixteenth tubes, as used last year. The adoption of larger balls in the bearings is general, though, and few wheels are to be found without barrel hubs and detachable sprockets. An immense variety was shown in the various designs of detaching sprockets, and much ingenuity was displayed in some of the new methods of fastening spokes in the hubs, so as to minimize the liability of their breaking at this point. The Pierce wheel has a small head on its spokes, made at right angles, so that they can be put into slots in the hub and made secure by simply twisting around. The detachable sprocket in the case of this machine has a groove, into which is fitted a tongue on the crank, and the whole is held by a copper pin.

Rear forks of flattened tubing, the same in style as that in common use for front forks, was a novelty shown on the racing and special wheels of the Stearns concern. The spokes in this wheel go directly into the face of the hub, and are made fast by turning the spoke in the opposite direction from which it is inserted, a double right angular shoulder in the end effecting it.

A true mechanical principle, ingeniously utilized, was brought forward on the Davidson cycle. It consists in having the crank axle beveled in two places, with the beveled surfaces closely adjoining, but being at an obtuse angle because of the rounding surface of the axle. The beveling is done on a taper. The crank is secured simply by a right-thread lock-nut. Flush joints, with the brazing done on the inside, are used on this wheel.

The tendency of bearings to wear more on the chain side has been recognized by the National people, who have cones and cups, which are separate from the axle, and can be readily transferred from one side to the other in order to counteract any unevenness of this kind. This machine combines a number of new mechanical wrinkles. Flush joints in which steel stampings are employed is one, while a seat-post binder which leaves no opening behind, and a chain adjustment in which the screw principle is used in connection with a plate, are others. The latter is distinctly a departure in this direction. A set of teeth are knocked up on the ends of the rear forks, and the plate, or washer, which is also the adjuster, is provided on its inner surface with a worm tongue, which engages between these teeth and permits of adjustment to the thousandth part of an inch. One nut binds all. As a worm is something which never works backward, the idea is mechanically sound. The new trick in seat-post fastening consists of a short extra piece of tubing, with an oval mouth milled out, being brazed into corresponding jaws at the top of the upright tube or seat-post mast. Into the extra piece of tubing is fitted a sleeve milled with an opening that corresponds to the diameter of the seat-post. By means of a binding bolt at one end this sleeve is turned so that the jaws of its recess grapple the seat-post.

In the crank of the Warwick wheel the idea of splitting it and keying it with a short pin, which is secured by a binder bolt, is followed up. The crank axle cone of this wheel is milled with a ratchet on its outer surface, and a small armature having three teeth engages the cogs, the armature being held in place by a nut.

A saddle-post having a side lock-nut, so arranged as to make the saddle readily adjustable to any angle while riding, is a thing of interest shown at the Eclipse stand.

We are indebted to the able Cycling Editor of the New York *Times* for the above practical notes, which journal is rapidly taking metropolitan lead in cycling matters.

When Frames are Sprung.

Not infrequently one finds that his wheel runs hard, without any apparent cause, when the very obvious cause is that the frame is out of true. Frames are often slightly sprung by turning in sandy places, says an expert, by a fall, or, in the case of a heavy rider, by the strain on the sprockets of going up a heavy hill. Sometimes the irregularity can be detected by the eye. If it can not be seen, then the wheels and sprockets should be tested to see if they are in line.

The front and rear wheels should track. If

they are set true between the forks, and the frame is straight, they will do so. If the wheels are both centred in the forks, are as far from one side as from the other, then it is quite simple to try them for the trueness of the frame. Turn the wheel upside down, getting the handle-bars straight, and set both wheels spinning; with a piece of string long enough to reach from one end of the machine to another, see if it can be stretched taut and be held so as to be just a little above the centre of the tires. Better still, because it does not allow of deception by irregular tires, is to take two strings and hold one on each side of the rims.

If the spinning wheels bring the rims in constant contact with the strings on both sides, the frame is true. To ascertain whether or not the sprockets are in line, a string can also be used. Take off the chain, and, making a loop in the end of the string, put it over a tooth of the front sprocket. Then draw it taut to the rear sprocket, and hold it so as to see if every tooth of the smaller sprocket will touch the string. If the rear sprocket is true, as it is apt to be, a similiar test can be made of the front sprocket. If the sprockets and wheels are true to themselves, but out of line in relation to each other, it means that the frame is out of true.

Keep the Chain in Good Condition.

In considering the various parts of a bicycle there is none that conduces to ease of running so much as the chain. Composed as it is of about fifty links which work on little pins to the number of about one hundred, the necessity of keeping them absolutely clean and pliable is at once readily recognized. They are exposed to dust, accumulate dirt rapidly, and, too, are liable to rust, making some of the many joints stiff and hard. In Europe the gearing of a wheel is in very numerous instances enclosed in a casing of some light metal or celluloid, and the time may come when this form of protection may be used here. At present, however, it is not, and not a little trouble must be taken to keep the chain in good condition. During the period of riding it should occasionally be thoroughly cleaned to be kept free from dirt and dust. Now it should be similarly treated to be kept free from rust. It should be removed from the wheel, the dust wiped off and soaked for a few hours in kerosene oil. Then it should be wiped dry and each link worked backward and forward to make certain that it is perfectly pliable. If any of the links are found stiff a drop or two of lubricating oil will make them work freely. The chain can then be replaced on the wheel and revolved a few times, and when ready to ride again it will be found to work smoothly and quietly.

A Glance at the New York Show.

The Editor of *The Wheel*, has among other entirely serviceable and practical notes, the following on some of the wheels he saw at the New York Cycle show:

The tendency toward some radical departure is a plain handwriting on the wall. It is manifest in the disappointment of the public at finding so much sameness in the cycle show. It is manifest in the restless seekings which have produced triangle frames from two different parts of the country New men, new ideas and new forces are coming into play and meanwhile the old makers are ploughing an old furrow.

Beyond this most marked and most important tendency toward some fundamental change observable at the recent shows, there were others of significance which will be permanent in their effect whether there comes any new departure in frames or not. If there is to be no departure in the style of frames, and if, absurd and unprogressive as it may be, the notion that we have reached perfection in frame designs, there are still minor modifications which can be seen approaching.

One tendency particularly marked this year is that to dispense with the cotter-pin. Many cranks are still keyed on and well keyed, too, but an increasing proportion of the makers are getting away to other ideas for fastening cranks. Both cranks in one piece with the axle is a method of obtaining solidity at the bottom bracket that is gaining favor, not less than eight makers appearing with the device this year. Some of the manufacturers, instead of forging these parts, are taking a piece of tool steel and bending it. Others who do not make both cranks and the axle in one piece, make the axle one piece with one crank and fasten the other on, while several have adopted the plan of making the cranks and axle in two pieces by having the axle joined in the middle by a sleeve. The bottom bracket is a place where solidity and unity is most to be desired; this tendency is wholesome. The idea of having as few parts as possible at this point is obviously so good that that form of construction can hardly fail to spread, and eventually it may be expected

to find the one-piece plan for both cranks and axle in general use.

The use of barrel hubs this year is so widespread that it can hardly be called a tendency. Not all barrel hubs, so-called, are truly such, for many have the old style small axle, and cups, cones, balls inside and the hub is simply a big misfit sleeve slipped over them. The true barrel hub is an English idea, having its origin in the bottom bracket construction of one of the oldest and best-known makes. The virtue of them was the opportunity afforded for using larger bearing cases, and their distinctive feature was that of having the cones fixed on the axle and making the adjustment by setting up the cups instead of the cones, as is done by most American makers. Many of those on this side who have adopted the barrel hub have quite missed these points and their so-called barrel hub is not such, but simply a big hub.

There can be said to be a tendency in the direction of adopting the English ideas, however, and another year will likely find this feature universal.

In this connection it is interesting to note that with all their arrogance and claim to originality the American makers are still borrowing ideas from the English. Nearly all the prominent features in American wheels have come from Great Britain, excepting the wood rim. Not only the barrel hub and big ball idea, but the big tubing scheme as well originated on the other side.

The Layman Pneumatic Sporting Boat





IT IS the safest, lightest and most compact portable boat on the market. Weighs 15 lbs., is easily inflated, and can be carried in a hand bag when collapsed. It is made of the best rubber duck cloth, in four separate compartments, has loops for erecting a blind, absolutely safe in any waters. Splendidly adapted for hunting and fishing. Being paddled by the feet, the hands are left free to handle either rod or gun. A success in every way. It is also made with full length wading pants. For circular and further particulars apply to the sole manufacturers.

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RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 CIGARETTES

CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes

are made from the brightest, most delicate in flavor and highest cost **Gold Leaf** grown in Virginia.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the **name of Manufacturer, as below,** is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER,

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor,

MANUFACTURER,

RICHMOND VIRGINIA.

THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA,

COLORED AS IN LIFE.

By William C. Harris, Editor of THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

"THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA" is issued in forty monthly parts, each part containing two fish portraits on heavy plate paper, size 12x19 inches. This publication, which may be said to be the life-work of Mr. Harris, who has spent many years in its preparation, occupies a field entirely its own in ichthyic literature. In fact, no previous publication has appeared that attempts to cover so large a field, or present so great a number of portraits of American fishes, eighty or more of which, colored as in life, will be given in the book, which will also contain about 1,000 drawings in ink of different species of fish.

The portraits of fishes are first painted in oil, at the moment they are taken from the water; before their color tints have faded, then lithographed on stone in colors, of which as many as fifteen (15) different tints have been required to reproduce the exact tone and mellow transfusion of color so frequently seen in many species of fish when alive. So closely has the oil effect been followed that an expert cannot distinguish the painting from its copy at a distance of ten feet. This accuracy in reproduction of the canvas renders the lithograph still more attractive when framed. A full set of these portraits forms an art collection, which as works of reference, will become invaluable.

The cost of this work, when completed, will be at least fifty-five thousand dollars ($55,000). The paper, press-work, type and general mechanical execution is the best that can be obtained, and neither labor nor money will be economized in the effort to make the publication unequalled in angling or ichthyological literature.

This work, while educational to the student of Natural History, appealing directly to the tastes and intelligence of every one interested in the literature of animated nature, is issued primarily, for the craft of anglers, of which the author has been a member for more than a third of a century. In this connection the *New York Herald*, in an extended review of Mr. Harris' work, states:

"The fisherman who sees any part of this superb work will resolve to own it all, even though he has to sell part of his outfit to get the money."

Of its standard value as a text book on the natural history of fishes, Professor S. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., writes the author:

"I am much pleased with the appearance of your new book. There is no reason why your splendid venture should not prove a most gratifying success. Finished in the style in which it is started, it will be a work of permanent value, one that will not go out of date with the time that brings it to light.

Dr. David S. Jordan, of the Stanford Universit California, also writes:

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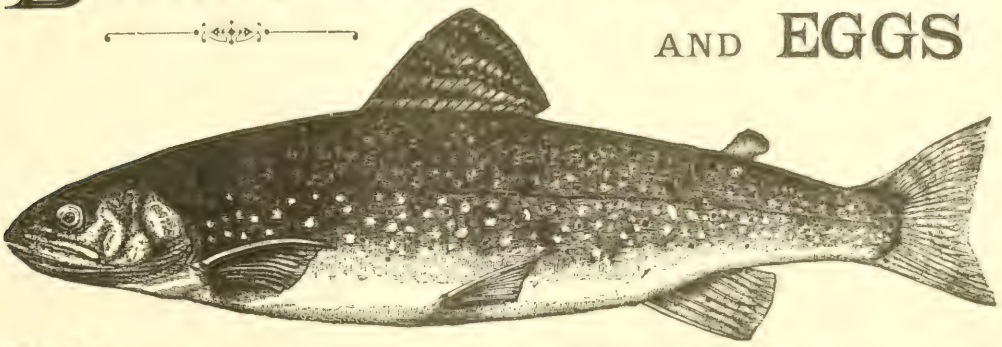
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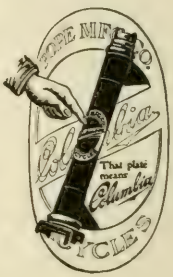
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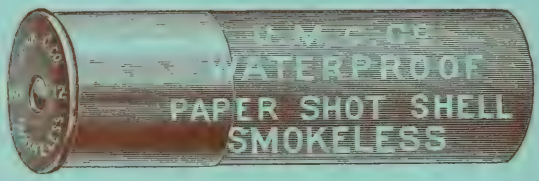
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WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

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: : THE : :

AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

FRONTISPIECE—CAÑON OF SPOKANE RIVER, WASHINGTON 80

YAGERVILLE AND BEYOND....*Gardner Ladd Plumley* 81
Illustrated.

THE ART OF MODERN BAIT CASTING..*Fred Gardner* 89
Illustrated.

THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.....
Illustrated. *Wm. C. Harris* 91

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.....*Wm. C. Harris* 94
Illustrated.

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 101
Where to Go Sea-Trout Fishing—The Sportsmen's Exposition of 1896—That Dual Fish—A Florida "Fishing Box"—In Defense of the Carp—Once Again the Carp—The Catfish, Sucker and Carp—Among the Steelheads and Pacific Salmon—Cañon of Spokane River—A Young Fisher, Uncle Jake and the Sockdologer—A Rare Club Opportunity.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST. 106
Accident Insurance for Cyclists—Bicycle Thieves, their Methods, Etc.—Health and the Bicycle—The Outlook for Cycling—Pleasant Echoes.

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CANON OF SPOKANE RIVER, WASHINGTON.—See page 104.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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YAGERVILLE AND BEYOND.

BY GARDNER LADD PLUMLEY.

Nearly every year a fishing trio of which I am a member makes an attempt to find new and not yet fished out waters near New York. These attempts are generally failures, and yet when Nature has spread her table linen to bleach and all the world is white, we generally succeed, with the pleasant aids of a glowing open fire and three pipes of good tobacco, in discovering some new and blessed spot where we think that happily the good rule given by Andrew Lang will hold good:

"When, O stranger, thou hast reached a burn where the shepherd asks thee for the newspaper wrapped around thy sandwiches that he may read the news, then erect an altar to Priapus, god of fishermen, and begin to angle boldly."

Years ago we found such a spot by selecting a post-office, on the map, isolated and many miles from any railway yet on the banks of a stream swift and pure and then filled with fine trout. The sun has never shone quite so brightly, and I know that the flowers will never bloom quite so gaily again, as when we first learned to use the fly on this stream. But time has changed us some, perhaps, and the old fishing spot more, for clubs have come and summer boarders and the trout have grown strangely smaller and much less numerous than they were in the old days. Yet this quiet grassy valley is still beautiful and wild, and a few trout remain to tempt us back when other fishing plans have failed.

The winter of 1895 found us again seeking new waters, and when the Dominie informed us that he had heard of just what we sought we listened to him with interest. While staying at a pleasant lake-side hotel during the preceding September, he noticed a picture of a fine lot of trout hanging in the dining-room, and charmed not only with the artistic skill shown in this painting, but more by the size of the fish as compared with the size of the creel, also conventionally depicted, he interviewed the artist, who at once led him to the piazza of the house, and, pointing out a ravine between two distant mountains, generously disclosed to him the weighty secret that in that far distant and dimly to be discerned gorge a noble stream could be found. It was there that in one forenoon's sport he had secured the splendid basket of fish which on the afternoon of the same day he portrayed in the painting. Here was evidence indeed; the artist told of the stream and the picture gave certain evidence of what sort of fish inhabited those distant waters, and if the artist could catch such trout there, why should not the Dominie and his friends?

This was the story to which we fondly listened, and with visions of big trout

our spirits rose and we decided to try in June the waters of the Dashkill at Smithtown. Mr. Smith was written to and kindly consented to meet us at Ellenville, on the Ontario and Western Railroad, and take us to the town which was honored by his name. Events changed our plans somewhat, for the Dominie started ahead of his two fellow-fishers and thus he had gained two days of experience when we arrived on Saturday at the farmhouse at Smithtown. We had been met by young Smith, a lad of thirteen years, at the railroad station, and had enjoyed a pleasant and interesting ride with the boy. This boy was a delightful companion and had just reached the most interesting period of life. All was before him and nothing to be regretted in the past. Life was to be successful, joyous and brilliant. His home was perfect, his mother the most remarkable cook in the world, the Shawangunk mountains around his father's house were the highest in the state and were filled with the most interesting and rare animals and flowers. We so thoroughly sympathized with this young enthusiast that at the end of the eight-mile drive we were boys again, and inclined to take a rather optimistic view of the miserable little brook which gurgled in front of the house.

The Dominie was away filling his basket, we thought, with trout fit to be painted—with the creel—and we lost no time in getting into fishing costume. We tackled the stream below the house and at once discovered that we had a big contract on our hands. In places we could not find the stream at all, for it had cut out for itself little runways through the rough underbrush in all directions. When we did manage to follow these little streamlets to the deeper spots the results were entirely unsatisfactory. For myself I can say that the afternoon of that day gave me a new method of fishing. I had fished for trout in various ways, but never before sought them in the branches of small bushes. To add to the zest of this sort of fishing, we were told this was quite a region for rattlesnakes, and I must say for a really snaky hollow this one bore evidence so clearly that "one who ran might read." We did manage to catch a few miserable little trout and, getting disgusted, returned to the house, where we found the Dominie had returned with our host and elder son.

They had fished carefully all day and had a considerable number of very small trout with one good one of perhaps ten inches to show for their efforts. The large trout was caught by a method so ingenious that it pains me to tell the story, and yet I am compelled to do so, as otherwise angling literature would fail to be enriched by one more fish tale.

It seems, to quote the good Dominie, that this fish declined the most daintily tied flies and the choicest worm bait until Smith Junior had whetted his appetite by throwing bits of worms to his troutship, where he was lying in a perfectly open pool. After he had been induced to partake of one particularly dainty bit of worm flesh, the barbed bait was gently dropped over him which without the least delay he seized. This story I unhesitatingly declare that I do not believe, and I was then under the impression, which thought and time have strengthened, that this trout was found napping in a bush and was clubbed over the head.

After hearing this tale and sizing up things generally, I took the Dominie out behind the house and, looking him carefully in the eye, gently pulled out of him the pleasing information that he himself had caught but three fish in two days, and in regard to these he was

hardly willing to state their size. His companions had used bait which is better adapted to fishing for trout in bushes than flies; this he said was the explanation for his lack of success. I think, however, he held back from us the real reason, which we thought was that he, at times, lost the brook and spent more time in catching that than he did in fishing. Yes, that stream was one where only a native born on its banks, if it could be said to have banks, could feel at home, and even he must have at times been sorely discouraged.

I could not sleep that night, and before daylight got up and placing a pocket map and a lamp on the floor traced the route necessary to cross mountains and ravines to the dear old East Branch. My room-mate awakened and joined me and we planned long and earnestly. The Dominie entered quite heartily into these plans, and using Sunday to rest, and give him a chance to preach an excellent sermon in the afternoon at the farmhouse to a gathering of neighbors, which we all enjoyed, Monday morning found us bidding good-bye to our new friends at Smithtown. We left most of our baggage to follow the roundabout stage route of forty miles, and struck boldly into the forest over the top of the first ridge, following an old lumber road.

Our first objective point was Yagerville, over the first divide, and at nine o'clock we crossed the bridge over a branch of the Rondout at this town.



RONDOUT ROAD NEAR ELLENVILLE.



FALLS ON THE RONDOUT—ELLENVILLE.

The town we could not find, and the only inhabitants we met were two very old grass fed ones, on four legs, who did not take as much interest in us as we did in them, and so we left them there upholding the dignity of a town where none was, except on the map. We did come to a farmhouse not far beyond and the Dominie, seeking information as to route and incidentally a drink of buttermilk, interviewed a pretty girl—somehow all girls are pretty that one meets on a fishing trip, just as the days are the shortest of the year, although they may be in June.

At noon we found ourselves at the "red school house," on a larger branch of the Rondout, the children scattering and running inside, with only the boldest staying to see what manner of men we were. Turning sharply to the south, it was not long before the valley of the main waters of the Rondout lay before us, and the thought of that glowing scene under a brilliant sun even now makes me a stranger to my city home.

Can the reader explain why such a view seems old to him, even if he has never seen it before, and why it is that not at all unexpected its beauty falls upon him, and at once he is at home and at peace, as if he had only left the spot when a little child and coming back found mountains and streams in their half-remembered places?

With something of this feeling we journeyed on into the little village of Sundown. Here the mountains rise so abruptly to south and west that evening comes quickly and before its rightful time, and thus the name. Here we met the main waters of the Rondout, peace-



THE SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAINS—ELLENVILLE.

fully swinging a half circle around the little town and resting in a lovely pool under a bridge. The village blacksmith, gossiping before his forge with us, learned our destination, and, wishing a rest from his labors, kindly offered to show us a short cut up over the opposing mountain, our path leading through his farm on the mountain side, which he pointed out to us high in the air—a sort of idealized and castle in Spain place until we got there and were surprised to find such poor soil and so neglected a dwelling. Night was coming when we reached this place, and Sundown below us did not belie its name.

The real grandeur of the view we here enjoyed was worth many miles of travel. Old Pick-a-Moose headed the valley like a sentinel, and the lesser peaks of the Western Catskills loomed all around him, supporting his dignity and adding to his beauty and in the distance the glistening waters of the Rondout, black under the trees or where the stream emerged from a rocky ravine, while the sun gilded up peak and mountain top; and all around us was that great silence which frequently comes when evening falls in these hills.

It was dark when we struck the road on the Delaware side of the mountains, and night had settled in the Valley of the East Branch; but the rushing stream led us aright, and at bedtime we were with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, whom we were delighted to see once more. A week of pleasant fishing followed, and we had excellent sport in well-remembered pools; nor do we now regret the visit to the Dashkill, for the "way out" will not soon be forgotten.

THE ART OF MODERN BAIT CASTING.

BY FRED GARDNER.

Bait-casting, when skillfully practiced, is not only a most scientific, but probably the most pleasurable mode of angling for the greater majority of Waltonian followers. A knowledge of how to cast a bait with a short rod and multiplying reel, is worthy the careful consideration of the seeker after outing pleasure and pastime. The methods employed in this art are very simple and easily mastered, providing it is practiced with an outfit especially designed for the purpose, as it brings the angler almost immediate reward, while, on the other hand, they become very annoying, perplexing and in many instances disgusting when attempted with improper angling implements. In fact, it is impossible to become a successful bait-caster without such a complete and well arranged assortment of tackle as is necessary to enable the angler to successfully practice the art—tackle that must be especially adapted and designed for the purpose, which, when in use, gives the sportsman only unalloyed pleasure.

A perfect knowledge of how to cast a bait one hundred feet with a rod from six feet to six feet six inches in length, with a quadruple compensating reel, and a bait weighing not more than one-quarter of an ounce, is the end to be attained. Unless the angler possesses these requirements, the sport will not only become disgusting and tiresome, but will have the effect of driving him back to the primitive ways of pot-fishing.

After the rudimentary principles, such as getting the line out without allowing it to overrun, thumbing the reel properly and retrieving and spooling the line, have been acquired, bait-casting then *resolves* itself into *nothing more* nor less than trolling. Trolling, known the world over for years as the most successful mode of taking fish, is then the principle of bait-casting. But trolling in the art of casting is shorn of the fatigue and monotony of sitting quietly in a boat and being pushed over the water in order to play the bait; it gives the anglers absolute and entire control over the bait and enables him not only to cover a large area of water but to drop it in out of the way places, frequented for hiding by game fishes watching for their prey, where it would be an utter impossibility to troll.

From the most careful observation of anglers who call themselves bait-casters, I have come to the conclusion that about nine out of every ten know absolutely nothing of the fine points of the art. Science is thrown to the winds, and often a frog as large as would cover a man's hand is cast, creating a splash and a thud when it is thrown that would strike terror to the heart of the gamiest fish that swims. It is, however, not my province in this article to criticise, but to point out the proper methods to be employed, learned from practical experience.

The capacity of being able to cast a very light bait adds great independence to the art, as the angler can select from numerous artificial lures, such as spoon hooks, phantom minnows and the like. Again, when using either the minnow or frog as a casting bait, it will be found that with the smaller frog or minnow the best results will be had. Thus it will be seen that it is most essential in this sport to be able to cast a light and delicate bait perfectly.

Time was when the rod-makers could not be induced to make a bait-casting rod less than eight feet three inches in length, claiming that in constructing a rod of shorter length the strength, durability and action would be sacrificed. Not so at present, however, for of necessity (at least in the west), the six or six and one-half foot rod has come into general use among the expert casters, and has proven beyond dispute that the old timers were wrong.

A very desirable rod of this length is now in use (specifications by a Chicagoan, and manufactured by Devine, Utica, N. Y.,) made of Bethabara wood, with shortened and double thick German silver ferrules and shortened reel seat, thus throwing all the wood construction possible into the rod. A rod of this character, being so short and weighing hardly five ounces, can be handled at any angle desired and in the most complicated surroundings.

I have a rod of this wood weighing four and one-half ounces, six feet four inches in length, and have tested it in many stubborn fights with game fish to its utmost capacity, and it has won my entire confidence and admiration. It is invincible, and I should not care to admit that it divides honors with any other wood that grows.

Regarding the reel, too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of this implement of the bait-caster's outfit, if delicacy, accuracy and distance are to be considered in casting light baits. The old style multiplier has been superceded by the quadruple compensator, and it is conceded by experts to be the only desirable reel to use.

No ordinary reel has the power or strength necessary to withstand the enormous task which the bait-caster's reel is called upon to perform in casting and retrieving the bait, and, like the rod, it must be especially adapted for its purpose.

The best reel has steel pivot (conical-shaped) bearings, which reduce the friction to a minimum, a thumb screw adjustment making it possible for the reel to be adjusted so it will revolve quietly, run smoothly, and start with the slightest effort. A screw driver and a small can of oil should always be included in the kit, and the reel oiled not less than once a day. A forty-yard reel is the best size to mate with the rod described, being light in weight, lightness of tackle being the chief object of the expert angler. The check and drag with which most reels are provided should never be utilized in making a cast, the thumb being the cardinal feature of success in this sport. The check, if on the rear plate, is a practical idea to prevent the reel from revolving when not in use. The drag in bait-casting should be an unknown quantity, as its use, if persisted in, will ruin any bait-casting reel manufactured. I have removed the drags from my reels, believing them to be not only nonsensical, but a detriment that should be abolished.

As with the rod and reel, the line that is desirable for this sport has a separate individuality which adapts it to the requirements of the caster. The main feature of its manufacture is being braided nearly square, and becoming perfectly round in use instead of flat, the last named being the worst feature with most braided silk lines when used for casting. A line with a breaking tension of six pounds is sufficiently heavy to compete with the heaviest of fish if properly handled, for the finer the line the better it will cast when using a light bait. Under no circumstances should the bait-casting line have an enamelled or waterproof dressing, as



Fig. 8.—Casting to the Right.

lines of that description harm their casting and spooling qualities. In spooling the line special attention should be paid not to overlap, as disastrous results will surely follow. Consequently, when retrieving the line, grasp the rod with the fingers directly under the reel, allowing the upper rim of the reel to nestle in the palm of the hand, and use the thumb to lay the line on the reel spool, and never attempt a cast with the line spooled imperfectly. By a little practice the line can be laid perfectly and very rapidly. Thumbing the line in casting is a feature that must never be belittled, and under no circumstances should the angler make a cast without gently dragging the line with his thumb while paying off the reel spool.

The reel in bait-casting belongs on the top or upper side of the rod, and not on the lower side, as in fly-casting. This arrangement simplifies the matter of controlling the line with the thumb. The angler by being particular when making his initial attempts at thumbing the reel will soon do it instinctively, and when acquired is done unthinkingly, as the mind in this sport should not be on the reel, but have other matters of pleasing importance to occupy it. Thumbing the line as it pays off the reel, and spooling it perfectly in retrieving it, should never be neglected; this rule must always be followed in order to insure good results.

Baits that can be used in this sport are practically unlimited, as any bait ever known to have been taken by a fish can be utilized. If fishing for bass, a No. 4½ Skinner spoon is one of the best killing baits that can be used. A specially constructed spoon with a hinged device, which allows the spoon to lay back against the line in making a cast, thereby offering no air resistance, was manufactured by Skinner, last season, at the suggestion of a friend of mine and myself, which proved entirely practical. The phantom and quill minnows are also allures worthy of the bait-caster's attention. The invincible live minnow and the deluding influences of



Fig. 6.—Casting to the Left.

the live frog, when delicately dropped from a distance of about one hundred feet by the skillful bait-caster in the immediate vicinity of a game fish, are too well known to need any explanations or comments. It will therefore certainly be admitted that the bait-caster is not limited in the item of bait.

Any bait, whether artificial or natural, that shows a tendency to kink or twist the line in retrieving, should be overcome by the use of swivels, as a kinked line will not cast properly and and will lead one into the most annoying complications.

Any good hollow point hook is desirable in this sport, the snelled gut hook probably taking precedence.

The methods of bait-casting, when understood and practiced with proper tackle, are very simple and easy of accomplishment.

The rod, reel, and line, together with a compact landing net, make up the main features of the outfit. The landing net should be fitted with a twenty-four inch minnow dip net, which can be used in catching frogs, as well as in landing the fish. A small variety of spoons, phantom and quill minnows, a few hooks, swivels, connecting links and split shot, make up the balance of this very compact and interesting outfit.

There are in casting the bait three styles, known as the left to right, right to left, and forward cast. After mastering these, the other details that may be necessary in casting can easily be learned. In starting the right to left cast, the tip of the rod should be held well up, and the angler should rely on the spring of the rod to quietly and delicately throw the bait. This spring can be produced by a slight movement of the forearm and wrist only. Arm force does not aid the bait-caster with a rod designed to properly cast a bait, but detracts from the work the rod is supposed to perform.

The rod in the cast is held at a side angle of about 45°, with the elbow nearly touching the body. As the rod and bait rise on the first of the circle, make sure to take advantage of the upward spring of the rod and let the bait go, for by holding onto the line until the tip of the rod has reached the 45° angle on the opposite side, the bait will be thrown down instead of up and forward. Particular attention must be paid to this point, as it has proven the stumbling block to many tyros in the art.

The left to right cast may seem more difficult to master, but there is much of fancy in this, for again the well constructed rod helps out. The same principle is used as in the right to left cast, the only difference being a back hand motion. The forward cast is used more in wading than from a boat, and the bait is started from the rear, with the rod pointing over the shoulder at the same angle as is used in the other two casts.

Casting should be practiced with the left as well as the right hand, and anglers will find it a very desirable acquisition, as one rests the other; furthermore, being able to cast with the right and reel with the left, or vice versa, greatly assists the angler, as the rod does not have to be changed from hand to hand in retrieving the line. When casting from a boat never stand up, as it establishes a bad precedent and exposes one to the quick perceptions of game fish.

Taken as a whole, this scientific method of taking game fish becomes a most delightful auxillary to an outing, and is in every respect worthy the exalted position it now holds among the many devotees of the true art of modern angling.



THE FLY-FISHER'S CLUB OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

On the picturesque Beaverkill, a few miles above the town of Rockland and the State Hatchery, a little club of fly fishers have made unto themselves a cosy home with trout pools in front, above and below. There are clubs and preserves of multifiplied forms and for all purposes, but this small but earnest coterie of anglers seem to have hit upon a plan that ensures the fullest enjoyment. They are content with modest creels, and have selected this section of the Beaverkill because of its scenic beauty and the assurance of, at least, a few trout daily to the rod in the many and deep pools within their territory, the riparian rights of which for a mile-stretch on either side they have bought, in fee simple. Actuated by the true spirit of the craft they reasoned in this wise :

When trout are so numerous that it is no trouble to fill your creel, the charm of angling ceases to exist; that the fullest enjoyment of fly-casting and catching trout can be had in large waters; that a club with small membership gives the greatest comfort and delight in the intimate fellowship of domesticity; that a small stretch of water can be better preserved and protected than a long one, and that by owning outright the lands on both sides of the stream their rights would be in perpetuity, and such permanent improvements as decided upon would not be subject to the fiat of a fractious lessor.

Impelled by these motives this little band of anglers have organized under the corporate name of "The Fly-Fisher's Club of Brooklyn," and bought from B. F. Hardenburg, of Rockland, all that part of the Beaverkill river running through his farm and one rod of land on

each side of the stream. They have also bought the comfortable and rather quaint looking "Fishing Box," a drawing of which is here given.

And they have bound themselves by three rules, each of which is imperative if trout fishing is to be perpetuated in any water, large or small:

1st. No trout to be creeled that is less than seven inches in length.

2d. No lure to be used except the artificial fly.

3d. To stock their stretch of stream with grown or yearling trout, persistently and liberally.

Commendable and necessary as are the two first rules named, anglers will at once note and appreciate the scope and unselfishness of the last one. Owning only a limited stretch of a broad stream, many miles in length, these good brothers of the angle will spend their time and money in planting adult trout which, in the most propitious of seasons and under the best of conditions, can increase the number of fish in their preserve but slightly in comparison to the general benefit conferred on the entire river. Good Samaritans truly, and we are proud to call them, "anglers."

Put a half dozen clubs of like character on any large trout stream, whose ownership of water is limited to a comparatively small stretch, and the intermediate free waters will team with trout; but it will be necessary to imbue the club members with the same unselfish and liberal spirit and methods possessed by these fly-fishers of Brooklyn, or else the cry of preëmption of fishing waters would become a wail and a protest that our franchise fearing legislators could not resist, and which would not be without an element of justice. As anglers we do not "want the earth," but claim as a right some lien on the waters thereof and the preservation of their inhabitants for food and the pleasureable outings they give us.

Under no other feasible conditions as outlined above, will the brook beauty of our mountain waters be preserved, and the result rests with the anglers all over the country. Fish laws, stringent though they be, fall flat in execution; planting of half-inch fry is a failure except when trout streams have been depleted and when there are no big fish to eat the little fellows, to which the term fingerlings is a misnomer—fish atoms would be a more appropriate name. As chairman of the fish committee of a trout club, we have planted during the past eight years over 300,000 trout fry of various species, in the small spring brooks of our preserves, all natural trout waters, and the result has been not only disappointing but deplorable, for we believe that the consumption of the fry by the adult trout, would show, if practicable to get at the result, that not five per cent. of these fish atoms ever reached maturity. Our big trout have got bigger and lustier but have not increased in numbers, and this after an experience of profuse planting for nearly a decade of years.

It is not necessary to dwell at large on the useless expenditure of money by the State in raising and planting of trout fry. Every member of a club's fish committee has seen the futility of putting trout fry in waters containing adult trout, although the utmost care has been taken to put the fingerlings in the small tributary rivulets that they might thrive and be protected from water enemies, the greatest of which are their own big relatives; but foresight and care can not prevent or retard the spring freshets when the surface water swells these little streamlets into torrents and washes these helpless finger-

lings down into the main waters to become a prey to cannibals of their own breed. So great has the belief in the inutility of this method of planting become among practical and observant club members, that it is not unusual to hear a chairman of a fish committee reply, when queried on the subject:

"Oh, yes, we'll plant the usual thousands of fry this spring. They cost us nothing, and if they serve no other good purpose, our big trout will grow faster for next season's catching."

The economical question of State Hatcheries raising yearlIng trout for free distribution is growing in agitation and importance, but it will not be settled affirmatively until our Fish Commissioners are willing to forego accentuating in ponderous numerals the many millions of fry raised, and content themselves with proved results; 30,000,000 of trout fry hatched and distributed looks far more imposing, in their annual reports, to the constituent reader than 3,000 adult trout under the same conditions, and yet the latter would give the best results as food and pleasure products.

The *personelle* of the Fly Fisher's Club of Brooklyn is made up as follows: Chas. A. Bryan, President; Dr. F. S Howard, Vice-President; James Rice Jr., Treasurer; Lody Smith, Secretary. The other members of the Club are: Messrs. C. W. Townsend, C. B. Boynton, A. T. Sanden, R. D. Robbins, J. Ralph Burnett, R. S. Sayre, A. Snedecor. The membership is limited to twenty-five



A STRETCH OF THE BEAVERKILL, NEAR CLUB HOUSE.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 68.)

In addition to the three described species of large chub found east of the Rocky Mountains, there are cyprinoids of the Pacific Slope that grow to a large size and frequently give interesting sport to the rod fisherman.

The hard-mouth chub, or chisel-mouth, *Acrochilus alutaceus*—the generic name from the Greek signifying "sharp-lipped," grows to twelve inches, or slightly more, and is found in the Columbia River and tributaries. Its scales are irregularly placed on some of the fins and the lateral line is strongly decurved; the lower lip is covered with a thin cartilaginous plate and the peduncle (the fleshy part of the tail) is very long, slender, cylindrical and slightly tapering. The body is four and a quarter times longer than its bluntish head and four times greater than its depth. The tail fin is strongly forked and longer than the head; the accessory or lesser rays at its base are very numerous, and turn back on the peduncle; it has no barbel or "feeler"; ten rays in the dorsal fin and nine in the anal; coloration is dark with paler belly, and all parts of the body are covered with small black spots. This fish takes a lure, but is not considered good on the table.

Orthodon microlepidotus—generic name from the Greek signifying "straight-toothed"—reaches a length of eighteen inches, possibly more, and is found in the Great Basin of Utah, and in great numbers in the California streams, where it is sometimes called black-fish, and where it takes a baited hook greedily; quantities are brought to the San Francisco markets and sold mainly to the Chinese. This fish may be known by the knob on the tip of the chin, absence of barbels, and the very large rays at the foot of caudal fin. On the upper side of the head, which is very flat, there are two bony ridges, and its body is four times longer than the head, and four and a half that of its depth. It has nine dorsal and eight anal rays; in coloration it is plain or faintly grayish.

Lavinia exilicauda—the generic name is a classical one without special application to these fishes—is another of the chub species, often called Hitch or Chigh, caught in the California rivers, where it grows to about fifteen inches. Although a market fish, its flesh is not highly esteemed, but as it rises, like the other chubs, freely to the fly, it deserves mention. It has a very slender peduncle, a small, short cone-shaped head and a small dorsal, but large anal fin. Its body is four and two-thirds times longer than its head and three and a third greater than its depth. It has ten dorsal and twelve anal rays, and the belly behind the ventral fins is covered entirely by scales. Its color is dark above, slightly silvering on the sides.

The Flat-headed chub, *Platygolis gracilis*—the generic name from the Greek signifying "broad," and the Latin *gobio*, a gudgeon—is found in the Rocky Mountain region from the Kansas and Yellowstone rivers to the Saskatchawan, and of all fishes, seems to be the one best adapted to life in the muddy, alkaline streams of that region; it is abundant, grows to twelve inches or more, and rises freely to the artificial fly. The upper surface of its small,

short head is very broad and flat, resembling that of the Gila monster; its width between the eyes being half the length of the entire head. The body is four and a quarter times the length of the entire head, and four and three-quarters longer than the greatest depth; the dorsal and anal fins have eight rays each; the fins are rather large, and the dorsal is set on the back in advance of the middle of the body; the lateral line is decurved and the eyes are small, placed rather high up and well in front. The coloration is bluish on back, and the sides and belly silvery.

The Split-tailed chub, *Pogonichthys macrolepidotus*—the generic name from the Greek signifying "beard" and "fish"—is very abundant in the Sacramento river, and I am told that it reaches a length of twenty inches or more, although the maximum length is recorded by Dr. Goode as being eighteen inches. It is a favorite fish with the poorer classes in San Francisco, and like its congeners is a very fair fighter on light tackle. It has a large eye, a well developed barbel, short, slender head and the upper lobe of its tail fin is longer than the lower, being about half again as long as the head. This singular development of the caudal fin renders this species at once distinguishable from the other American cyprinoids, as none of them show this peculiarity of growth. It is the only species of the genus *Pogonichthys* as yet discovered.

The Columbia chub, *Mylochilus caurinus*—the generic name from the Greek meaning "grinder" and "lip," in allusion to its blunt and much enlarged molar teeth—grows to twelve inches, possibly much larger, and is found in abundance in the Columbia river basin as far up as Flathead lake in Montana and the Great Shoshone Falls in Idaho, and in streams west of the Cascade Range from California to British Columbia, often entering the sea. Its head is rather small with a small barbel on its jaw; dorsal and anal fins each with eight rays; the body is four and two-fifths longer than the head, and four and a half that of its depth. Its rather singular coloration, in addition to the above description, will enable the angler to readily identify it. It is dark above and silvery on the sides, with a dark lateral band, and below this a pale stripe, under which there is another dark stripe which extends to or near the vent. In the spring, during the spawning season, the belly and the pale stripe are bright red in the breeding males.

Mylopharoden conocephatus—the generic name from the Greek signifying "grinder," "pharynx" and "tooth"—is another of the large cyprinoids, ranking approximately in size with the Sacramento pike, with which it is often confused on account of size and action when hooked. It seems to be confined to the waters of California. Its head is pike-like, broad and much depressed, the snout tapering and nearly wedge-shaped. The dorsal fin is set a little behind the ventral fins, but not so much so as on the Sacramento pike. The peduncle is very long, whereas it is short and stout in the fish just named. The length of the body is about three and a half times longer than the head, and four and two-thirds longer than the depth. It is of dark coloration on the upper parts and paler below; and has eight rays each in the dorsal and anal fins. It reaches a length of three to four feet, probably longer.

The Sacramento pike, squawfish, yellow-belly, or chapparel, *Ptychochilus oregonensis*—generic name from the Greek signifying "fold" and "lip," the

skin of the mouth behind the jaws being folded—is one of the largest of American cyprinoids, growing to the length of five feet. I have caught specimens in Clark's Fork of the Columbia that were nearly three feet long and quite vigorous when hooked. It may be distinguished by its long, slender, pike-like head, large mouth and the situation of its dorsal fin, which is set well back behind the ventral fins, which increases its resemblance to the pike, and which, in connection with its head, gives the popular name to it. The lateral line is strongly decurved, trending along more of the belly than the back, and the scales are thickly marked with black dots. The length of the body is four times greater than that of the head and five times longer than the greatest depth of the body. The coloration is olive, and the fins in spring are red or orange. It is found in the rivers of the Pacific Slope, chiefly those west of the Sierra Nevada, but is abundant throughout the Columbia river basin except above Shoshone Falls, where it does not seem to occur. Of this fish Professor Evermann writes me:

"*P. oregonensis* is quite a game fish, rising readily to the fly and fighting with vigor for a time. I had great sport in 1891 catching them at Flathead lake, and again in 1895 at the Redfish lakes in Idaho. It is very abundant in this last place, and takes the fly in the lakes as readily as does a trout. But salmon spawn is the best bait. 'Squawfish' is the Flathead lake name, while in Idaho it is called 'yellow-belly.'"

There are several other species of the foregoing genus which are brought into the markets of San Francisco: *P. rapax*, probably not distinct from the Sacramento pike, from which it may be distinguished by the lateral line running along the median line, not along the belly as in the former fish. It does not grow so large, and the dorsal fin is not set so far back. The second species is *P. harfordi*, a more slender fish than the Sacramento pike, with the lateral line similarly decurved, but the tail fin is less deeply forked. The length of the body is four times that of the head, and five and three-quarter times its greatest depth. It is found principally in the Sacramento river, and owing to its large size is fair game on the rod. The third species, *P. lucius*, the Colorado pike, is really the largest of the American cyprinoids, and looks very much like the Sacramento pike, so much so that it will require careful study of both fish to distinguish them apart; the restricted habitat (the Colorado of the West) of *P. lucius* will, however, render the angler's quest an easy one, provided further investigation does not widen the habitat of both these fishes, or what is more likely, relegate them to one species. The color of both of these fish is very similar, although it would appear from the descriptions in the text books that the Colorado river fish is without the black spots on scales which are present on the Sacramento pike. The length of the body is three and a half times that of the head, and five and a half times more than the depth, showing it to be more slender and longer in proportion than the last named fish. There is also one ray less in each of the dorsal and anal fins, but it should be borne in mind that a variation of one-sixth in number of rays in either direction does not effect classification of species. This fish grows to a weight of eighty pounds and is also called the White salmon of the Colorado. It is considered a great game fish by local anglers.

Under the generic name of *Gila*, we find several cyprinoids on the Pacific

THE ONCHODON CHUB.

THE SACRAMENTO TROUT OR SQUAW FISH.

Coast that grow to a large size, about eighteen inches. They are mainly found in the rivers Gila (whence the generic name) and Colorado of the West, abounding in both waters, and eaten very generally in New Mexico and Arizona. Their popular names vary in different localities, but those of "chub" and "mullet" are most prevalent. I have selected two species for description, being the largest, and more likely to excite the interest of the angler should he happen to get fast to either of them.

Gila elegans.—This is the typical species of the genus, growing to eighteen inches, but of rather ungraceful form. It is known as Bony-tail, or Gila trout. The back in front of the dorsal fin is elevated into a hump, and the peduncle is long and slender, the profile of the back behind the hump being abruptly oblique, giving the fish an unusual and ungainly appearance, the ugliness of which is increased by its short, broad head and depressed snout, the front of the head from behind the eyes being broad and sunken, the posterior part high, so that the profile of the head forms a concave arch. The eye is small and placed low; the fins are all long, narrow and curved, the pectorals reaching the ventrals. The upper arm or lobe of the tail fin is slightly longer than the lower; the scales overlap but slightly, and are much smaller on the back and belly than on the sides, where, however, they are much greater in length than depth. The length of the body is five times more than that of the head, and the same proportion exists as to the depth in length; the dorsal fin contains nine and the anal ten rays. The coloration is bluish above and paler below.

Gila robusta or "Round-tail" has a stouter peduncle and is not quite so ungainly in form as *G. elegans*, although the profile of the back shows nearly the same elevation in front of the dorsal fin, but not so great an obliquity posteriorly. The angler must be careful in differentiating this species from *G. elegans*, and will be greatly aided by measuring the peduncle or fleshy part of the tail (from end of anal fin to base of tail fin), which will show it to be one-third longer than its least depth, while in *G. elegans* it is seven times as long. The body is four times longer than the head, and five times that of the greatest depth of the fish; the dorsal and anal fins have nine rays each, and the color of the fish is plain or grayish, not pronounced. It grows to eighteen inches.

Several other nominal species of *Gila* have been described in the books; among them *G. emorii*, which is identical with *G. elegans; G. gracilis*, *G. zunnensis*, *G. grahami*, *G. offinis*, and *G. nacrea*, all of which are simply synonyms of *G. robusta*; and *G. seminuda*, described by Professor Cope from the Rio Virgin, Utah. But as this last has not been seen since first described, it, too, is of doubtful validity.

There is a little chub, or dace, of six inches or more, *Leuciscus hydrophlox*, which the angler will meet with in Blackfoot creek, Idaho, and probably in other waters of that section. It may be known by its long anal fin, olive color above with a dusky lateral border, and below this a crimson band, under which will also be found a blackish band running along the lateral line to the base of the caudal fin. The cheeks, sides and belly in the males are crimson anteriorly and silvery in the females.

The Utah mullet or chub of Utah Lake, *Leucisus lineatus*, is one of the largest and most widely distributed of our cyprinoids. It reaches a length of fifteen to twenty inches, and is found

abundantly in the Utah Basin, and in Snake river basin above Shoshone Falls. It is said by Dr. Goode to be very destructive to the trout (*Salmo mykiss*), as it ascends the rivers to spawn at the same time as that fish, and feeds voraciously on the spawn of the trout. It has a stout body, and small eye, fins quite small, large scales, which only slightly overlap each other, and lateral line decurved and placed rather low. It is of darkish olive color, blackish above, the coloration formed of small black points. The length of the body is four times that of the head, and but a small fraction less as to the depth. This fish takes the hook freely, which fact, together with its considerable size and gaminess, give it a rank along with that of the eastern fall-fish, *Semotilus corporalis*.

The chub of the Rio Grande or Pescadito, *Leuciscus nigrescens*, is found abundantly in the Rio Grande region, growing to about twelve inches. Its body is spindle-shaped, four times longer than the head, and slightly more as to the depth of the fish; the head is small, broad and flattened at the snout. The general appearance of this fish resembles that of the horny-headed chub so abundantly found in the waters east of the Mississippi. Its color is silvery, darkish above, with a broad irregular dark lateral band.

In Klamath lake, Oregon, there is quite a large chub (twelve inches or more), *Leuciscus bicolor*. Cyprinoids, as a rule, when living in lakes, do not take a surface lure, but of this fact I know nothing from personal experience so far as this species is concerned, and from lack of acquaintance with the fish, can only copy what is said of it by Jordan and others. It is described as having a robust body, heavy anteriorly, tapering backward, head long, mouth large, the hindmost bone of the upper jaw reaching to the eye; eye small, scales rather large; lateral line decurved; dorsal fin inserted almost directly over ventrals; the length of the body is three and three-quarters longer than its greatest depth, and the same proportion as to the length of the head. It has eight rays each in the dorsal and anal fins, and is dusky in color above and silvery on the sides and below.

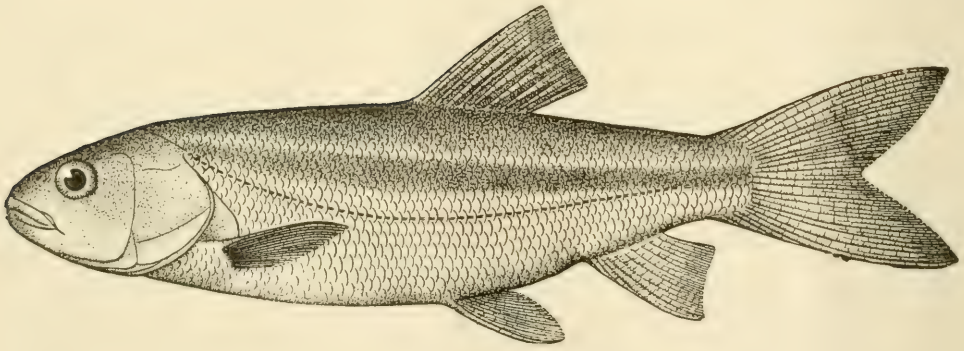
In the rivers of California there is an abundant chub, *Leuciscus crassicauda*, which grows to about a foot, and finds ready sale in San Francisco markets, where it is bought chiefly by the Chinese. It is often known as the Sacramento chub, and is particularly abundant in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. It has a short, deep, flat body, arched in front of the dorsal fin, and the peduncle is about as deep as it is long, nearly as deep as the head. The profile of the head is steep, the snout short and pointed. The dorsal fin is opposite the ventrals, nearer the tail-fin than the snout; the caudal fin is short, only slightly forked, and but little broader than the peduncle. The lateral line is decurved, and the length of the body is a little more than four times that of the head, and only three times that of the depth of the fish. It is of brownish color with white sides, and the scales are profusely marked with dark dots. The young are spotted above the lateral line.

There are several other species of *Leuciscus* met with by the angler in waters west of the Rocky Mountains, in the Great Basin, and in the Great Lake Region. They are of rather small size, but are sought as food by the white settlers and Indians. The most marked of these species is the red-sided minnow, *L. elongatus*, which is common in the upper

Mississippi and the Great Lakes. It has a long head, the lower jaw projecting very much, with a small knob on the tip of the chin, the upper lip being on a level with the pupil of the eye; it is dark bluish above, and the belly more or less silvery, scales slightly mottled, and on the sides will be found broad, black bands, which become bright crimson anteriorly in breeding males. The second of these species is the leather-sided minnow, *L. hydrophlox*, which is very abundant in some sections of the Salt Lake Basin, and in Snake River basin above Shoshone Falls. Its coloration is greenish, silvery, dusky on back, with a blackish lateral band between two silvery stripes.

There are a great number of other and smaller species of cyprinoids living in the waters west of the Rocky Mountains, of which descriptions are not given, as they are neither food nor rod-fish. The angler living east of that section will, however, meet with several of this family of fishes other than those already described, which, in the absence of the trouts and black basses of the fresh waters, will serve to make an outing pass with enjoyment. Brief description will now be give of those most frequently taken on hook and line

(To be continued.)



THE UTAH CHUB.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Where to go for Sea Trout Fishing.

Being desirious of having our artist paint a portrait of a fresh run sea trout, we wrote to Mr. F. Percy Armstrong, of Montreal, for information as to the best fishing waters for that fish, requesting special directions how to reach the Escuminac river, regarding which our correspondent gave some months ago an account of an unusual score of trout made on his rod in two days' fishing. Mr. Armstrong kindly responded, and we believe that he will not take it adversely when we give the benefit of his interesting letter to our readers. We quote:

"There are several means of reaching the river, but I think the trip by way of Montreal would prove the best. Your return ticket by that route would probably cost about forty-five dollars. At Metapedia you would have to remain over night and take the B. C. R. line in the morning for the last twenty-five miles of your journey. This, however, would be no great hardship, as it would give you a chance to visit the world-renowned New York salmon club house, which is situated at the junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers. If the B. C. R. is not running at the time, you will go on by I. C. R. as far as Campbellton, cross the river by ferry and drive the eight remaining miles. This will bring you to Brown's house and the river. You will find him to be a most obliging old Scotchman, who will do everything in his power for you. Of course the board is not what one expects at a city hotel, but then the charges are not exhorbitant. His tariff, I believe, is five dollars a week. It is well you should know that the Escuminac is a particularly hard stream to fish, as to canoe it is impossible, and therefore one must do a considerable amount of walking.

"If you spend an entire week up the river, a pack horse would be necessary to carry provisions, etc., but should you only take short trips of a day or two at a time the quadruped could be done away with. Brown's charges are most reasonable, $1.50 a day as guide, and $2.50 for the pack horse, wagon and man to drive you the first five miles.

"I may tell you that the river has not been leased for the past three years—I hardly think any gentleman is likely to take it up this year. The best time for you to reach the Escuminac would be during the first two weeks in July, but really the fishing is excellent all through the months of June, July and August.

"I have marked on the map several rivers, both on the north and south shores of the Bay, that I have fished on with splendid results. Most of these are leased or owned by gentlemen, but there are a great many smaller streams which are free to every one. The Nouvelle river, which is just eight miles distant from the Escuminac, is a beautiful trout stream and affords the most delightful canoeing possible. The fishing is perhaps superior to the Escuminac at certain seasons, and I must say there is no doubt that the Nouvelle yields the largest quantity of trout. The water is leased by Messrs. Maitland, Wey & Cooper, but should you care to visit the river I think I could obtain permission for you to do so without any difficulty."

The Sportsmens' Exposition of 1896.

On March 16th, the second annual Sportsmens' Exposition will be held at Madison Square Garden. The interest shown by exhibitors last year, particularly those who manufacture angling gear, was comparatively small, but the large daily attendance at the Garden, and the evident desire of the public for yearly expositions of this character, have created a demand for space this year beyond the capacity of the Garden to supply. The result will naturally be a great improvement in the quality of the exhibits and an increase in the pleasing features that appeal to the æsthetic side of the field and stream sportsman. Of these may be named a bona fide trout stream, with the red spotted brook beauties sporting therein; an angler's camp, with all the *impedimenta* of the craft in and around it; a winter camp of the hardy sportsman of the Northern wilderness, and an Indian's hunting camp of the Western

wilds, showing his implements of sport, specimens of game killed, and illustrating his daily life when on the hunting path. Another and deeply interesting feature of the Exposition will be the "Loan and Trophy Exhibit," to be placed in Concert Hall, an annex of the Main Garden. Here will be shown the magnificent trophies won by American sportsmen in the field and on the water, and of these we learn that many valuable contributions have been made by clubs aud individuals. On the stage in the Hall will be shown the large collection of oil portraits of fishes, painted from life, owned by our Editor. This exhibit will cover a wall space of about forty feet, and will comprise portraits painted in nearly every section of the Continent at the moment the fish were lifted from the water.

That "Dual Fish."

"Kit Clark's" screed on "A Dual Fish caught on Two Rods," that appeared in your January issue, excited much amusement in our little gathering of anglers when we met the other night, but the laugh was entirely on "Kit." He must certainly be gifted with the arts of a prestidigitator for how, in the name of Ananias, could "Kit" have split that trout and mounted each half so that the big dorsal fin would show on both halves? It won't do, "Kit!" Tell another; but be sure of your anatomy before you do it. HONEST INGUN.

New York, February 15th.

Kit Clark's "true" story is a dandy, but he ought to remember that there were others who saw the fish skinned. One or two corrections, and I will let the matter pass. "Kit" did not skin the fish; the head and half of the fish in the Broadway establishment was labeled 8 lb.; the other and true half of the fish was elsewhere and is now in possession of an old friend of THE ANGLER, and weighed 5½ lbs. The only thing that "Kit" skinned was your believing subscribers. TRUTHFUL JAMES.

New York, February 22nd.

A Florida "Fishing Box."

The writer desires a gentleman, fond of angling and boating, to join in building a "fishing box" on the coast of Florida. The land is free and the cost of living through the winter months less than $5.00 per week, including servant's hire. The location has been selected at which to build a cosy cottage of 4 or 5 rooms. It is on the best fishing waters, including that for tarpon, in the South. The entire cost, including boats, will not exceed $500.00. Address, Florida, care AMERICAN ANGLER, 19 Park Place, New York.

In Defense of the Carp.

That genial good fellow and thorough angler, Charles F. Johnson, of Chicago, in a recent business letter to us, could not resist the force and charm of his carp fishing reminiscences, and naturally turned, as all good and true anglers should do under like conditions, from the pursuit of the dollars to the defence of a favorite fish, in this case the carp, a quarry which we somewhat berated in our issue of January. He writes:

"You will probably have forgotten me by this time, but if you can recall an egotistical little English fellow who thought he knew all about fishing, and whom you met on several occasions at the World's Fair and in the office of our mutual friends, Messrs. Babcock & Murrell, it may serve somewhat to assist your memory in individualizing your correspondent.

"By the by, I read your delightful article on the chub, together with the remarks on the carp, which struck me more than anything else, having fished for and studied the carp for about six years away back in the old country.

"Dear old much-maligned fellow! Oh, if I only had the time to write you an exhaustive article on this much abused fish. Why, Harris, believe me, he is the swiftest swimmer, the most obstinate struggler, the craftiest and most cunning prisoner that ever bent a fish rod. And for eating, ye gods! he is simply delicious, providing he is cooked properly

"Here's the way to catch him: Take some full-sized juicy maiden lob worm, i. e., without any knots; those that are knotted won't scour well. Place them in a clean wooden box and cover with fresh gathered moss, into which they will soon creep and free themselves from the soil with which they are filled. Every morning for about two weeks before using, carefully pick out the worms and rinse the moss thoroughly and then replace the worms. In two weeks the worms will be tougher and become bright and clear, and the most enticing specimen of wormanity that ever made a fish's mouth water.

"Now as to locality. Carp lie in the muddy portion of the water, burrowing among the roots of the weed beds, from which place it is useless to attempt to lure them; but during the hotter months of the year they will seek the nearest hard-bottomed shallow water, on that side which has the deepest and most sluggish current, for feeding purposes. In the fall they frequent these spots in the

evening instead of the morning, but if the water is slightly roily they come out to feed at all times during the day.

"Impale your worm and cast at least thirty feet away down stream near the bank, and the first thing you will be aware of is a business-like pull at your rod tip, which will develop into as pretty a battle as you ever experienced —trout and bass not barred."

Once Again—The Carp.

I am a devoted reader of THE ANGLER, but must say your several articles on that worthless specimen of a fish, the carp, to my idea, consumes too much space in your valuable little magazine. He is not entitled to it and should be relegated to the mud bottoms, where he belongs, instead of being made the object of lengthy notice in the clean pages of THE ANGLER. I doubt if the sharks would devour him were he a salt water fish, possessed of the same characteristics he now has. P.

[Our correspondent will please take note that the series of papers now being printed by us under the caption of "Fish and Fishing in America," will be exhaustive of the subject, so far as it may be in our power to accomplish it. Under this condition even the carp must have a place, and an extended one, if from no other cause than its qualities on the rod and on the table are debatable questions. See Mr. Johnson's letter on the carp in this department.—Ed.]

The Catfish, Sucker and Carp.

I have before me a review from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, of October 29th, of your work, "The Fishes of North America," and as a humble disciple of Walton thank you for your good words about the catfish as food fish. To my taste they are as good as any that swim the tide water of our Delaware River. We have our fine shad about three months of the year, but the catfish are with us always.

You also write kindly of the sucker. At this season, and early in the spring, we find them very fine food fish. As for carp, they are with us as big a humbug in the water as sparrows are on the land. They were brought here as a game fish and the largest I have seen caught with a hook and line weighed twelve pounds, and I saw one caught in a shad net last spring that weighed thirty pounds. I tasted both fish, but I don't hanker after carp any more, and as for their gameness, any fish that weighs from ten to thirty pounds would be called game by many handliners. Our white perch is the gamest fish for his size that I ever caught. He may be small, weighing a half to three-quarters of a pound, but he is game and comes out of the water with fins and tail bristling, and is one of the best food fish we have.

Florence, N. J. C. M. B.

Among the Steelheads and Pacific Salmon.

Mr. J. R. Moore, of this city, has kindly sent us a letter written to him by Captain George Cummings, of the Pacific Coast, wherein a brief but fruitful experience among the salmonoids of that section is given. We quote at length:

"In my last letter I mentioned that I was going to the Elk River after steelheads. I fished there three days and caught several one-half and one pound fish, and one five-and-a-half pound steelhead; but, finding that the fishing would be better about the end of October, I returned home and went there just in time to catch some of the king salmon that gather in immense numbers at the mouth of the Bear. They could not get up to spawn, the water being very low on the riffles.

"I fished the river about thirteen miles from the ocean and only caught several small fish, but hooked a big fellow on my steel rod. I had only a trout rig, consequently had to be very careful; he fought hard, could not get him to the surface, but tried to get him in shoal water, which he did not like; he would run off the fifty yards of line I had on my reel. Finally, after two hours hard fighting, the fellow was gaffed; he weighed, by the scales, 39 pounds. I also caught one 10-pound steelhead; he also was very game, but my best fishing was at the mouth of the river.

"On November 1st I caught six salmon from a boat, having a man to row. These fish weighed 28, 27, 26, 25½, 23½ and 25 pounds; total, 155 pounds. I spent another day afterwards in the same place, and caught eight fish which weighed 15, 20, 22½, 34, 12, 27, 33 and 29 pounds; total, 192½ pounds. I fished with a two-jointed Leonard salmon rod, with a 6-in. tip; 200 yards of 21 thread linen line and large spoons. There were 21 boats out at the same time and all on board got fish."

Salmon Fishing.

The property of the late Sam. Davis, consisting of two pools and a comfortably furnished new cottage, is to be leased for one, two or three years. This property is situated on the best part of the River Restigouche, three miles above the Club House, and affords very choice fishing. For fuller information address J. B. Cole, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York City.

Canon of Spokane River.

[See Frontispiece.]

The Spokane River has its source in Cœur d' Alene Lake, Idaho. From the northern end of the lake, the river flows nearly due west about thirty miles to the city of Spokane, when it turns to the northwest and flows into the Columbia. Its total length is about 125 miles, and its course is extremely winding. For a considerable part of its course it flows through vast fields of lava, into which it has cut a deep and picturesque channel. Salmon find no obstructions in the lower river and ascend as far as the Falls at Spokane City, where they were formerly very abundant, but are now seldom seen farther up than the mouth of the Little Spokane.

A Young Fisher, Uncle Jake, and the Sockdolager.

It was back in the forties when the incidents herein related took place. I was living in Montgomery County, Maryland, not far from Washington, and had just received returns from the sale, in the latter city, of two barrels of fine apple vinegar at forty cents a gallon, and had sold at good figures my dogwood blocks to the last makers in Baltimore, and to say that I felt rich does not come within a mile of describing my wealth. I had money enough to buy a very good horse, at the present prices of that animal.

With my money in my buckskin purse, I went to the store for the letters, and in the mail which I was to carry home was a letter for me, and on opening it I found five drops of red sealing wax, and in each drop was buried a gold dollar. This was my spending money, and I immediately invested seventy-five cents in a sockdolager (or spring hook, as it is now called) which had been my admiration for the past week.

The sockdolager was composed of two hooks, as finely wrought as the best Sproat (the spring hooks of to-day are of poor material), and was worked by raising the top hook and fastening it to a loop which was attached to a special spring coiled round the shank of the bottom hook. The fish taking bait from the bottom one released the other, and down it would come on his head or mouth, which would give the angler two chances at him. Next to a fine bridle bit, I thought it was the finest thing I ever possessed.

The next day was Saturday—the biggest day in all Christendom to a schoolboy. Sunday was a mighty good day, but wasn't a patch to it; it was too close to Monday. On arriving at home, I ran my lead-colored line through a bottle cork with a large needle and fastened on my new fishing machine, and then dropped it in the rain barrel at the corner of the house, and to my great delight it floated. I had made a good guess in the size of my cork. Next day by seven in the morning I was on my way to the fishing ground, but was obliged to stop and consult my old colored friend, Jacob Hardesty, about the kind of bait I must use, and to show him my new purchase. He was working in his garden but soon caught sight of me.

"Gwine fishin', is you?"

"Yes, Uncle Jacob, and I've something to show you."

"Fine day for 'em, to be sure 'tis, very fine day (and he put his forefinger in his mouth and held it up to the breeze); and de win' in de south, too! Well, chile, when de win' is de south hit blows de hook in his mouth, and don't you never forgit dat! And when de win' is in de eas', de fish bites de leas'. But you was a sayin' you had somethin' to show me, and I forgot my monners, chile."

I handed him my sockdolager. He took it between his forefinger and thumb, held it up to the sun, turned it upside down, and then laid it in the flat of his hand, looked at it sideways and handed it back to me.

"And what mout that thing be, do you reckon?"

"It is a sockdolager;" and I raised the top hook and set it, touched the bottom one with a stick, and down came the top one fast in it.

"Ha! dat trap takes him cumin', and I 'lows dat hit kills him gwine, becase dat top hook overlaps tother one 'bout half inch. Aint dat so, chile?"

"Yes, Uncle Jake, that must be so, and you have told me more about that hook than I had any idea of."

"What did you fling in for hit, chile? Seventy-five cents! Seventy-five cents! my, dat's a day's work! Hits a pretty fish trap, to be certain, but 'taint worth more'n twenty."

"But what must I bait with? That's what is bothering me, Uncle Jake."

He rubbed his face over with his hand (as if to brighten his ideas), thought a moment, and said, "I've got hit in the hous." He brought

a piece of middling and cut it into small cubes, saying:

"You jes take one of dem pieces and run de bottom hook through de rine, and let de pint come up in de fat part; 'pears to me a big fish will take it. I knows hit is good every time for a snapper, becase I has cot 'em in de mill-dam over thar, when I wanted some good soup. But look here, chile, don't ketch yourself wid dat fine fish-trap er yourn, for if you does dere will be a big doctor's bill to pay. Now mind, I tell you! You better go to de mouth of old Stony, whar de water is deep, for I 'lows dat you will ketch some big fish, but dey aint no white fish gwine to fool hesself onto no whale hook." After these affectionate and impressive injunctions from my oracle, off I trudged to the water.

My rod was of a long, light pine wood, and it enabled me to strike the center of the channel, and, holding it with both hands, I waited patiently for a bite. I waited so long that I became careless, and thought my hook had scared the fish away, and, besides, I was amused at the birds all around me. Two kingfishers were chattering to each other in a willow tree near by, and presently the male bird poised himself in the air a moment, dived into the water, and fluttered out with a small fish which he tossed into the air and caught it head foremost, swallowed it, and flew back to his wife in the tree. She rubbed against him and praised him for what he had done. This feat he repeated twice before he caught one for her. I was enchanted! It was Saturday, you will remember, and I was taking it all in. The cow buntings, meadow pipits, the Carolina wrens and the blue birds were making the meadow ring. A bee marten elicited my admiration by poising himself in the air and daring them all to fight him; and to cap the climax, a lark stuck his head out of the grass and yelled delirium tremens, accusing the whole feathered tribe of being drunk. I was so disgusted with my bad luck in the water, but so delighted with the birds and their carryings on, that I allowed my imagination to run away with me about what they were saying. Do you, brother anglers, remember your schoolboy Saturdays, and take in the situation?

Then a strange thing happened. Up went the butt of my rod (which was lightly grasped) and I looked down and saw my cork was under the water. I pulled but it was no go; my hook was fast. I shed off my clothes, went to the bottom, and found the upper hook fast in a root. I thought my investment was a failure. Nothing daunted, however, I tried lower down the stream, and was soon rewarded by another bite. On pulling, I felt something very heavy, then a wriggle, and up came a pretty large blue and white catfish; the upper hook had struck him in the snout.

I pulled out a principe, lighted it with a blue head Shanghai match (the best match in those days), and puffed away. The next bite was a big one, but there was simply a dead weight and no motion whatever—the fish was dead before he came to the surface (as Jake put it, "he was cot comin'" and "killed gwine") and was fast on the lower hook, the top one being buried deep in his head. After catching five or six fish of this kind, I started home, delighted with the working of my purchase, but disgusted with the bottom feeders which I had caught, and I have never gotten over my aversion to them to this day. I wondered if Jake would like the fish; I knew that negroes ate "possums," coons and ground hogs. The two latter they would boil and then roast, but I did not know anything] about catfish, as these were the first I ever caught.

I saw Jake sitting on a stool near the gate, evidently waiting for me, and I circled around him, kept out of sight, and came upon him unawares.

"Ha! you has had big luck dis day; how come nether on us nuver thought uv catfish?"

"They are yours, Uncle Jake, if you want them."

"No, chile! don't you know dem channel cats is de best fish in dese waters; dey makes de best soup, when you biles 'em down, uv anything excusin' a snapper." I made him take them, and the pleasure it gave him was part of my day's sport. T. S. Slabber.

A Rare Club Opportunity.

A club, leasing nearly 3,000 acres of quail, ruffled grouse and rabbit lands, and over six miles of trout waters, with comfortable club house, completely furnished and appointed, desires to increase its membership, and will admit a *limited number* of desirable and active members, presenting to each a share of the club property and franchises, free of charge. The property is within 32 miles of New York City and possesses unusual attractions and facilities for busy men. Address, "Club Membership," care of the American Angler, 19 Park Place, or call on its editor at the same address.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

Accident Insurance for Cyclists.

The action of a number of accident insurance companies recently, in deciding to raise the rates of premium or reduce the amount of indemnity in case of accident to bicyclists, is only one of those incidents in which advantage is sought to be taken of a popular practice. A study of the causes of accidents, published in the annual reports of many of these companies, reveals the fact that a far greater number of casualties result from every other form of locomotion than from cycling. The accidents occurring while walking are fully twenty to thirty per cent. greater than those happening while bicycling. Some of the leading companies have made haste to disavow any intention of charging a higher rate to cyclists.

Bicycle Thieves—Their Methods, Etc.

Bicycle thieves, according to John R. Towle, chief detective of the Wheelmen's Protective Association, are divided into three distinct classes, and they seldom depart from the methods of their own particular classes.

"The three systems of theft," said Mr. Towle lately, "are taking bicycles from the street curbs, breaking into stores, and obtaining wheels under false pretences—that is, by hiring or by deceiving the custodian of machines. The members of the three classes are known to each other and the police as 'snatchers,' 'crushers,' and 'con-men.'

"'Snatchers,' seeing a wheel standing at the curb, walk into the store outside of which the property is left, look around the store, and if questioned generally ask for street information, walk to the curb, mount and ride quickly away. This is the method of stealing most commonly resorted to, and to a certain extent proves more profitable, for scarcely any identity, description or trace of the thief remains.

"'Con-men' are generally of respectable appearance and ready address. A trick often played by them is to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the employes and customers of a store and wait until there is a transfer or change of employes. Then they walk boldly into the establishment and give the name and address of some frequent patron. The clerk refers to his rental book and promptly provides the bicycle. Very often after obtaining a wheel by this means the thief will deliberately puncture the tire or in some other way damage the machine so that it will be unfit for service. He will then enter a nearby store, bargain to have the wheel repaired, and secure a more salable one 'on which to finish his ride.'

"Wheels stolen by 'con-men' are generally disposed of to credulous individuals without delay. They seldom retain possession of the stolen machine longer than a few hours. The pawnbroker is the last resort. Sometimes a sale is easily consummated with men of elastic conscience. They seize the opportunity to purchase a bicycle at low price, and are willing to risk the consequences of being discovered in possession of stolen property. These stolen wheels are hard to trace. They are seldom put in storage for fear of detection, and few such owners will run the risk of allowing the bicycles to remain long in a repair shop. Bicyclists may present a bill to the Legislature making it a serious offence for a person to purchase a bicycle when a bill of sale be not produced or a satisfactory explanation of possession be not made.

"The present system of numbering wheels is entirely inadequate. An improvement would be to change the present general inconspicuous place of numbering, and before the first and last figure place a mark, each mark having an official stencil. For instance, if a wheel were numbered 624,501 and the maker's mark were a star, placed before and after the number, a thief, desiring to change the identification, must needs efface the stars as well as the figures. The metal, after filing, would not endure the replacing of the stars.

"The use of such a system would also prevent the addition of figures, a common practice now. To ply his trade under such conditions, the successful bicycle thief must provide himself with a complete set of trade stencils, which, found in his possession, would be damaging evidence against him, even when arrested on suspicion. A further improvement in the numbering of bicycles would be to place the number in plain view. An altered number

would then be speedily detected, and the buyer could offer no excuse for purchasing stolen property.

"Here is a simple and effective method of private identification. Turn the wheel upside down, remove a portion of the enamel, say one-half by one inch, from any part of the frame, cleaning until the metal is entirely free of the enamel. Then cover the space with candle grease, and wet the point of some sharp instrument with carbolic acid. Write your initials or private mark on the tubing, and after allowing the acid to leave its trace rub off the grease, and with one application of enamel cover all trace of your work. One has then indisputable proof of ownership."

Health and the Bicycle.

More and more marked is the indorsement given to cycling by the medical profession. The journals devoted to the healing art give considerable space to papers on the bicycle as a curative agent for various forms of disease. Aside from this, however, is the recognition that bicycling has a great value not only as a health renewer, but, what is of far wider significance, as a health preserver.

There are three common causes which tend to work against the general health, and they are lack of fresh air, mental work without a corresponding amount of physical work, and routine work, which is too frequently dull and more or less depressing. In the present age, when outdoor sports are given so much attention, the beneficial effects are noticed in the increased vigor and activity of our people, and a greater freedom from some of the ailments characteristic of the large number of indoor workers. Exercise is a tonic, and, like that of all tonics, its effect is cumulative. Benefit can not be had from a single dose; it must be taken with studied regularity day after day, and in quantities varying with the condition of the individual.

It is not too much to claim that cycling is an ideal exercise. It must necessarily be taken in the open air, there is constant change of scene and thought and long rides, pleasant companionship and varied routes of interest, which give an absolutely complete change from the usual modes of occupation. It is all these which make riders enthusiastic. A short time on a wheel will start a sluggish circulation into healthy activity, quiet a strained nervous condition, refresh tired muscles and clear a muddled mind; calm and invigorating sleep is insured as well as a good and healthy appetite and perfect digestion.

The Outlook for Cycling.

Bicycling and bicycles in 1895 had a banner year, as must have been evident to all who have kept in touch with the times. The overwhelming demand for wheels during the year was unprecedented. The business during 1894 warranted no belief that the demand for bicycles would more than double itself, as was the case. The manufacturers were unprepared for the rush. They could not even begin to meet it, and if it were possible to learn how many there are who, wearied by the long waits for wheels which for months were, according to the dealer, "expected daily," cancelled their orders in sheer disgust, there is little doubt but that a small army would answer to their names.

If the future, more particularly the year 1896, does not see a similar growth, that is, if the demand of the preceding year is not doubled, there will be many anxious faces and flattened purses in the cycle trade. Every one connected with it is, however, viewing the outlook through rose-tinted glasses. They can see nothing but a repetition of the success of the immediate past. They have prepared for it. Factories which last year turned out 10,000 bicycles have increased their capacities, and will produce 20,000 to 30,000 during next season; factories which previously manufactured 40,000 wheels have been added to, and will increase their outputs 60 to 80 per cent. At least one of them will be prepared to make 100,000 bicyles as occasion requires. This has reference only to the old manufacturers. Of the new people who have been attracted to the industry in shoals few will build less than 2,000 bicycles. Eight thousand is perhaps a fair average.

Every form of manufactory has been attracted to what is believed to be a modern El Dorado. Sewing-machine plants, furniture factories, knitting mills, skate-making establishments—all these and others have been converted in whole or in part for the manufacture of bicycles. Capitalists, promoters and speculators of every nature and of no experience have almost fallen over themselves in the wild rush, and it is a dull week, indeed, that does not witness the inauguration of at least two or more new factories.

When and where will it end?

That is the question which every one connected with the business is asking himself. None know and few care to prophesy. Some predict that the great growth of last year was but the beginning of an expansion which will not be stemmed until the whole civilized world is mounted on wheels; all unite, however, in agreeing that 1896 will amply fulfill expectations; that there will be no difficulty in disposing of the entire output, variously estimated at from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cycles. But of the succeeding year they are not so sanguine. Let two tradespeople come together, and if the question: Will it last? is not sooner or later discussed the meeting will be worthy of record.

There is no use denying that the year 1897 is a sealed book, an immense interrogation point to every one connected with the trade. The matter is, however, one of those which will solve itself.

Models of '96 bicycles are very generally in evidence. For the first time in the history of the industry they were procurable for Christmas trade, and when the buying season is fully opened there should be few manufacturers who can not meet all reasonable demands made on them. All are working overtime and all or nearly all will have 40 or 50 per cent. of their outputs ready for delivery before March 15. There should be none of the exasperating delays in fulfillment of orders which characterized last year's business.

The wheels themselves show no radical changes from those of 1895, unless a general use of larger tubing and larger axles and a general alteration of name plates can be so termed. Improvement has become largely a matter of detail; 1896 models will weigh from one to three pounds more than those of the previous year, and will average 23 pounds. Tandems will be more numerous than ever before; in fact, 1896 may be reckoned a "tandem year." It will be a feature of the season.

In the matter of price, there is no change. One hundred dollars will remain the almost universal figure for single bicycles, and $150 for tandems of high grade. Of course the general public perennially looks for a reduction. And in time it will come. But the time is not yet. Recently I interviewed one of the largest and most prominent manufacturers in America on this very subject.

"When changes cease," said he, "then will the price of bicycles be reduced—not before." Every one may judge for himself when this is likely to come about. R. G. Betts.

Editor the *Wheel and Cycling Trade Review*.

Pleasant Echoes.

The Fishes of North America.—This great work, by Wm. C. Harris, Editor of The American Angler, and published by the Harris Publishing Company, 19 Park Place, New York, is by far the most perfect, as well as the most original, of the publications devoted to American game subjects. This book on the game fishes, by Mr. William C. Harris, the enthusiastic and artistic spirit in this novel enterprise, holds a unique place. Its text includes not only full and scientific accounts of the game fishes, but such alluring references to the angler's exciting sport, itself, as to make even a naturally spiritless reader eager to essay the rod and line. Mr. Harris has spent many months on selected fishing grounds, for the one purpose of catching his trout and pike and salmon for illustrating this great work he is now publishing; his artist being on the spot to copy the gleaming fish, color for color, form for form, as he is drawn struggling out of the water. The plates alone will cost over $25,000—so very careful is Mr. Harris, so exacting his high standard of accuracy and artistic excellence.

It is this exacting accuracy that delays the issue of the $1.50 monthly parts; but he secures his ideal—and the American anglers, who are greatly indebted to his daring enterprise for shedding actually *new* as well as fascinating light upon the general subject of angling, should generously sustain him in this great work by subscribing for it.—*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Ten parts of "The Fishes of North America" are now ready for delivery, and other numbers will follow each other much more rapidly than was the case with former issues. The parts now ready contain twenty plates (each 12x19 in.) of typical American fishes *colored as in life*. Subscribers to the work can order one or more parts as issued, on payment of $1.50 for each, or by paying $50.00 in bulk, will be entitled to the complete work (40 parts, 80 colored plates), thus saving $10.00 on the cost and the annoyance of frequent remittances. Descriptive booklets sent free. Address, The Harris Publishing Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

A Pleasant Business for an Angler.

I desire the co-operation of a gentleman to take charge of the business department of my book, "The Fishes of North America," which has broadened so rapidly within recent months, as to tax my dual duties, as editor and publisher, beyond my powers. Such a person will have not only a lucrative future, but a pleasing task, as it will bring him in connection with the most congenial class of men—the angling fraternity. He can assume exclusive charge of the entire business department, or, if located in the West, I will make liberal arrangements with him for managing the large territory lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Pacific Slope.

Wm. C. Harris,
Editor The American Angler,
19 Park Place, New York.

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COLORED AS IN LIFE.

By William C. Harris, Editor of THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

"THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA" is issued in forty monthly parts, each part containing two fish portraits on heavy plate paper, size 12x19 inches. This publication, which may be said to be the life-work of Mr. Harris, who has spent many years in its preparation, occupies a field entirely its own in ichthyic literature. In fact, no previous publication has appeared that attempts to cover so large a field, or present so great a number of portraits of American fishes, eighty or more of which, colored as in life, will be given in the book, which will also contain about 1,000 drawings in ink of different species of fish.

The portraits of fishes are first painted in oil, at the moment they are taken from the water, before their color tints have faded, then lithographed on stone in colors, of which as many as fifteen (15) different tints have been required to reproduce the exact tone and mellow transfusion of color so frequently seen in many species of fish when alive. So closely has the oil effect been followed that an expert cannot distinguish the painting from its copy at a distance of ten feet. This accuracy in reproduction of the canvas renders the lithograph still more attractive when framed. A full set of these portraits forms an art collection, which as works of reference, will become invaluable.

The cost of this work, when completed, will be at least fifty-five thousand dollars ($55,000). The paper, press-work, type and general mechanical execution is the best that can be obtained, and neither labor nor money will be economized in the effort to make the publication unequalled in angling or ichthyological literature.

This work, while educational to the student of Natural History, appealing directly to the tastes and intelligence of every one interested in the literature of animated nature, is issued primarily, for the craft of anglers, of which the author has been a member for more than a third of a century. In this connection the *New York Herald*, in an extended review of Mr. Harris' work, states:

"The fisherman who sees any part of this superb work will resolve to own it all, even though he has to sell part of his outfit to get the money."

Of its standard value as a text book on the natural history of fishes, Professor S. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., writes the author:

"I am much pleased with the appearance of your new book. There is no reason why your splendid venture should not prove a most gratifying success. Finished in the style in which it is started, it will be a work of permanent value, one that will not go out of date with the time that brings it to light.

Dr. David S. Jordan, of the Stanford Universit California, also writes:

"I am delighted with the first instalment of yo book. The Rocky Mountain trout is as natural as li —a thoroughly admirable painting."

Subscribers can pay for a single number as issued, or for such numbers in advance as they may desire; the latter method being adopted by many to avoid the trouble of small monthly remittances. Payments can be made by drafts on New York, post office or express orders, or by registered letter. Price of complete work (40 parts, 80 portraits) when paid at time of subscription, $50.00. Price per part, as issued, $1.50, postage paid. Ten (10) parts now ready for delivery.

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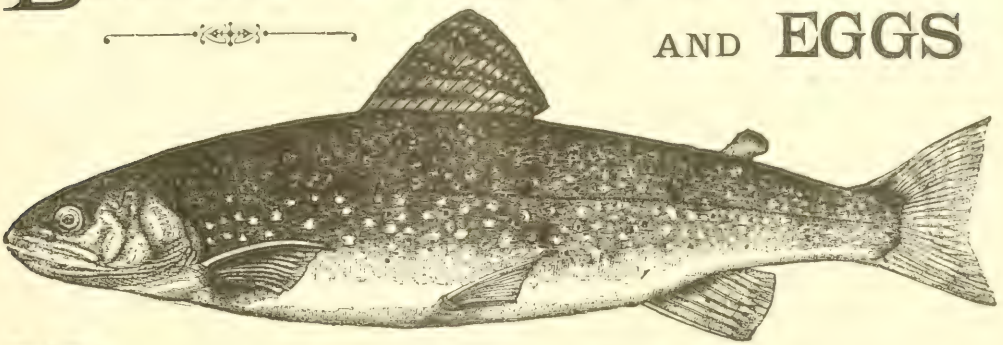
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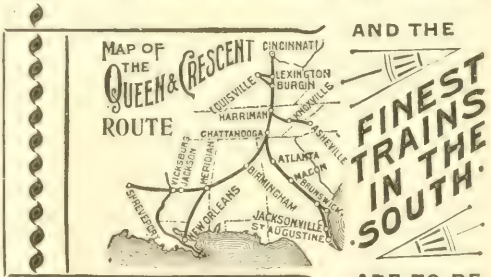
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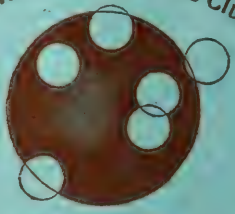


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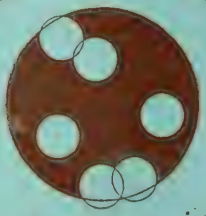
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(Signed) W. W.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF FISH, FISHING, & FISH CULTURE.

WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

No. 19 Park Place, - - New York City.

: : THE : :

AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL.

FRONTISPIECE—SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO 110

SUMMER NIGHTS ON A TROUT STREAM...*Ira S. Todd* 111

FISHING AT CATALINA ISLAND.....*J. A. Graves* 114
Illustrated.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.....*Wm. C. Harris* 120

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN MEXICO..... 126

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 128
Casting the Minnow—Standard Flies—Two Carp Ponds—The Advent of Spring—The New U. S. Fish Commissioner—Another Rod Crank, the Salmon Rod—The Menhaden Fisheries and Food Fishes—Notes from a Montana Ranchman—"Only Got de Pashuns fo' to Wait."

THE ANGLING CYCLIST..... 135
Eras in Cycling—Disadvantages in the Narrow Tread—Saddles and Pedals—Mineral Specimens—Some Pedal Bearings—795 Miles of Them—The Drop Frame Pattern.

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SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

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SUMMER NIGHTS ON A TROUT STREAM.

BY IRA S. DODD.

Six or seven years ago it was my good fortune to find a charming place in which to spend a summer vacation. On the shore of a romantic little lake, set like a bowl between picturesque hills, was a cottage built and furnished very simply, yet in artistic harmony with its surroundings.

It was a boarding house, with a character all its own. Too small to hold a crowd, and too secluded to attract the noisy set, it had become the resort year by year of a few people whose intelligence was larger than their purses. Not far off in the valley below was the Beaverkill.

Here there was mountain air, pleasant company, amid remarkably picturesque surroundings, and near by a noble trout stream. What more could an angler ask?

Though trout fishing is not at its best in midsummer, it is always possible for one who knows his river to pick up a few good fish in the gloaming, that pleasantest of all times on a trout stream. Late in the afternoon I would get into my fishing rig, betake myself to the river and wander up or down, casting my flies over the well known places, stopping, perhaps, about sunset for a drink of buttermilk and a chat at some farm house, bringing up after dark at some deep pool where the big fellows hide, and then tramp home for a late supper.

There is a peculiar charm about such fishing, a sense of rest and freedom and of communion with nature, which can be enjoyed in scarcely any other way. You are alone with your own thoughts and with the river, which comes to seem a living thing, and a friend who can talk and will talk with you if seen that you are by yourself, and let you into its secrets and tell you where your game lurks. My best trout have been taken on these evening strolls. I shall never forget two that I landed in quick succession from the great pool below the old dam.

I had gone out rather early that afternoon, and found a strong wind blowing and conditions unfavorable. I fished down stream for a mile or more with poor success, and then left the stream and took the road toward home. It was dark when I reached the forks of the road near the dam. The wind had gone down and it was a calm evening. It seemed a pity to pass the old pool without a cast, and I turned in toward it. Putting on a good sized ginger hackle and a coachman, my favorite evening cast, I dropped them lightly on the dark water. No response. Another cast, and another—and then! I thought at first I had struck a snag, but in a second it proved a pretty lively snag; a big trout, evidently. But how shall I land him, for to-day I have no net with me? Fortunately I knew the pool and re-

membered the sand bar well down toward its lower end, and so playing my fish cautiously from the bank until I reached a place where I could wade, I coaxed him along, pretty well tired out by this time, until the sand bar was reached, and then I towed him ashore and fell on him. He was a beauty of nearly a pound and a half.

Then I returned to my first position for another cast, and almost immediately struck another, the mate of the first. I secured him in the same way. A third time I tried it, and struck still another, the largest of the three I will always believe, but failed to hook him. After that not another trout would rise, and I trudged home with few fish but a heavy basket. Those two fish weighed 2 lbs. 10 ozs. on the steelyard an hour after they were taken, and they measured fourteen inches each. But that great pool produced many as large during that season. I saw one taken by a local angler which weighed several ounces over 2 lbs.

One of the lately arrived guests at our boarding house was an Episcopal clergyman, a Doctor of Divinity, quite Anglican in his ways. Ignorant of my habits, he asked me one day if I knew what a delightful sport was fishing with the fly. He said it was quite gentlemanly and a suitable indulgence for a clergyman, and that he himself had engaged in it once or twice. He wondered if the Beaverkill might not be a fit stream for the practice of this pleasant art, and intimated that he would be glad to initiate me into its mysteries. I assured him that I would be delighted, and the very next afternoon we started forth. I told him I knew the way to the river and led him to it by the short cut, a rough scramble through the woods. When we had rigged our rods I saw at once that my learned friend was a fisherman in theory rather than by practice, and that wading the Beaverkill was a new sort of work for him. We had not gone far before a smart little shower came up, and I sought refuge under the thick branches of a beech, but the Doctor, who had not yet raised a trout, scorning the shelter to which I invited him, floundered along, and I presently lost sight of him. The shower quickly ceased and I hastened after my companion. I could see nothing of him, and, after passing a well-known path which led from the road to the river, I concluded that he must have taken it and gone home.

But as my favorite evening hour was near, and the slight shower had made the river very tempting, I kept on my way and came home after dark with a half dozen fine fish. When I reached the house the first person to meet me was the Doctor's wife with wrath in her eye. Evidently something was wrong.

"I cannot understand," she broke forth, "why you gentlemen should want to go wading in that horrid river. If you want to fish, why can you not be satisfied to take a boat and go out on the lake in a respectable way?"

I was humbled, alarmed and also perplexed. What had happened? Against my protests the Doctor had left me, vigorously thrashing the stream in the rain. Of course he did not catch anything, but this hardly explained matters. I sought information from a more unprejudiced source and found it. Just above where I sat down under the tree is a rather troublesome rift, and near the bank where a brook comes in there is a great pot hole, a fine place for a good trout but not a nice place to wade into. The good Doctor, disgusted at the unwillingness of the fish to rise to his splashing flies, had resolved to go home. He had tried to cross the stream,

of all places, right opposite that pot hole, and had walked straight into it up to his armpits, and, floundering about, had lost his reel, the most of his line, perhaps also his temper, and had reached home wetter than ever a trout fisherman ought to be, disgusted and dejected. It is but fair to say, however, that when I met him clothed and in his right mind, he took his adventure in a jolly mood, like the Christian gentleman he truly was, and we became fast friends though we went fishing together no more.

For the greater part of my vacation, I was the only fisherman at the little boarding house except the boys. Two or three of them were good worm fishermen and often brought home nice baskets. One afternoon Fred and I started out to fish down to a pool which I had heard of but had not fished as it was somewhat beyond my customary beat. The water was low, the day warm and still and fly fishing seemed almost useless, yet it was pleasant to wade in the cool water and practice casts over the difficult places under overhanging trees. We reached our journey's end just as the farmer boys were driving the cows home and the light was beginning to fail. Fred was in high spirits for, though neither of us had taken anything worth mentioning, he with his worm had caught two fish to my one.

The pool was simply a long stretch of moderately deep water, into which a runway emptied. Fred promptly dropped his worm into the head of it, but without a response. I had been using small black gnats all the afternoon, and as my expectations were small, I did not take the trouble to change them; but when Fred could do nothing, I tried a cast, and instantly had a fierce rise and next time a good trout. By this time it was nearly dark, and the fish rose so savagely and the sport became so exciting that I missed more than half my chances. Fred abandoned his useless rod and took the landing net to help me. We could not stay long, for we had a three mile tramp before us, but in less than an hour I had a dozen fine fish of nearly half a pound each, taken after dark on black gnats! We overtook a countryman on our way home, who hailed us and wanted to know "What luck?" Very unceremoniously he lifted the lid of my basket to answer his own question and exclaimed:

"Gosh! I haint seen such a mess of fish as that in a month!"

A word about that old dam where so many big ones were taken. It was built to furnish water power for a large tannery, happily long since defunct. Just below it was a bridge, and the people feared at some high water time the dam might go and carry the bridge with it. Therefore it was taken down, and two of the finest pools in the river spoiled, and the fishing for a couple of miles below has never been really good since. I have an idea that such dams are great conservators of trout in rapid streams like the Beaverkill.

Dear old Beaverkill! They say you are played out now. But of those first years of our acquaintance, while the old dam stood, those years of abundance of rain and frequent high water, no good fisherman could complain.

FISHING AT CATALINA ISLAND, LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY J. A. GRAVES.

That we love trout fishing is no reason for our ignoring the genuine sport that can be had in sea fishing at Catalina Island.

The writer spent a couple of weeks there in the summer of 1894, and assures you that for variety of amusement no pleasure resort on the Coast equals this charming spot. The bathing is superb, the coast replete with interesting studies and the inland walks charming. Dove and quail, the latter in most admirable cover, abound in season. Wild goats furnish active sport, while their hides and horns are trophies by no means to be despised, and, lastly, the fishing can not anywhere be surpassed.

The number of different species of fish there met with is astonishing. On the wharf a busy crowd of urchins daily assemble with crude appliances for catching kelp fish, an utterly worthless variety, dead in color, attenuated in size, listless in disposition, soft in flesh and possessed of too diminutive a mouth to take the hook, consequently, they are not caught as are other fish, but, owing to their slow and awkward movements, they are frequently snagged in the body, and thus landed.

Near the shore is found a small perch, worthless for food or bait. At times schools of them actually swarm along the surface of the water, breaking the waves into tiny riffles, which shine and glisten in the sunlight like moving diamonds.

At Sugar Loaf, a high peak of rocks on the right-hand entrance to the harbor of Avalon, the surrounding waters are termed "The Aquarium." By bringing a rowboat to a standstill and looking through a box with a plate-glass bottom, which is set glass down on the water, gold fish, rock bass, rock cod, pompano, kelp fish, sheepshead, white fish, the sculpin and great, long, yellow eels can be seen pursuing their daily walks of life in blissful ignorance of the sight-seer. The bottom of the sea at this point is very irregular, filled with grottos, depressions and sharp peaks, all covered with kelp, from under which the fish glide in and out and are seen as distinctly as if they were but five feet off, although they are in reality in from seventy to ninety feet of water.

Shoals of sardines and small mackerel frequent the Avalon beach. They are taken in nets in great numbers, and are used while fresh for bait. The good fishing grounds commence at Seal Rock, some miles east of Avalon. Here, by trolling either from a steam launch or rowboat, yellow tail are taken. When caught with rod and line the sport is not to be despised. The sportsman arms himself with a heavy rod, a reel which will hold four or five hundred feet of Cuttyhunk line, a medium-sized hook with swivel attachment, and, if running rapidly on a steam launch, use no bait but a bone squid, which revolves in the water with great rapidity. A white rag is also considered good bait; but, in fishing from a rowboat for yellow tail, small smelt or mackerel are used.

Just as soon as a yellow tail strikes, the music begins, and the intensity of the sport depends upon the size of the fish; a forty-pounder makes a long fight and requires skillful manipulation. As soon as the fish is safely hooked the boat is brought to a standstill. Frequently, with his first lunge, four hundred feet of line is taken out, no matter how taut the reel is held. The process

of regaining the line is slow and painful, and when you have brought your fish alongside he is by no means conquered, but away he goes, the reel singing that sweet music that the true fisherman loves so well to hear. Your game breaks water again and again in his frantic efforts to escape, but if the line is kept taut on him the strength of the fish finally yields to his repeated assaults upon it, and he is at last brought to the boat, but the battle is not yet over. You must not now make the fatal mistake of endeavoring to lift the fish out of the water by the line. If you do he is surely off. The yellow tail has a faculty, possessed by no other fish to the same degree, of freeing himself from the hook if his head is lifted straight out of the water. I have seen dozens of them lost in that way, after the hardest sort of a fight. The fish is more safely landed with a huge iron hook on the end of a stick (called a gaff) in such a manner that by a downward or upward stroke it can be forced into his body.

In trolling, the barracuda are taken in great numbers; also bonita and the albicore. I caught two of the latter weighing upward of thirty pounds each, with rod and line. They are a heavy, dead weight fish, and pull like a yoke of oxen, and the sport of catching them by no means equals that of taking the yellow tail.

Deep-sea fishing at Avalon is of two kinds. One you practice by anchoring your boat near the rocks in from sixty to ninety feet of water. You use a heavy sinker, with as high as three hooks, baited with fresh sardines, mackerel or possibly albicore. In this manner the rock bass, white fish, rock cod





and sheepshead, all good eating fish, are taken in great quantities. The rock bass are also taken while trolling, and, with rod and line, make the best of sport.

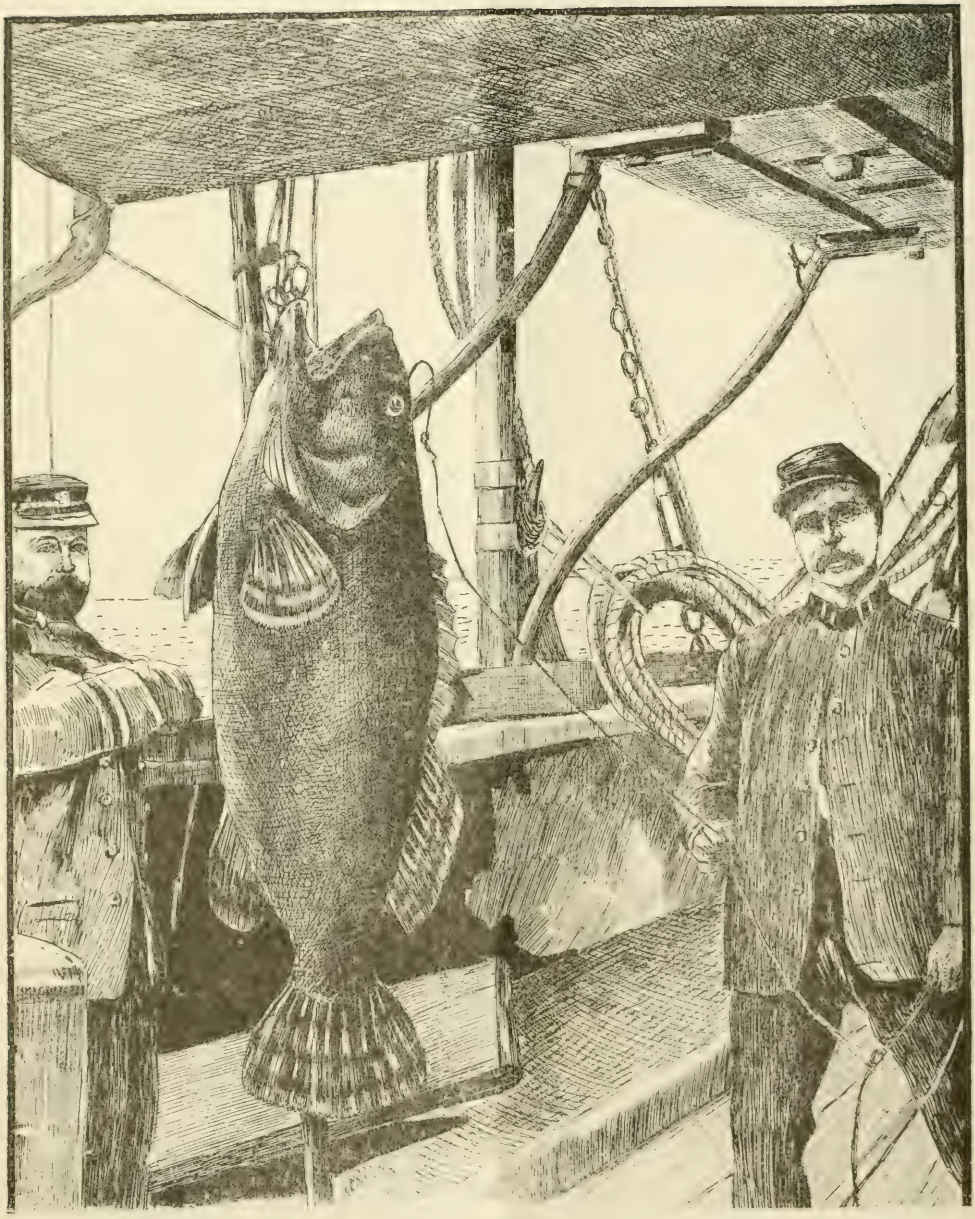
The other deep-sea fishing is done as follows: Go straight out to sea until you reach five to six hundred feet of water. Anchor, and drop a line baited as stated above. Should you hook a twenty-pound fish at a depth of six hundred feet, you would not feel any movement; hence the rule is to drop your line and in ten minutes pull it up. The fish thus taken are sand dabs, which resemble pompano, and groupers, a fish running as high as six to ten pounds in weight, almost as red as gold fish, with huge mouths and eyes, and otherwise shaped very much like a rock cod. When the grouper nears the surface his eyes burst out of his head, and often his bladder will fly out of his mouth. This results from its being suddenly relieved from the immense pressure to which it is subjected at the bottom of the sea. If dislodged from the hook in fifty or even one hundred feet of water, it immediately comes to the surface, without power of returning to the bottom. The grouper is a fish of great delicacy, and is especially esteemed for chowder.

But the great sport to be had at Catalina is in catching the June fish, commonly called the Jewfish. This monster of the deep belongs to the bass family. They have been caught weighing as high as twelve hundred pounds. The largest one I saw this summer weighed 480 pounds, and was caught by the Mayor of San José, packed in ice and immediately hurried to the Garden City, as a tropy of his prowess. To take this large fish you anchor just off the kelp. The hook used is five or six inches long and nearly two inches across from the

point to the shank. The line is exceedingly strong and must be at least 500 feet in length. Bait with albicore, or a four or five pound live white fish, hooked through the back; when the fish approaches the bait, you must not jerk your line; he is a slow biter and easily frightened off. He likes to toy with the bait, will drag it slowly for twenty feet, drop it again, then seize it and play with it as a cat does with a mouse, but when he finally gets ready to take hold you will know it, and if you have hold of the line let go immediately until you see it slacking up, then seize it and bring in as much as you can, and play it out under a strong pull when he rushes again. By repeating this performance a number of times the fish is finally tired out. After he is gotten to the surface, gaffed, stabbed and beaten over the head with an iron rod, it is a safe proposition to keep him alongside for an hour before trying to remove him from the water. A flap from his tail would knock a man overboard, or easily break a limb.

Major Viele, of Fort Grant, Arizona, announced to the Catalinans that he proposed to land a jewfish with a rod and line. This proposition was looked upon as a mild species of insanity. However, the Major persevered, and for six weeks he tried for it every day. He used a ten ounce rod, a sixteen dollar blue fish reel and five hundred feet of Cuttyhunk line. At last he became convinced that he could not set the ordinary jewfish hook with his tackle, so he took an extra large yellow tail hook, and on the last day of his stay on the island, success crowned his persevering efforts and he landed a 157-lb. jewfish, after an unremitting struggle of two hours and thirty-five minutes. He brought him to the boat after one hour, but he darted off again and fought shy for an hour and thirty-five minutes. Prof. Holder, who accompanied Major Viele, said it was the most interesting





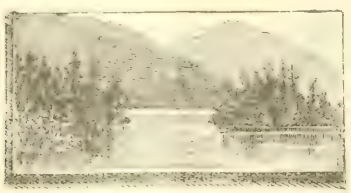
A PACIFIC JEW FISH.

and exciting sport he ever beheld. That the Major was absolutely worn out when it ended, and every fibre of his body quivered as with the ague. This is the first jewfish ever taken in this manner on this coast. Major Viele, who has spent several seasons in Florida, says that tarpon fishing can not be compared with jewfishing.

One day I was sailing in a small boat at least five miles from Avalon, when an immense school of tunnies (horse mackerels) came on us. This fish is often mistaken for a porpoise, and weighs from 150 to 300 lbs. I think one thousand acres or more of the ocean's surface was covered with them; they came all around us. In its sport a tunny will leap out of the water ten to fifteen feet, turn a somersault and come down with a great splash. In a leap of this kind one nearly landed on our boat. The noise they made in plunging through the surface of the waters sounded like the beating of a heavy surf on a rough coast. The fishermen say they cannot be hooked. However, one seized Prof. Holder's bait and simply walked off with it, taking the rod from his hands, the Professor finally letting go when he saw that to stay with it longer meant his going overboard.

Fishing near Avalon is usually done from steam launches that will carry from a dozen to twenty-five people.

This article is already too long. Were it not so, I should be glad to tell you of a trip to San Clemento, made from Avalon by a party of which I was a member, on which, in one day, we captured 1,200 lbs. of eatable fish. Of the chowder we prepared, the fish we fried, the drinks we drank, the swordfish and sharks we saw, the great turtle and immense eels, and the magnificent crop of sunburn we got up. And when we contemplate the sunburned nose, the peeling hands and well scorched ears, we turn with a sigh of relief to the trout stream, with its cooling shade and limpid waters, its hanging rocks and clinging ferns, its flitting wrens and nimble tom-tits, its riffles, falls and swirling pools.



FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 100.)

The stone roller—*Campostoma anomalum*—is found from Central New York to Tennessee, Wyoming and Texas. It grows to a length of about eight inches, and is often abundant in the deep and still pools of trout and the smaller black bass streams. It may be recognized by the dusky vertical bar back of gill cover, its brownish color with brassy lustre above, scales more or less dark mottled, and a dusky crossbar in the center, or near it, of the dorsal and of the anal fin. In the spawning season this fish puts on the most gorgeous of nuptial robes; the fins of the males become fiery red, the iris of the eye a beautiful orange, and the entire body seems illumined for the bridal occasion; its brilliant appearance, however, being slightly marred by the large, wart-like tubercles which appear in spring upon the head and sometimes on the entire body. Dr. Bean states this fish to be one of the most singular, in having the air bladder surrounded by numerous turns of the long intestine. In this respect it is unique among fishes.

The smelt or silvery minnow—*Hybognathus nuchalis*—is abundantly found in the streams from the Delaware and Neuse to the upper Missouri and southward to Georgia and Texas. It grows to nearly nine inches. It is greenish olive above the lateral line, clear silvery sides with bright reflection and unspotted fins, which become dusky in specimens living in dark, deep water. There are several varieties of this species, one of which, *regius*, is found in the streams and rivers of Maryland and Virginia, and is said to be a choice table fish. It may be distinguished from *H. nuchalis* by its deeper body and larger eye. *H regius* is the gudgeon of the Patapsco river, so eagerly fished for by Baltimore anglers, and treated more at length on a subsequent page.

Another species, the cut-lipped chubb —*Exoglossum maxillingua*—is frequently taken by the fly fisherman and may be known at sight by its peculiarly shaped lower jaw which has three lobes, a formation not existing in any other of the cyprinoids. It is also called the butter chub, nigger and day chub, and is abundant in the Susquehanna river, and many consider it a good pan fish, although it seldom grows larger than six inches. It has a somewhat limited range, from Lake Ontario southward to Virginia, but is abundant in the Hudson, Potomac, James and other Virginia waters.

The spawn eater or smelt—*Notropis hudsonius*—is another of the chubs taken by the angler on black bass streams. It grows to about ten inches in Lake Erie and other large waters and ranges from the Dakotas and Lake Superior to New York and southward to South Carolina. It is abundant east of the Alleghanies and in the Great Lakes, but is rarely taken in the small brooks. The coloration is pale with, usually, a round black spot at base of caudal fin, which is always present in the young. There is also a broad lateral silvery band which in some waters becomes dusky. It is said to be a good table fish and is a choice lure for the black bass, the pike and the mascalonge, for which purpose it is used extensively by the anglers of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence river.

Another form of the above named species—*N. hudsonius*—is the gudgeon or smelt *N. hudsonius amarus*, found in the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers and other waters east of the Alleghanies south to Georgia. It is abundant in Lake Erie, where it grows to a large size (probably ten inches), and is known there as "the lake minnow." There is no specific differentiation of service to anglers between this fish and *N. hudsonius*, except in the appearance of the caudal spot, which is either faint or absent, and it has a longer and less obtuse head. It must not be confounded with the "gudgeon" *Hybognathus regius*, fished for by anglers in the Patapsco and lower Susquehanna rivers.

The spotted shiner—*Hybobsis dissimilis*—is oftener met with by black bass anglers west of the Alleghanies than by those of the Eastern States, except those who fish the streams of Western Pennsylvania, where this fish grows to about six and a half inches. It may be known by its light bluish band along the sides, which is interrupted so as to form punctulations or spots, the most distinct being at base of tail-fin. It has a well marked and forked tail, long slender body and large eyes. Its general color is olivaceous.

I have often been at a loss to distinguish at sight those little pests known as "red-fins" wherever an Eastern trout stream is located, particularly if it has been fished for a long period. In the mountain brooks of New York and Pennsylvania they seem to be ubiquitous. I have caught two forms and sizes of them, and, as nearly all the smaller cyprinoids in the early days of the trout season assume radiant garbs with roseate fins, I have not been astonished to find that the minnows of those waters were locally and generally bunched and christened "red-fins." The typical and largest red-fin is *Notropis cornutus*, which grows to a length of eight inches (Jordan & Evermann) or a maximum of ten inches (G. Brown Goode). I have never taken them longer than seven inches in the streams of Western New York and Pennsylvania; but it is highly probable they reach a maximum of ten inches in the Great Lakes, where at the mouths of rivers they can be taken in numbers with the artificial fly. They certainly rise to the feathers eagerly in the trout streams of the East. The red-fins are classified under the sub-genus *Luxilus*, and consist of four species and two varietal forms, none of which grow so large or range so widely as *N. cornutus*, the adult of which may be known by its short, compressed body, which is much swollen and convex in front of the dorsal fin. The scales are broader than long, lateral line much decurved and the coloration dark, steel blue above with dusky tints on the edges and bases of the scales. There is a gilt line along the back and one on each side, which are only distinct when the fish is in the water, an interesting fact in coloration, paralleled, however, in other fish as they appeared to the artist and myself during our eleven years of catching and painting fish at the moment they are lifted from the water. I have seen the green metallic patch of color at the base of the dorsal fin of the porgy or scup vanish as the fish was drawn into the boat, and the streak of old gold just above the eye of the cisco fade before the fish could be taken from the hook. These instances of instantaneous changes in color tints have warned me to hesitate in dogmatic criticism of coloration as it appears in fish pictures, particularly those that are painted from live specimens. The body of *N. cornutus* is about four and one third longer

than the head and three and a third to five times greater than the depth of the fish; there are eight rays in the dorsal and nine in the anal fin, and the dorsal is inserted slightly back of the ventral fins. The rosy color of the lower fins appears only on the male fish in the spring of the year, at which time the lower jaw and the region from the dorsal fin to tip of snout is covered with small tubercles. The range of this fish covers the waters east of the Rocky Mountains, excepting the South Atlantic States and Texas.

Another and smaller red-fin—*Notropis umbratilis*—of many varietal forms, is frequently met with by anglers on the trout streams, both east and west of the Alleghany Mountains, although it appears to be more numerous in the west. If I mistake not, I have caught them frequently and saw great numbers of them in the brooks of Lewis County, New York, and in the counties of Monroe, Pike and Lycoming, of Pennsylvania. This little fellow may be known and distinguished from its larger brother by its dorsal and anal fins, there being seven rays in the former and eleven in the latter. Its body is much more elongated, with a long head and peduncle. The dorsal fin is high and inserted midway between the ventral and anal fins. The coloration is dark blue above, pale below, with a more or less defined black spot at base of the dorsal fin in front. In the spring of the year the head alone of the male becomes covered with small whitish tubercles, and the belly and lower fins are of bright brick-red color. These two conditions will at once distinguish the little red-fin from the larger one, on which tubercles appear in the spring over the entire region front of the dorsal, and the lower fins are of a rosy tint, not brick-red.

There is another little fish—*Notropis rubricroceus*—which may be termed the typical red-fin of American waters, inasmuch as the fins are red all the year, the two other species named having this distinctive marking only in the spring or spawning season. It is found in the head waters of the Tennessee and Savannah rivers and is a surpassingly beautiful fish. The males are dark steel blue above, with a dark lateral band made up of coal black tiny spots, which passes through the eye around the snout; the dorsal fin is crimson, the tail pink and the lower fins scarlet. The head is a pale red and the lower jaw flushed with blood color; the eyes are either bluish or flushed with red, and there is a lustrous streak along the sides, below which it is silvery. In keeping with its extreme beauty, this fish loves to disport in the cold rock pools at the foot of falls or in the eddies of rushing rapids. It is locally known as the red fallfish.

Perhaps I should claim indulgence for this somewhat lengthy description of these little fishes so frequently met with by anglers, many of whom, however, have doubtless felt, as I do, that to catch a fish and not know its name or species, robs an outing of much of its pleasures as it certainly does of its value. To pass a day on the stream without a knowledge of or interest in the life histories of the fish caught, puts the fisher on the same plane as the pot-hunter—a man who eagerly fishes for meat when his stomach is gorged to depletion.

Within the last few years the lesser cyprinoids have undergone extensive and radical revision in classification and technical description, embracing several hundreds of species which are of no special interest to anglers other than as bait fishes. As such they will be described on another page.

Fishing for chub has not, as we have before stated, been estimated at its proper value by American anglers. Among those of England this fish holds rank above most of the other so-called coarse fish, and deservedly so, judging from my own experience, for I have found the chub to rise eagerly to an artificial fly, and if of a pound weight or thereabouts, the vigor of its downward surge, restrained by a light fly rod, will confuse the angler's judgment during the early part of the fight as to his quarry being a trout or a black bass. This, of course, has reference to the larger chub, fallfish, or wind-fish—*Semotilis corporalis*—described and illustrated on pages 63 and 65, although the smaller species (see page 66), when it reaches ten to twelve inches, makes a good fight, and is, perhaps, the better table fish.

Years ago, before the black bass became sovereign in the rivers, the chub and the catfish yielded the bulk of fish food to the farmers living along the banks, and both these fish were caught in large numbers on raw meat and worm bait, but since the introduction of the black basses, anglers have found that the chub rises freely to the feathers on both large and small streams, for this fish has been driven by the fierce onslaughts of the bronze backers to seek the protection of lesser waters, and thus do their share in the sad work of depleting our trout streams. As the years pass, the younger anglers of the present generation will live to see the chub prized here as it is in England as a rod fish. Open trout waters will become more and more restricted, particularly near cities; the black basses will usurp the larger streams, and the chub will work his way, wherever he escapes the maw of his ravenous enemy, into the lower portions of the trout streams, destroying them as such, and the rod and fly fisher must be content with luring what he now unjustly condemns as coarse fishes. They will yield him many pleasurable outings if he approaches their haunts in the proper angling spirit, and with the lightest of rod and water gear. I may be pardoned for reproducing a description of one of my chub outings, printed over twenty years ago, which I have found in my scrap-book when looking for notes on the chub. It will serve to remind anglers that running waters, even in the most unlikely sections, will be apt to be fruitful of pleasure. For a third of a century I have never visited during the fishing season any place, far or near, without taking my tackle with me, and the occasion described was only one of many where my foresight was rewarded:

"The October days afford pleasant disport with light tackle among the chub, a bony but semi-game fish. Their flesh gets harder, and as the fall months grow upon us they become by no means a bad pan fish, especially when caught in the small and narrow brooks that well out from innumerable springs in the meadows and on the hills of the suburban counties to Philadelphia. Hardly a stream of ten feet width but what is full of them, and in waters which they monopolize they reach ten to fifteen inches in length, and may be called sprightly surface feeders. In waters of this character the chub are only to be caught in numbers with the fly, as here they are as wary and scary a creature as ever a fin floated. We are especially alluding to streams where they seem to have shouldered out every other kind of fish but their own ilk. Even the omnipresent "sunny," in waters familiar to us, has been crowded out, and where we have found this to

happen the chub have grown and flourished beyond the scope of any fishing memo. ever made by us.

"We remember a little illustrative incident that occurred some five years ago while on a flying visit to our family, who were housed but not homed at a farm-house in the lower part of Chester County, in this State. We were making our first visit, leaving the city on Friday for a sojourn until Monday, and, as it has been our custom, which we can not reform if we tried, to take our bundle of light rods and fly-book with us wherever our steps tended, we landed beneath the capacious porch armed and equipped for fishing. As our family kiss was being distributed, we were somewhat startled and even dismayed upon hearing:

"'La, pop! why if he hisn't going to fish, is he? There be'n't a fish this side of the Delaware, is they?'

"We looked and saw a pleasant but odd-featured old dame, whose best quality—and one she prided herself upon—was plain, outspoken talk, at least so we were told as soon as the season of marital conference and confidence came in.

"To cut our story short, we started out with the children the next morning after breakfast on our hunt for fish, after being duly informed that 'thar war nothing but mud-dabblers in the creek.' We found the creek to be a ditch, and passed on, learning from our two boys that a little stream ran through the meadows and woods about a mile from the farm-house. This brook we found to be from ten to fifteen feet wide, the waters of which were quite cold, and about three feet in depth in the deepest pools.

"Approaching its banks not a fin could be seen, except here and there a tadpole wriggling itself into the mud. Passing along to the next opening in the dense brush that lined the banks, we halted about twenty feet from the margin of the stream, and flung a black-and-red hackle clean and clear upon the tail of a little rapid that gurgled over the stones in the middle of the brook, subsiding in a sand-bottomed pool below. Instantly the water seemed to be alive with jumping fish, and we landed two, taking care to kill them above the pool, and hiding ourselves behind a bush as we did so. We found our fish to be fine firm-fleshed chubs, one of eight and one of eleven inches. We fished until noon, repeating our first experience, and had our large creel well filled with about four dozen chubs, none of which rated less than eight, and some as high as fourteen inches in length. Our readers can picture the astonishment of our farmer hosts when the fish were spread upon the grass for inspection. We remember but one remark, and that came from the matter-of-fact old lady:

"'I declare, pop, if he hain't got a mess! Never seed the like afore! 'Nuff for breakfast, ain't it, pop?'

"We went down to that old farm every Friday for a month with like success, and we halt not in affirming that our many mountain trips for trout, and journeys for bass on our two noble rivers, the Schuylkill and Delaware, yielded no greater pleasure than we gathered from those virgin chub waters. Our experience can be duplicated by any angler, on any small stream easily reached in an hour from Philadelphia."

Chub will take a lure of almost any description, when offered them under proper conditions—grasshoppers, earthworms, pastes of flour and honey, cereals, ripe berries, cherries, grubs, raw meat, trolling-spoons, live minnows, etc.; all are serviceable. Being of the carp—

carp-like—except in superiority of flavor as a table fish, nothing comes amiss to them, but this gluttony is condoned by their rising freely to surface lures, particularly to the artificial fly, which in clear running water they prefer to any other lure, and, like the trout, they rise viciously, at times, in the swift rushing waters of rapids against the seething currents of which they poise motionless, or breast swiftly without apparent effort. Their first surge when hooked is fully as strong and fierce as that of a trout, but they succumb more quickly, and, unlike *fontinalis*, when brought to creel, they do not struggle when being unhooked. I have had a pound trout, which, when netted, lay relaxed and motionless in the net, apparently a dead fish; but when taken in the hand to be put into the basket their muscular contortions were such that I could by a great effort only hold them. In this particular no other fish known to me is equal to the trout except, perhaps, small specimens of the mangrove snappers and cavalli or jack. In the spawning season the chub builds mounds of stones and pebbles near the banks, or in little bays, and lay their eggs thereon. At such times they are as fierce in attack as a parent black bass, and will seize angrily any foreign matter that passes over or falls on their beds. It is then, when their flesh is flaccid and unfit for table use, they become an easy prey to the foraging pot-hunter. Being somewhat leather-mouthed, the chub can be "yanked out" to the taste of the meat-fisher. These fish are not particular as to form or color of artificial flies, but rise freely to any dressed on No. 4 to No. 12 hooks. But every angler has his pet theories on this subject, and one from Canada writes me that a fly with a green head and brown wings is a sure killer. Another believes that hackles—black, red, brown and yellow—are most serviceable; but it is at the Outlet of Canandaigua Lake (N. Y.) that fly-fishing for chub is reduced to an exact science, and one of the most accomplished and ardent anglers of that section, Dr. C. T. Mitchell, wrote me on the subject:

"They seem to take almost any kind of fly on some days, then again you can not tempt them to rise, except to the best selection. The fly I get most on is the gray miller, which has gray turkey wings, white hackle, red tail and white chenele body (large), on a No. 4 hook. The largest chub, and the only one of that size I ever caught, was seventeen inches in length, and weighed one and a half pounds. I prefer those from eight to ten inches long, for, when fried nicely, the little bones are not noticed. These fish are biting freely now (September 26th), and I usually get from fifteen to thirty in two or three hours' fishing, say from 3 to 6 p. m. I use a very light rod and silk enamelled line, gut leader with three flies, each differently dressed."

(*To be Continued.*)

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN MEXICO.*

Although game is found in the entire section traversed by the Mexican Central Railway, the local conditions are such that certain points offer greater advantages to the hunter than others. The Stations of Yurecuaro, La Barca and Ocotlan, on the Guadalajara Division, are immediately contiguous to marshes which are threaded by small streams. These marshes are the winter resort of every class of wild fowl in the greatest abundance. There is probably no place on the American continent where, during the months of December and January, such an immense number of aquatic birds of every variety congregate. This region is known in general terms as the Lake Chapala District. Pelicans, swans, geese, brant, ducks of every variety, snipe, curlew, plover and sand hill cranes are found by the millions and are very tame. Guides and canoes are easily obtainable, and at very low cost. The guides, however, speak only the Spanish language.

The more interesting way of hunting is by stalking the ducks and geese from a canoe, as the high rushes make it easy to approach the feeding birds, and their tameness and abundance permit of a very large number of birds being stalked in the course of a day.

Point shooting, such as is practiced on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, can also be practiced here, but it is more expensive, as, in order to make the ducks fly over the points, it is necessary to scare them by having natives fire little sky rockets at the flocks to make them fly.

At Villar, on the Tampico Branch, east of San Luis Potosi, and also in the vicinity of Jimulco, on our Main Line, there is good deer hunting The remarks as to securing guides in the Lake Chapala District, also apply here.

South of San Bartolo, on the Tampico Branch, about twenty miles distant from the track, there are some quite extensive swamps formed by the water from large springs. In these swamps, in the winter season, there are also large numbers of aquatic birds. To the south of the swamps are mountains in which deer, wild hogs and an occasional mountain lion are to be found.

Further to the eastward on this same Branch, after passing through the mountains and coming to the foot hill range, is found the true paradise of the sportsman. This region is well watered and every kind of game is to be found. There are five varieties of pheasants, varying from the size of a pigeon to that of a turkey; three varieties of quail; two varieties of wild turkey, deer, alligator, manatee, panther, wild hogs and Mexican tiger, are abundant in this region. Guides are easily procurable, but they only speak the Spanish language.

In the vicinity of the Port of Tampico, there is probably the finest river and sea fishing in the Gulf of Mexico, if not in the Atlantic Ocean. In the river there are a great variety of fish, with the tarpon at the head. These are caught by trolling, still fishing, occasionally with a fly or by spearing. There is good beach fishing from the jetties. This is similar to the chumming practiced for sea bass on the coast of Long Island, and is very interesting, as fish from four ounces to seventy-five

*In compiling matter for our next issue of "*The Sportsman's Guide*" to the Fishing and Shooting Grounds of America, we now and then receive information which is of immediate value to the readers of THE AMERICAN ANGLER, and the above letter from Mr. A. V. Temple, of the Mexican Central Railway, is given in that connection.

pounds may be hooked. A few miles from the mouth of the jetties are the red snapper banks, and as they are but little fished, the fish are found in great abundance and in large size.

The high protective tariff, which makes guns, powder and shot a luxury, is responsible for the fact that deer, turkey, ducks, geese and all feathered and four-footed game is tame and abundant.

The Valley of the Lerma and the Swamps of Chapala are the winter resort of millions of aquatic birds, from snipe to swan, and the little creeks which thread them, navigable for canoes, afford an easy means of communication and a delightful way of shooting. A canoe with an Indian and a paddle in the stern and a hunter and gun at the bow is a combination which, when once experienced, can never be forgotten.

Between Villar and Tampico, the mountains, foot hills and plains bordering the coast are teeming with game. Deer, an occasional tiger, wild hogs and, in the more remote hills monkeys can be found, not to mention pheasants, turkeys, and smaller feathered game. The rivers discharging into the Gulf through the jetties at Tampico afford hundreds of miles of slack water navigation through an almost virgin country. Alligators, an occasional manatee may be seen on their banks. This is the paradise of the canoeist and camper out, a delightful climate and an abundance of fish and game both large and small.

Wandering through the tropical forest in your well fitted canoe, drifting, paddling or sailing under arches of verdure, while the parrots and the macaws scream as you pass, only in Mexico, and only in this part of Mexico, can it be done. Tourists and sportsmen can bring their own guns and a limited amount of amunition free of all duties at the border.

In the Lake Chapala region it is customary to obtain permission from the owners of the land in order to shoot over it. This, however, any respectable person can procure through a letter of recommendation to the owner.

In the region of the Tampico Branch, hunting, as a general rule, is not restricted.

I did not mention above that in the Tampico region are found wild muscovy ducks, which are brilliant in plumage, large in size and fine eating. These ducks are to be found in the little rivers which thread the sub-tropical forest.

There is no closed season in Mexico, so that shooting can be carried on at any time.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

"Casting the Minnow."

Mr. Fred. Gardner, of Chicago, kindly supplements his instructive and interesting article on "The Art of Modern Minnow Casting," published in our March issue, with the annexed notes:

The right to left cast should be started with the elbow touching the body, and with the fore-arm at a 45 degree angle. The rod should be brought up and past the face and the bait released on the upward spring of the rod, just as the 45 degree angle is reached on the opposite side. This in order to let the bait go up and out, instead of taking a downward course. The same principle applies in the left to right cast, placing the fore-arm at right angles directly across and touching the body, starting at about the same angle and with the same movement as described in the right to left cast. We have demonstrated beyond cavil that arm force is entirely unnecessary with the properly constructed bait-casting rod. Simply a wrist and fore-arm movement being necessary in order to cast bait.

In reference to the date of casting with the minnow single handed, I note what you say about meeting an angler at Three Lakes, Wis., in 1884, who practiced this method. I have no doubt single-handed casting was practiced long before Dr. Henshall wrote concerning it, but as he was the first one to introduce this style of angling to the public, we therefore consider him the father of the sport. His methods, however, have been so improved upon that his style would hardly be recognized nowadays, as described in his book. This result has been attained, not only by better implements, which are now being manufactured, but also the amount of practice which the expert anglers have given to the sport.

The change which has transpired in the style of casting from a round-arm movement to an overhead cast has been brought about, at least in this part of the country, from necessity. We fish almost entirely from boats, thus compelling an overhead cast so as to avoid striking any companion that may be in the boat. I will say that on one occasion, while drifting the Kankakee River last summer, there were six of us in one boat, not over 14 feet long, casting continually while drifting the river, and not once did our lines become entangled. We were unfortunate in not having a camera with us, in order to have this spectacle on record.

Standard Flies.

We have been recently shown a letter from an accomplished amateur fly-tyer to an English angling brother, who has in view the publication of an illustrated work on artificial flies, and wrote to our friend on this side of the water for information as to standard American patterns. The reply was as follows:

"You ask me about our standard flies. I very much regret to say that we Americans have no standard or orthodox patterns of flies. We have what we call 'Standard,' that were originally copied from the English styles, but they have now become so changed and distorted that in many cases the original parent would find great difficulty in recognizing his own child. This is due to the actions of unscrupulous dealers, and to the ignorance and 'don't care' of the fisherman. For instance:

"A fisherman orders a certain number of 'golden spinners' from a dealer who just happens to be out of that particular pattern of fly. He orders them from his fly-tyer, who just at that time is out of golden-colored silk. He, without the slightest compunctions, ties up the flies with *orange* colored silk or mohair. The dealer, even if he recognizes the change, accepts the flies without the slightest hesitation, taking it for granted that his customer does not know how the fly should be tied. In due course of time, the flies are delivered to the fisherman, and accepted by him, probably with only a glance at them. Thus, in time, the fly-books of the fishermen and the stock of the dealers throughout the country

are loaded up with golden (?) spinners with bodies composed of either silk or mohair that will run from a light yellow to a deep orange. I will admit that there is some excuse for this as the trout will probably rise to a golden spinner with an orange body just as quickly as they will rise to one of a golden color. The wrong of the whole thing is that each dealer will positively claim that his pattern, and his only, is the correct and standard.

"We have many flies that are distinctly local, and might be called standards, if they were always tied alike. Then we have a large number of nondescripts. Many are tied up in part imitation of many bugs and moths that are seen on various waters in the country, others are designed by fishermen and fly-tyers. Some of these latter are real works of art, and are really beautiful, made so by the excellent blending of colors. These latter are generally made for bass fishing originally, as a bass will take almost anything that moves, whether it be made of feathers or sheet iron, but the flies eventually get tied in trout styles (sizes). Some of these creations, however, are the most horrible things imaginable, as the designers had no idea of the blending of colors, but simply had several colors, repugnant to harmony, thrown together, and were trying simply to get something different from anybody else.

"Another cause of these creations arises among the dealers particularly. Almost the first thing a dealer does when he starts in business is to have a fly designed and named after himself. This particular fly he is always careful of and has it tied "just so" every time. This fly is urged upon his customers and friends, and soon finds its way into general use. When it is ordered of some other dealer, he, of course, is not particular about a fly named after one who is possibly his rival and competitor in business, and it follows after all other patterns and soon becomes so changed that the original dealer does not recognize it.

"I have heard many fishermen express the wish that we might have a set of standard flies, so we would know what we were going to get when we ordered some from a dealer. However it would be impossible to get enough fishermen and reputable dealers together to establish a series of standards that would be followed faithfully. The only way out of it, that I can see, is for the general fisherman to tie his own flies, as I and many others do."

Two Carp Ponds.

I have read with increasing interest your articles in the AMERICAN ANGLER on the above subject. Very probably I should yield obeisance to the sceptre of modesty and be satisfied with your able discussion of the same. However at the penalty of appearing presumptuous, I shall venture to remark, that I have always entertained a most decided aversion for the carp. In this section of the State of Ohio, it is regarded only as a mud-sucking, spawn-eating cannibal of the finny tribe.

When this fish was first introduced into this, the central part of the State, two farmers, attracted by the reputation of the fish for its prolific qualities, as well as its rapid growth, stocked two ponds with the same. The ponds were fed by springs of purest water, and the conditions for most successful fish culture were carefully observed. In the course of five years the fish attained large proportions, some weighing more than twenty pounds. During this time it was thoroughly demonstrated to the satisfaction of these two fish culturists that the fish was not edible, of no earthly use, and utterly unfit for either man or beast!

Farmer number one drained his pond, and the fish, thus liberated from their dike-encircled confines, made their way into the neighboring creek, and from thence to a lake of about two hundred acres and about two miles distant. At the time of the advent of these fish into this lake the latter was as beautiful a sheet of water as I have ever seen, and was fed by springs of crystal water from the adjacent hills that completely encircle it. This lake of nature's own creation was indeed a thing of beauty, and it sat a perfect gem amidst the "rock-ribbed hills."

But how changed it was in a few years.

When the barbaric hosts of the North descended upon the beautiful valleys of the Roman Empire, they left plague, and desolation, and death in their path, and plunged civilization into the dark ages. And when these fish took possession of this lake the result was no less marked or disastrous. The water, in the course of a few years, became muddy and opaque, and I believe I would be justified in wagering that at this present time the X rays of Roentgen's cathode could scarcely penetrate its impervious depths.

The result was that the conditions of life of the perch, the blue-gill and the bass soon be-

came completely destroyed and they disappeared. The carp is now monarch of all, and when not hibernating, is rooting around in the slime and mud foraging for food. Neither are they particular of what their food consists. They may one moment be feeding upon the succulent roots of aquatic plants; the next will find them gorging their appetites with the fæcal matter of base vermin. In the fervid heat of a summer day in great shoals they disport themselves in the sunshine. Though usually sluggish and "loggy," they seem, for the time being, to be invigorated with unusual vitality, and are, under such circumstances, exceedingly cautious of danger. I have cultivated patience to an almost unlimited degree in a vain attempt to lure these fish to most tempting bait, but all to no purpose. It was as one "casting pearls before swine." I am a a long-descended fisherman, and have cast my lines in the best fishing waters of North America. No one can be more fondly passionate of fishing than I, and the strike of a game fish is the thrill of joy, but when I think of the time I have consumed in attempting to capture a carp, a shadow of sadness steals over my heart and drapes my fancy in mourning. Give me the waters undisturbed and unpolluted by the carp, or let me alone.

Farmer number two did not drain his pond until the fall of the year; I think it was in the latter part of the month of October. To his great surprise, not a fish was to be seen. The bottom of the pond exhibited no living thing—nothing but slime and mud. The fact of the mysterious disappearance of the fish occasioned no little comment in the neighborhood, and the mystery was left unsolved until in early spring. Then it was that the farmer, having changed his piscatory venture to the more profitable occupation of agricultural pursuits, plowed up the fertile soil of the pond. This solved the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the fish. They had gone down into the mud at the first approach of winter, and now their white and bleaching carcases told the story of their tragic taking off. When brought to the surface by the plow-share they were preserved in form, but decay had long since set in. They made an excellent fertilizer.

In life they were an unprofitable "compound of dust," but in death they revealed the purpose of their existence by making the arid soil bloom and blossom like the rose.

CHARLES E. BUROKER.

"Fly-Fishing for Clams."

Brother Chs. F. Johnson, of Chicago, our old friend and a keen angler, has met with a fisherman with new trout ideas, which are given us in a private letter, but we want the craft at large to take note, hence see below:

"I have just had an interview with an extremely self-satisfied old German gentleman, who professes to be an accomplished, scientific trout fisherman. He has been regaling me with an enthusiastic discursive rhapsody on the joys and delights he experienced from a successful day's trouting, with chicken guts for bait. Holy Katie! to think of a human being desecrating one of the loveliest works of God—a trout stream—with such filthy garbage, and yet the complacent, kindly features of the old fellow betokened so keen and true Waltonian enjoyment during his recital as to convince me it was through ignorance only he erred, and if shown the full atrocity of his method of angling he would forthwith amend his ways; so in place of bodily firing him the only punishment I inflicted was to give him a full twenty minutes' descriptive chapter on the art of 'fly-fishing for clams,' which he swallowed with remarkable avidity, and I believe is at this moment planning a trip with the fly-rod in the certain belief that a clam will rise and dash at a brown hackle or coachman with all the vim of a two-pound trout.

"By the by, I have just discovered that the best wood for a fly-rod is osage orange. It is a rich golden color, possessing a steely elasticity, extremely tough and plays from tip to butt with a vim which makes the best split cane rods appear sluggish in action when compared with them.

The New U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

Commander John J. Brice, U. S. N., retired, has been appointed U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Marshall McDonald.

Commander Brice is said to be about 53 years old, a man of intelligence and executive ability. While his experience with the special work of the commission has not been large, he has taken much interest in the propagation of the salmon on the west coast.

The Advent of Spring

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL.

The gentle maiden, Spring, with sunny beams,
Again we greet, as from her Southland dreams
She wakes, and spreads her fairy wings in flight
O'er Northland scenes enwrapt in wintry plight.
How fair and fresh her flowing robes appear;
Her winsome voice declares the opening year.
With graceful turn of hand to waiting elves,
(Who now on wing'd feet disport themselves,)
She flings the keys that unlock all the streams,
That they may flash beneath Sol's melting beams.
Her jewelled fingers break the icy bonds
That hold the lakes and seal up all the ponds.
The frost-imps scamper from their secret caves,
And peeping hylas leave their muddy graves.
The sprouting grass tints green the roadside fields,
Each scattered seed a fragrant flower yields.
The swollen buds burst forth in fruitful bloom,
As tender plant breaks ope' its winter tomb.
The purple violet and arbutus fair,
Exhale their sweetness on the woodland air.
The morning's misty breath is tinged with frost,
And heat of day in dewy eve is lost.
From o'er the hills is felt a balmy breeze,
That sways the branches of the leafing trees.
By way of change, the rain, in April showers,
Prepares the earth for May's most lovely flowers,
The feathered songsters on returning wing,
With well-tuned pipes their morning carols sing.
From orchard way is heard the blue-bird's note,
Just watch the tremor of the robin's throat.
The lowing kine to field-ward longing gaze,
As restless sheep on greenish hill-sides graze.
The ploughboy whistles on his furrowed round,
And sniffs the fragrance of the fresh-turned ground.
The meadow brook, that winding flows along,
Singing softly its own sweet rippling song,
Invites the angler with his line and rod,
To take a tramp across the marshy sod;
There cast his fly upon those deep, dark pools,
Where trout do hide, or chub in sportive schools.
The laughing water greets his smiling face,
As casting, down the stream he wades apace,
Reflecting sunshine from each ripple's crest,
To welcome there its old-time honored guest.
The placid lake, with outstretched open arms,
Beckons the boatman to engage her charms.
Hoist the white sail to catch the fresh'ning breeze,
Direct the helm to what e'er port he please.
Returning wild-fowl on their northward flight,
On its soft bosom spend a restful night.
The vine-clad hills receive the dresser's care,
And later on their purple clusters bear.
Adown the glens the noisy streamlets flow,
With icy waters from the melting snow.
The white-capped mountains sternly wait the day,
When balmy winds shall sweep the cold away,
That they may smile upon the scenes below,
And share in all dame Nature's radiant glow.
Ah, yes, blithe Spring, thou 'rt welcome to our door.
On each return we love thee more and more.



Another Rod Crank—The Salmon Rod.

Give me a chance, friend Harris, to ventilate my crank ideas on a salmon rod. The ferruled bamboo rod, unless in the hands of a regular professional, is an abomination, even if it should cost one hundred dollars. It has neither the strength nor elasticity of the lancewood. I must confess I never owned one, but I have tried them and must say they will cast a longer line than a wood rod. Question:

Is an extra long cast beneficial in salmon fishing?

I have always found an extremely long cast unprofitable. The fish generally misses, or, if hooked, he is only slightly so, and the least wind is apt to foul the line; if the water is sluggish or dead, you are compelled to recover quickly, and under such a condition, if even a smolt strikes, your tip goes. I say nothing as to the liability of cracking off at the ferrule and leaving the angler "non est."

My idea of a salmon rod is one of Greenhart butt, lancewood middle and tip; two spliced joints (good length), the rod from 14 to 15 feet in length. You should wind a strip of tape around the splice before winding twine, and then you will have a rod that will have an equal spring from hand to tip, and you can butt your fish until your tip touches the water, and no rod ever made will kill a fish so quickly. If there is, I never yet saw it. True, you can't take it apart so easily as a ferruled rod, but, at all events, you have no heating to do or mending either, and if the wood is perfect and the grain is straight you can stand it up or throw it anywhere without much danger until the time to take it apart, when a rub of sandpaper and a few drops of varnish will make it as good as ever. Perhaps if I were a millionaire I might buy a bamboo to look at, not to fish with.

I never owned but two rods; the first one was presented by Mr. Killaly, of Toronto, in 1864. It was an Irish Kilkenny, 22 feet long, butt and middle nearly same diameter, tip heavy, spliced and of lancewood. I never weighed it, but think it must have been six pounds, yet it would kill a fish. In the 70's, Mr. Habersham, of Savannah, presented me with a 15-footer of Dengee Sribner's best lancewood, six pieces, spliced, which I prized highly. As I often had gentlemen come to me for a day's fishing, previous to the selling and closing of the old Restigouche, and often without a bit of gearing, and who never had a salmon on a line. I would quietly place the 22-footer in their hands. I remember a Mr. Hixon, running some railway in Maine, who was introduced to me through a friend. He wanted badly to see a salmon caught, as well as kill one himself. I took him up a few miles with "old Kilkenny," and, hooking a fish, handed him the rod. The fish soon left with fly and cast. I tried again, and the next fish was a fine 25-pounder. I said, "Now, sir, I am going to land this fish. I want you to closely observe how it is done." I did it. He said, "Well, it don't seem difficult; I am sure I can do it." So out we went again. He was a very tall gentleman and just suited the rod, but somehow he could not get the line out. He worked too hard. I coached him all I could, and in doing so I hooked another fish, and handed him the rod. The fish made a run and never stopped—leader and hook both gone. As I had to leave him for duty, I put on a treble gut for him, and he would thrash for an hour with "old Kilkenny," rest a spell, and go at it again, until night. The second day after I found my friend in bed at Dee Side unable to get out. "Oh," he said, "my back is broken!" I have "old Kilkenny" whittled down to a 14-footer, and it is now my fancy rod to kill a salmon. J. Mowat.

The Menhaden Fishery and Food-fishes.

In 1894 the U. S. Fish Commission made an investigation of the Menhaden fishery for the purpose of determining what food-fishes are taken in that fishery. A report upon this investigation, prepared by Dr. Hugh M. Smith, has just been published by the Commission.

The taking of menhaden (*Brevoortia tyrannus*) for the purpose of converting them into oil and guano, is one of the most important fisheries prosecuted with vessels on the eastern coast of the United States.

The fishery is most extensive on the coasts of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Virginia. Purse seines, operated from steam and sail vessels are used. There are at present fifty to fifty-five menhaden factories with an investment of $2,580,000, and giving employment to about 1,800 fishermen.

Some years over 700,000,000 menhaden are handled by these factories, giving over $1,000,000 of manufactured products annually.

The menhaden fishery has met with much opposition on account of the supposed injurious influence upon the abundance of certain

species of food-fishes, particularly those which prey upon the menhaden and are taken by the anglers.

The contention is made by sportsmen and others, and generally accepted by the newspapers and the public, that in menhaden fishing large quantities of game and other food-fishes are taken; that these are usually landed at the factories, where they serve the same purpose as the menhaden; that important fishing grounds for game fishes have been ruined; that where food-fish are not actually caught they are driven away.

All of these statements were denied by the menhaden fishermen, who claim that the quantities of food-fish taken in the menhaden fishery are inconsiderable and not sufficient to supply the vessels' crews with food.

The above-mentioned investigation was for the purpose of determining the facts in the case. With the approval of the menhaden fishermen representatives of the Commission were placed upon three of the menhaden steamers during the fishing season of 1894. These agents kept a complete and detailed record of all the species of fishes taken at each seine haul, and the results of these observations are full of interest.

The total number of menhaden taken by the three vessels during the time the agents of the Commission were on board, was 27,965,755, which is estimated to be about one-twentieth of the entire catch in 1894. Sometimes as many as 200,000 menhaden were taken at a single set of the seine.

The total number of other fish taken was 94,795; of these 93,893, were of species ordinarily regarded as food-fishes, while 902 were of no recognized value as food. The 93,893 consisted chiefly of fish useful in the manufacture of oil and fertilizer, while only 6,990 were really food-fishes of importance. Over 86,000 of the total were alewives, nearly half of which were taken at a single haul in Boston Harbor.

The other species taken in some numbers were the following:

Bluefish	2,274
Shad	1,810
Butterfish	811
Mackerel	631
Sharks of various species	388
Skates and rays	372
Flounders of various species	369
Spanish mackerel	150

The investigation shows that as a general thing, not enough food fishes were taken to supply the vessels' crews, and that the number of food fish taken is really inconsiderable compared with the vast importance of the menhaden industry.

It would seem, therefore, that the menhaden fishery is not seriously detrimental to any species of game or food-fish.

Notes from a Montana Ranchman.

Several years ago I attended a Methodist revival meeting and heard a young man relate his experience. He said, when he first had a change of heart, he felt like a young colt that had been shut up in the barn all winter and was let out in the spring to grass. I am not exactly in that condition, but feel anxious to see the spring grass start, so that I can shoulder my long cane pole and try the mountain streams again where I had such fine sport in October.

The whole talk here is "quartz and placer" among the miners, and I hear so much of it I want to get among the speckled beauties once more. No one can complain of the weather here; no one this month (February) has seen the thermometer within ten degrees of zero, and in January only two mornings below zero. I killed a snake day before yesterday on the side of the mountain near the cabin where I live.

My first recollection of trout fishing was in 1836 in a small stream that helps make the Neversink, in Sullivan County, New York, four miles from Monticello. A Mr. Tremain, the father of Judge Lyman Tremain, was visiting his son, Israel P. Tremain, who was very sick at my father's house, and had just began to get better, and his father thought if he could get him a few brook trout he might relish them. He came to my father and wanted a pole and line; he got it and dug some worms, and went along the little stream, but had no luck. My father told him to let me try, for I knew where every trout was. I went and in a short time caught six and gave them to him. He was very much pleased and gave me a Spanish sixpence.

After his son got well he called to me and gave me a French five-franc piece, which I kept for more than forty years, and finally lost it. He said he never had anything taste so good as those little trout. I don't know whether he is alive or not; he was President of the Union Bank, Monticello, when I last heard of him.

I used to fish in several of the trout streams of Delaware County, New York, as far back as 1850, and then there were plenty in all the streams, and when I was a boy the Neversink was full of trout. I recollect a visit I made to the place where I was born—Westkill, Greene County, N. Y. The Westkill Creek runs right through the little village, and I said to my brother-in-law, who lived there, that I thought I could get some trout in the stream. He said it was no use, that the tanneries that were there years before had killed all the fish, and no one had caught or seen a trout in twenty years. I had the fever on and was going to try anyway, and said all I wanted of him was to go along and bring the fish back. I fixed up a rig with a pole about ten feet long, started out and right at the little bridge in the village I caught four, and one of them a pounder; went on down the stream about a mile and came to a dam and a nice-looking place below. My pole was too short to reach where I wanted to, and I went to an old shoemaker close by, and he had a nice, long pole, which I borrowed, although he said it was useless to try for trout there, for there were none. I told him I had made up my mind that under that dam there was one that had been waiting years for me to come and get him. I caught eight right there, and one weighed over two pounds. My brother-in-law was surprised, as every one else was in the vicinity, and it did my soul good to see him change hands every little while in carrying the fish home, for we had nineteen pounds in all. On the next day I started for home, and, passing for miles along the road towards Prattsville, saw the stream lined with fishermen.

I think there are very few men living who have done as much trout fishing as I have, and I never yet found any one that seemed to have the luck that I always have. I have wondered sometimes why I did not become spotted and have scales start on me. The 13th of April next I shall be sixty-eight years of age, and the greatest pleasure of my life is to catch the nice, speckled trout. B. P. Van Horne.

Chico, Montana.





Yo' kin sot onto de ribber bank fo' long hours at er time,
An' de debbil a fish 'll nibble at yo' bait,
But ef deys fishes in de creek, deys boun' ter tek a' hol',
Ef yo's only got de pashuns fo' to wait.

Yo' kin trabbel in de lane till hit stretehes out so long
Dat yo' tink de turnin' pint yo's missed en past,
But jes' yo' keep a'gwine en yo'll war dat ol' road out,
For de longes' lane am boun' to twist et last.

Dars so many cloudy days dat it seems as ef de sun,
Wasn't nebber gwine to shine on yearth no mo',
But gib de ole sun time 'n' he'll bust dem clouds away,
An' shine brighter 'n what yo' eber saw befo'.

D. P.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

Eras in Cycling.

The wonderful demand for bicycles which developed during 1895—a demand so great and so wholly unexpected that the bicycle factories of this country, working night and day, could not supply it—is not without parallel. Indeed, says *Godey's Magazine*, the history of the bicycle in America can best be likened to a series of three great waves, this, of course, assuming that the curious and fantastic two-wheeled and man propelled vehicles of the distant past may with propriety be termed "bicycles."

The first wave reached its greatest height in 1819. Quotations from a publication of that year state that "excitable citizens were in an ecstasy of astonishment and delight over the introduction of the 'dandy horses,'" and that "the manufacturers could not apparently meet the demand of the 'velocipeders.'"

As with all waves, this receded, and "the people who had purchased machines at high prices gave them away as playthings to grown up boys."

In 1868–69 another cycling wave precipitated itself on these shores, and swept the country from end to end. The velocipede factories worked over-time, but could not equal the demand; "riding academies" were over-numerous; "velocipede receptions" were nightly occurrences, and attracted the fashionable element. At one of the "receptions" it is recorded that "among the gentlemen who gave proof of their skill was Charles A. Dana, who is an expert rider."

The annexed reprint, from a record of 1868, is of unusual interest at this time, and shows how closely history has repeated and is repeating itself:

"Several months have passed since we heard of a two-wheeled contrivance, called 'bicircle,' or 'veloce,' by which it is possible for an active Frenchman to traverse ten miles of the streets of Paris in a single hour. The fever which raged so high there seems to have broken out in America. Schools for the instruction of velocipede-riding are being opened, Youngsters ride down Fifth-ave. with their school-books strapped in front of their velocipedes, and expert riders cause crowds of spectators to visit the public squares, which afford excellent tracks for the light wheels to move swiftly over. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has secured two of the American machines, and other gentlemen, well known in the literary and artistic world, are possessed of their magic circles. One of them takes his ride of nearly ten miles daily, and saves time as well as enjoying the ride. A number of persons are already making use of the velocipede as a means of traversing the distance between their homes and places of business. Professional inventors are now laboring to bring it to American completeness, and the few dealers in New York are doing quite a driving business. Their prices range from $60 to $100, about the same as in France. The weight of a medium sized machine is about 60 pounds, and the size of driving wheel most in favor from thirty to thirty-six inches. The winter season is not favorable to velocе-riding, but with the opening of spring we may expect to see the two-wheeled affairs gliding gracefully about the streets and whizzing swiftly through the smooth roads of Central Park."

Disadvantages in the "Narrow Tread."

In a sensible and practical article in *The Wheel*, Charles A. Duryea, among other sensible things, writes as follows:

If the rider is simply a "scorcher" and riding at high speed over perfect roads, the narrow tread may not be a disadvantage, but if he encounters bad roads he will find that his forks are so close to the tire that mud clogs in the forks near the tire seriously—so seriously that the additional friction on a single muddy ride is far more detrimental than the supposed gain of the narrow tread the whole rest of the season. In fact, one of the reasons why many of our riders do not ride in soft weather is because of the too close build of their machines. It is not an uncommon thing for mud to pile up on the forks of a narrow tread machine until it interferes with the chain and sprocket.

Another detrimental feature of a narrow tread is the necessity for better bearings, bet-

ter adjustment of them, because a narrow tread means narrow ball races, and when the ball races lie close together a little looseness or wear permits the crank axle to spring around sidewise, and binds the chain; and, as before stated, a little extra friction will more than destroy the gain, if any, due to a narrow tread. The writer says "if any" advisedly, because he is far from being convinced that a narrow tread is a great advantage, or, in fact, any advantage at all. He has noticed the position of his own feet when standing at ease, and has not found them close together. In walking, one of necessity puts his feet nearly in the same line, because they carry the load, and in order to do this must get nearly or quite under the centre of gravity, but on a cycle this condition does not exist; the weight of the rider is carried largely by the saddle or by the handles, in which case it remains centrally over the machine. In slow speed, as in hill climbing, the push on the pedals may be as much, or more, than the rider's weight, and if narrow treads are valuable anywhere they should be in hill climbing, but under great strains of this kind the narrow bearings tend to permit deviation of the crank shaft from its position parallel with the rear axle, and so are objectionable, rather than otherwise. At fast speed, where the first thought is that one's body must shift from side to side in order to get over the pedal each time, one does not apply a great amount of power, and there is sufficient inertia in the body to prevent sidewise motion, in applying a small amount of power, therefore, no need to have a tread objectionably narrow.

If there is a great value in narrow treads, as some people insist, than for track use a tricycle ought to be a proper thing, provided it was built with double cranked shaft, which would permit the feet to come so close together that the ankles might be rubbed. It is the writer's belief that such a machine would be not only valueless, but detrimental, because a man sitting astride a saddle does not naturally bring his feet so close together as when standing, and when standing the writer generally finds six or seven inches between the inside of his shoe soles at the ball of the toe. A few measurements on persons standing unconsciously will convince unprejudiced people that there is no great natural necessity for getting the feet close together, or else the writer is much mi taken.

The Fault is Often the Cycler's.

Did you ever take note of the fact that, no matter how carefully you adjusted pedals, saddle or handle-bars, one leg or one arm seemed always subject to more strain than the other? asks the editor of *The Wheel*.

Did you ever examine a saddle you had ridden for some time, and note that it was deflected more on one side than the other?

If you have noticed these things, and are seeking for the cause thereof, look for it in yourself, not in the wheel you ride, and the chances are that you will soon discover the cause. Each side of a bicycle is mathematically and mechanically the same, both sides of the human frame are neither anatomically nor actually so.

The physiologists and scientists in general have been making some curious experiments with a view to determining the relative length and strength of "right" and "left" limbs. Fifty and nine-tenths per cent. of the men measured had the right arm stronger than the left; 16.4 per cent. had the two arms of equal length and strength, and 32.7 per cent. had the left arm stronger than the right.

Of women, 46.9 per cent. had the right arm stronger than the left; 24.5 per cent. had the left stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured—twenty-five of each sex. Of these, twenty-three had the right arm and left leg longer; six the left arm and right leg, while in seventeen cases all the members were more or less equal in length.

With a knowledge of this in mind, do not think because your right pedal is fastened to a crank just five and one-half inches in length that the left pedal must be just at the same length. Study your own defects and accommodate them in the adjustment of your machine, and you will find that your riding will be easier in consequence.

Mineral Specimens.

I will agree to collect and send 1,000 specimens of ore—one or more from every principal mine in Montana—name of mine, location and assay value with each specimen, and average weight one pound or more. Also 100 specimens from National Park. Will box in good order and deliver to R. R.—will do all this for $1,500.00—$500.00 first of May, $500 00 first of August, $500.00 first of November, 1896. Will give bond for faithful performance if required.

B. P. Van Horne, Chico Park Co., Montana.

Some Pedal Bearings.

You want to ride a wheel properly, don't you. You do not care to make it any harder work than needs be. You are anxious to acquire the maximum of distance and speed with the minimum of power and exertion, of course. Well, do this, and you will accomplish your desires. Keep your knees in and your feet straight on the pedals. Drop your heel as the pedal comes up. This will admit of your pushing it over the dead centre when its highest point of revolution has been reached.

When the lowest point in the pedal's revolution has been reached, do not leave off pushing, but point your toe downward, and pull the pedal backward with the same clawing motion that a clucking hen uses to unearth the juicy grub for her brood. Do this slowly at first, and in a very short time you will fall into the habit of doing it unconsciously. When this occurs you have learned the art of pedalling, an acquisition to your cycling almost invaluable where comfort and speed are sought.

795 Miles of Them.

In round numbers there were 700,000 bicycles made and sold in America last year. To the uninitiated the stupendity of this output is not definitely expressed in these five ciphers, preceded by a single seven, but take the wheels from the frames of the machines, lay one flat upon one another, as though they were but exaggerated coins, and the result would be a column over 130 miles high, just 1,275 times the height of Washington Monument.

Supposing all of the wheels thus stacked to have been supplied with wood rims, as the greater number of them really were, and you will find that it required more than 660 miles of stock to meet this one detail of cycle construction. Since only 20 or, at the best, 25 per cent. of the rock elm produced is finally selected by the wood-rim maker as fit for his purpose, fully 3,000 miles of this wood is cut, worked and submitted to meet the demand solely created for it by cycle manufacturing.

Replacing the wheels in their frames, making them once more a complete bicycle, place these bicycles in a line, the steering wheel of one machine touching the rear wheel of the one in front of it, and the product of '95 shows a continuous line of bicycles 795 miles in length.

When one stops to study these figures, and to consider that they will this year be increased fully one-third, some idea may be formed of just what a great industry the building of bicycles has grown to be, and no longer will the student wonder at its effects upon other lines of business apparently in no wise connected with it.

Will Furnish Literature Free.

The Chicago Great Western Road has introduced something of a novelty on its Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis Limited Express. This line does not believe in the so-called news agents, and never has the vender of newspapers, cheap literature and decayed fruit, at advanced prices, been permitted to operate on the Chicago Great Western trains. As a most refreshing substitute each of its limited express trains is supplied with a free library of newspapers and current periodicals. A beautiful little catalogue containing a list of six daily papers, three illustrated weeklies, and eight monthly magazines is placed in each sleeping car section before the departure of trains from Chicago and Minneapolis, and all of these are absolutely free to passengers making application to the porters for them. The newspapers may be kept outright if desired.

The "Drop Frame" Pattern.

That, by reason of the "drop" or "loop" frame employed for women's wheels, they are less rigid than the diamond-frame models sold for men, is generally recognized, but it is not known to the average rider that there is so great a difference in the comparative stiffness of the styles that a "drop-frame" wheel invariably sags in the middle after having been some time in use. The sag is in the lower tubes running from the bottom bracket to the head. Because of the absence of the top tube used in men's wheels, the weight of the rider continually puts a springy strain on the lower tubes and upright strut, with the result that after a year's use the upright, or diagonal tube, where the seat post fits in, and the head, where the handle bars go in, will be found to have sprung nearer together. To demonstrate this, measure the space from the upper end of the head tube to the upper end of the seat post on a new wheel of any make, and then measure the same space on a wheel of the same make that has been used for a season, and see if the distance is the same. It will be found that in the old wheel the distance will be a little less than in the new one, showing that the upper ends of the vertical tubes have been drawn nearer together, or, to put it more truly, the frame has

sagged. In testing a woman's wheel of the "drop-frame" pattern, straddle the front wheel and press the chest against the head and handle bars while you clasp your hands behind the saddle post and strut and pull toward you. In noting how much "give" there is in each, you will learn the respective rigidities of the various makes.

Salmon Fishing.

The property of the late Sam. Davis, consisting of two pools and a comfortably furnished new cottage, is to be leased for one, two or three years. This property is situated on the best part of the River Restigouche, three miles above the Club House, and affords very choice fishing. For fuller information address J. B. Cole, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York City.

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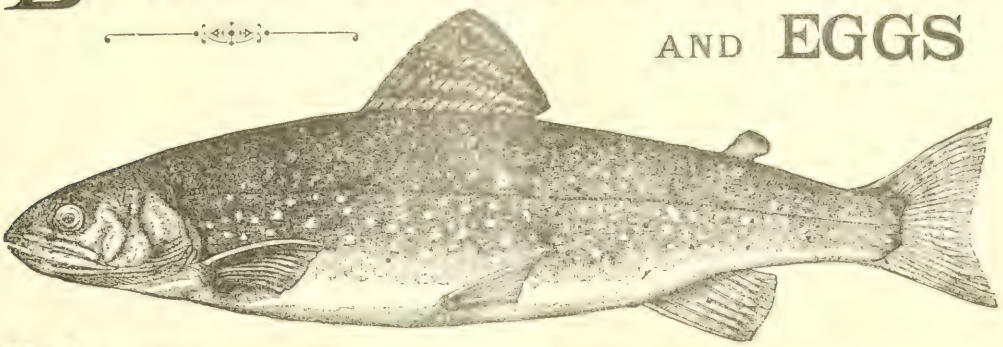
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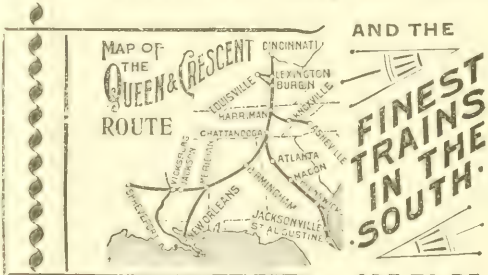
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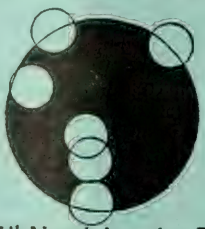
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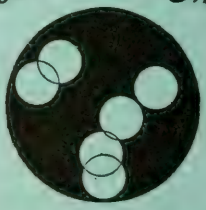
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Yours truly,

(Signed) WALTER WINANS.

P. S.—The original bull's eyes were 2 inches in diameter, but the photo gives them one inch, making them half size.

(Signed) W. W.

G. W. RODGERS, Printer, 409-413 Pearl St., New York.

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THE AMERICAN ANGLER



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF FISH, FISHING, & FISH CULTURE.

WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

29-33 West 42d St., - - New York City.

: : THE : :

AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR MAY.

FRONTISPIECE—PLYMOUTH BAY..... 140

OLD COLONY FISHING AND SHOOTING..... 141
Illustrated.

THE STORY OF THE REDFISH LAKES..... 146
Illustrated. *Barton W. Evermann.*

CRIPPLES AS SPORTSMEN.....*Morris Gibbs, M. D.* 151

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.....*Wm. C. Harris* 153
Illustrated.

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 162
Enlargement and Removal—The Delights of Fishing and Its Devotees—Albinism in Fishes—The Castalia Club (Illustrated)—Information Concerning State Fish—Notes from a Montana Ranch—Trout Diseases and Perils—The Biggest Rodfish—Do Fish Renew Their Scales—Strange Water Beings.

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PLYMOUTH BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. MAY, 1896. No. 5.

OLD COLONY FISHING AND SHOOTING.

The shores of every harbor and bay and roadstead south of Boston, and all the southeastern shores of Rhode Island and Connecticut, are fertile fields for the angler's outings. To these sections may be added the coasts and islands of the southern harbor of Boston, of Dorchester Bay and of the Weymouth, Hingham, Nantasket and Cohasset waters, "inside" and "outside;" the entire southern shore from Cohasset to Plymouth, including the Scituates, Marshfields and Duxbury; the coast of Cape Cod, on both the bay and ocean sides, for the entire length of that sandy projection, and the whole of Barnstable County; also the shores of Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay, the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabethan Islands. All these yield to the rod a bountiful harvest.

Not alone the ocean waters may be relied upon in this quarter of the country—this choice morsel of the world, so to speak—as furnishing favorable and promising resorts for fishermen, for within this territory there are also, in almost every part, great ponds, lakelets and streams of clear, and often spring-fed, fresh waters lying inland, that are in almost every instance naturally stocked with fine fish in great variety, while many of these have been artificially supplied with choice fish of game qualities—black bass, varieties of trout, pike, pickerel, etc.

There is, practically, no section of the ocean coasts referred to in the foregoing that is not eligible as a fishing point for the varieties usually in the sea waters of this part of New England. Cod, mackerel, hake, flounders, sea perch (cunners), tautog, striped and sea bass—these kinds are to be taken in excursions from every part of the shores from Boston to Newport; while bluefish, scup, sea bass, etc., form the staple of sport in the Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay waters, and on every side of the great islands of the Vineyard and Nantucket, or, if it is desired to cruise for larger game, the ocean waters about these islands present the field therefor; and some of the most exciting sport known in fishing is furnished by the Provincetown whale catchers, whose boats frequently pursue enormous specimens of this sea animal within the limits of Massachusetts and Cape Cod Bays, with results of stirring incidents, novel situations and startling experiences second to none ever taking place in Pacific or Arctic waters.

Marshfield, on the south shore of Massachusetts, was the home of Daniel Webster; and it can not be doubted that one of the reasons why he so much delighted in this particular section was that it furnished, in the waters of the Great Bay adjacent, abundant and constant opportunity for the gratification of his taste as a fisherman. Day after day in the summer time, or at any time when he could rusticate about his



A CAPE COD POND.

Marshfield home, he could be found in his boat, with a veteran sailor and fisher as companion, up and away long before day on a visit to some one of the numerous ledges or grounds of the Bay waters, or lingering until long after "sun-up" along the banks, content with any form of success in his adventures and enjoying all the scenes and their accompanying incidents with a true sportsman's appreciation. When thus boating and fishing upon the Bay, or chasing the deer in Plymouth and Sandwich Woods with congenial companions, Mr. Webster relished these features of his life experiences with a zest that never left him to the end.

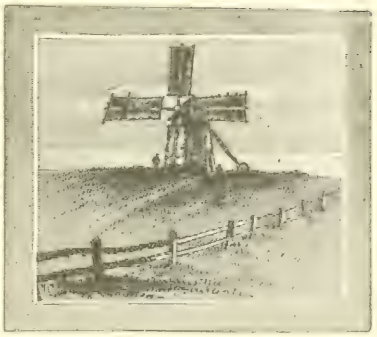
The ledges and banks and grounds that thus furnished sport for the immortal Webster are to be found in infinite variety of existence, situation and formation, off every part of the coasts of Southeastern Massachusetts; and the fishing off the south shore is a type of that to be found under similar conditions and circumstances off Plymouth, the Cape shores, and in the Sound and Bay waters all about that section. At the same time, particular localities present almost always some featural attraction for the sportsman and amateur fisherman. Smelt, lobster and the like are especially present, both as regards quality and quantity, within and about Massachusetts Bay waters; tautog may be sought with a certainty of success—and sea bass also—in Vineyard Sound and Holmes Hole waters; scup abound in Buzzards Bay in the spring and summer seasons, and bluefish, the princely game-fish of the Southern New England coasts, are to be found in the perfection of the sport of its seeking off the Cape Cod shores and in the troubled waters around the islands of Nantucket and the Vineyard. The coast fishing for this variety in every part of upper Barnstable County, or Cape Cod, is full of attractions for many fishermen.

Hast thou, O lover of sports piscatorial, ever known anything of the excitements of bluefishing? Hast thou stood within the line of surf on a clean beach, and, gathering in one hand the curious coil, slung the well-ballasted hook far out over the curling wave-tips, and then, with thirty or forty feet of line behind, rushed up to the beach to



SOUTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

the grass edge, landing a ten-pounder on the porous sand? Hast thou flown over the surface of the water, the sun shining clearly and the breeze blowing freshly, the trailing line fairly pinched by sensitive fingers, and nearly killed thyself in the animated struggle with a game bluefish? Hast thou lazily bobbed for scup or cunners, until listlessness has been supplanted by intense interest through the mediumship of a lively school? Hast thou made one at a shore party, where the finest bivalves and the freshest fish constituted viands which all pronounced fit for a kingly feast, and which thine own hands had assisted in taking from the cool depths within the hour? Hast thou measured distance with a fleet yacht, trying her points closehauled or free, and found that in thus forgetting the cares and troubles of the world, and becoming absorbed in out-door life, a glow of health and strength, such as you never before experienced, had resulted along with the exhilaration of beating a friendly rival?



WINDMILL ON CAPE COD.

And dost thou delight in all these and similar things? They are found nowhere else in such profusion and perfection as in Buzzards Bay and its neighborhoods. Hereabouts on land or water, the entertaining side of Old Ocean is found in aspects superior to those presented but by few other localities.

Cape Cod, Nantucket and Vineyard waters, as well as those of Buzzards Bay, furnish especially the grounds in boating for blue fish.



RHODE ISLAND SHORE SCENE.



This territory abounds, as outlined in the foregoing, in ponds and lakelets, and especially is this the case with its lower sections—Plymouth, Middleboro, the upper Cape Cod towns, and their neighborhoods. These ponds, often well stocked with perch, pickerel, black bass, etc., in the Winter, or cold months, afford halting places for innumerable sea fowl—geese, ducks, sheldrakes, and the like, in their season. From Cohasset on the North throughout the Plymouth territory on the South, the coot shooting season lasts from the opening of October to the advent of December; and probably more of these sea fowl are killed here within that season annually than in all points elsewhere in the country. Fox hunting is still in vogue on Cape Cod, and in a limited way elsewhere in Southeastern Massachusetts, many veteran hunters making pilgrimage regularly to the Cape Cod localities in this pursuit.

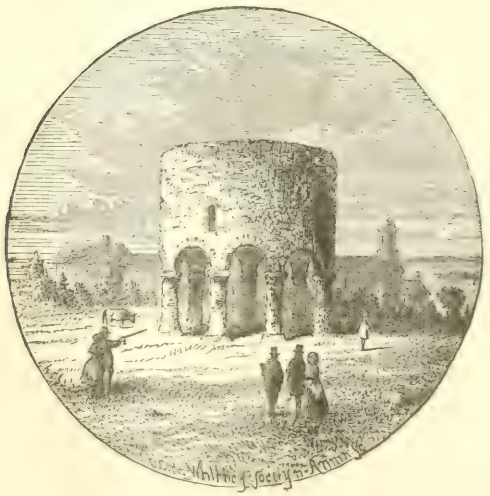
A matter of special interest to the sportsman and naturalist, or to amateurs in these departments, is that of the presence of birds and game animals in various sections of the Cape. The number of birds on Cape Cod is very great, and among them are many rarely found in the North. A summer visitor who regularly visits Hyannis Port reports a hundred and eighteen varieties as observed by himself, many of which he has shot and mounted. The prairie warbler is often met within the pine woods, and the Maryland yellow-throat is occasionally seen in these sections. Among the common birds are the meadow-lark or marsh-quail, the finch, the red-winged black-bird, the grass-finch, the green-heron, the mackerel-gull, the night-heron, the king-fisher, the whip-poor-will, and the shore birds. A great white-heron has been shot near Yarmouth, and a beast-bittern at Chatham. The recesses of the woods contain many owls. The snowy-owl is more abundant in winter on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Monomoy Island, than in any other place of corresponding size in New England. Eagles and hawk-owls are sometimes seen on the Cape, while the Carolina dove is common here.



A ROAD ON CAPE COD.

Between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown the mink, rabbit, fox and raccoon are still taken. In the heavy woods of lower Plymouth, Sandwich, Falmouth, and Barnstable the deer still roam in considerable numbers. In the eastern neighborhoods, duck, plover, yellow-legs, quail, geese and "grass birds;" in Truro, quail, snipe, plover and duck; in Yarmouth and Dennis, quail, partridge, yellow-legs, snipe and duck; in Bourne and Falmouth, partridge, quail, and sea fowl are reported as among the rewards of the sportsman; and the corresponding sections of the Cape are equally desirable in this respect.

It is safe to commend the waters of the Old Colony and its neighborhoods, inland and ocean, to the sojourner or tourist who desires piscatorial sports as a feature in his outing experiences, as also for the gunner under similar conditions.





SECONDARY MORAINE ABOVE YELLOWBELLY LAKE, NEAR SAWTOOTH, IDAHO.
About 8,500 feet above sea level.

THE STORY OF THE REDFISH LAKES.

BY BARTON W. EVERMANN, PH. D.
Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission.

The glacier stream comes striding down
With roar and spring from echoing steeps,
Straight from the heights of yon snow crown,
Where, 'twixt ridged walls of gray and brown,
A serpent glacier downward creeps.

Bound fast in cold lies yonder snow,
In deep ravines, by rocky towers;
The sun's touch comes, and 'neath its glow
With shock of life transmuted flow,
In rushing streams, the crystal flowers.

—*Mrs. T. H. Huxley.*

The Sawtooth Mountains are rugged and wild in the extreme. The general direction of the range is north and south, on the west side of the upper Salmon River valley, in central Idaho. This valley is 6,500 to 7,000 feet above sea-level, and possesses a rich soil which would, under proper climatic conditions, prove extremely productive, but the season of warmth is too short to permit the ripening of any cultivated crop. Native grasses, however, grow with some luxuriance, and the valley affords good grazing for several months each year.

On the right or east side of the valley

the mountains are more regular in form and the slopes near the valley are usually devoid of timber; in the cañons are narrow fringes of conifers along the creeks, while on the slopes are found occasional clumps of quaking asp or cottonwood (*Populus tremuloides*), grouped about some small spring or spread over an area of more than average moisture. Elsewhere these hills and mountain slopes support only herbaceous vegetation or a dense, intricate chapparal of low shrubs and brushes.

Far to the northeast two or three exceptionally high, barren peaks are seen, which appear to be entirely without vegetation, glistening white in the bright sunlight.

On the west side of the valley the foothills and lower slopes of the mountains are usually densely forested with Murray pine, Douglas fir and spruce, while higher up are good growths of the white-barked or piñon pine. The high peaks are 10,000 to 10,500 feet above the sea, and are ragged and jagged in a wonderful degree. These are granite peaks, and they have been carved by rain and snow and frost and the warming sun into all the wild and rugged shapes possible to granite mountains; towering spires and minerets, bold precipices hundreds of feet high, and beetling crags which not even the mountain goat can scale; great pinnacles and slender rock needles piercing the sky, and between, deep, yawning gorges and chasms over which one can not cross and whose bottoms one can scarcely see; no domes or rounded surfaces anywhere, but everything sharp, angular and unfinished. The timber line here is between 9,500 and 10,500 feet above the sea, and these peaks would be without trees even were they less rugged.

In the gorges, rocky rifts, and on the protected slopes, lie patches of snow which the summer sun is not able to remove, though in August we saw that the melting was very rapid. Lower down in the cañons, among these mountain masses, one sees unfolded before him a page of geologic history upon which is written in characters not to be misunderstood the story of cold and ice in earlier days. The cañons' walls are shorn of their sharp, angular projections, and are smoothed down; the cañons' floors are worn and smoothed into level, floor-like areas or into huge rounded masses, the *roches moutonées*, whose striated and fluted surfaces plainly show the ancient glacier's track.

The general direction of all these cañons is northeast and southwest. At the head of each, one or more icy-cold lakelets nestle at the bases of the rocky peaks; from each of these flows a crystal stream which, with many filmy cascades and singing rapids, finds its way down the cañon at whose mouth a larger lake is usually found. At the lower end of the lake the stream again appears, but usually wider and less rapid than above; and all these lake outlets, after a course of a few miles across the western edge of the valley, finally flow into Salmon River. But these cañons have not always had the clear streams we now see. Long years ago, when the Great Ice King still held reign in the Sawtooth Mountains, these cañons were much smaller than they are now, for then they were young. At the head of each, where now lie the little lakelets, and still above, lay great beds of snow which the summer sun was never able to melt; and from these snowfields great rivers of ice flowed down the shallow cañons. The current was very slow but irresistible, perhaps only a few inches or feet per day. These tongues of ice which reached out

into Salmon River valley were, at their lower ends, made thinner and thinner by the heat of the sun's rays, and somewhere in the valley each reached a point where the sun's heat was great enough to melt the ice as it slowly crept out from the cañons. At the upper end of each cañon, high, rocky cliffs frowned down upon the ice-river, and bold, rocky walls hemmed it in on either side. Rain and frost and the summer's sun all conspired to destroy these cliffs and walls of granite. The sun melted the snow upon them, and into the crevices and rifts ran the water, which was the wedge, and then at night the frost came and froze the water, which was the same as hitting the wedge hard blow after blow and driving it deeper and deeper into the rock which was strong; but the freezing, expanding ice was stronger; and so little flakes and small chunks of granite, and even great masses weighing hundreds, yes, thousands of pounds, were split from the parent rock and all went thundering down upon the ice-river below. There they lay and were carried slowly along on the surface, or else, melting their way to the bottom of the stream, as many of them did, were there pushed onward in the same irresistible way.

In the course of years thousands of tons of rock fragments thus reach the glacier, as we know the river of ice to be; and those rocks which find their way to the bottom of the stream, or lie upon the margins, scrape and grind against the cañon's floor and walls, wearing down and planing off the irregularities and inequalities in each. Small irregularities are entirely worn away and a smooth or finely-straited surface is produced, while greater ones



LAKE MEADE, ABOVE REDFISH LAKE, IDAHO.—About 9,000 feet above sea level.



MORAINIC RIDGE, BETWEEN PETTIT AND YELLOWBELLY LAKES, NEAR SAWSOOTH, IDAHO.
7,200 feet above sea level.

are smoothed and rounded and left as the large dome-like elevations called mutton-backs or *roches moutonnées*. But as time went on climatic conditions changed. The Ice King slowly loosed his chilling fetters, and warmth and life appeared where only cold had reigned. Rains became more frequent and the snowfall less. The river of ice became less wide and less deep; but the change was very slow, for the King who had ruled so many centuries was loath to depart. And the cliffs during all these years did not forget to let fall upon the diminishing stream a constant shower of rocks, great and small, and as the stream slowly melted away those which fell near the edges became stranded and were left in great windrows on either side; there we see them to-day more or less distinctly. Between each two cañons opening out into Salmon River valley is a long ridge. Back from the valley it is high and its sides are steep; as it approaches the valley it gradually flattens out. Examine one of these ridges closely and it is found to consist of rock fragments of various sizes with a small amount of soil. Only at the upper end is there a central axis of bed-rock; all the rest is glacial material and is the joint product of the two glaciers, one upon either side.

These ridges are, as a rule, well timbered, and form the most characteristic feature of the region. Looked down upon from any high peak above, they appear as long tongues of dark green, reaching out into the dead brown of the treeless valley. Sometimes small secondary glaciers left immense piles of rock upon the flanks of the larger lateral moraines, and these, in some cases,

are fresh and free of soil and vegetation, as if deposited but yesterday.

Near the mouth of each cañon the front end of the retreating glacier halted for many a year, and piled up a great transverse row of bowlders, gravel and mud. This made a great broad dam, which held back the water and thus were formed the lakes we now see.

These lakes are quite deep and very beautiful. We have made many soundings in several of them. Alturas Lake has a maximum depth of 158 feet; Pettit Lake, 175 feet; Redfish Lake, 296 feet; while Big Payette Lake is 306 feet deep. Thus, long years ago, as man reckons time, but geologically only yesterday, through the agency of frost and ice, rocky cliffs, and alternate cold and heat, but finally of increasing heat and diminishing cold, were the beautiful lakes and mountain streams prepared for the lusty trout which now abound in them. And should you weary of the streams where you have been wont to tempt the speckled beauties and long for "new fields and pastures green," go to the Sawtooth Mountains. There you will find the gamiest, prettiest, sweetest trout you have ever seen, and in greater abundance than you have ever known before.



CRIPPLES AS SPORTSMEN.

BY MORRIS GIBBS, M. D.

You cannot change the spots on a leopard, and neither can you change the sentiments and tendencies in the nature of a true blue sportsman. Mind you, I do not speak of the sporting man, the follower of dog and chicken fights, and the market hunter who only looks for the money there is in it. Neither do I refer to the spasmodic rodster and gunner, who shoots and angles because "it is the style, you know." I am writing, as I always do, of the true blue sportsman, and not of the "dead-game sport," so-called, who is too often confounded with the disciple of revered Walton. I allude to the quite common "gentleman sportsman," if you wish to call him so. Not necessarily the anglers and gunners who dress as gentlemen and carry the best rods and guns, but rather the sentimental and upright members of our honored, but often assailed, craft. At a future time we will discuss that noble class, the gentlemen sportsmen, as too much cannot be said in his favor.

In years of experience in the field and forest, and on lake and stream, and in much travel within our boundaries, both north and south, east and west, I have carefully noted the various classes of people engaged in angling and hunting for pleasure, and can say that wherever I have been that enthusiastic cripples have been observed hunting and fishing.

Now, strictly speaking, there is no line of demarcation between a condition where a man has a wart on his nose or but one eye, and a man with both legs and one arm amputated. According to accepted rulings, about any variation from a normal standard in the human form divine stigmatizes the cripple; and, therefore, a girl with a freckled face is a cripple, but she is to be respected, yes, and admired, if she can catch fish. It doesn't prove the lack of spirit or manhood if a man goes about in a wheel chair, nor is it a proof of poverty if he can't ride a wheel. He may not have any hands, and yet be able to draw a check for thousands by a pen held in his toes. I know one of this description. He can play poker, too, but we'll excuse that when we know that he can paint pictures of merit, and beat nine out of ten conceited daubers who have two good hands.

It is not very hard for you to understand that a one-armed man may cast a fly in a style to capture more fish than a score of poor rodsters could catch, or that a one-legged expert gunner can sit in a blind and kill more ducks than a dozen beginners. But it is intended to show that some cripples can shoot and fish and stand rough usage and travel, too.

I have in mind the case of a one-armed old codger who hunts deer up north as regularly as the open season returns, and his family does not go without meat, either. He learned to shoot with a muzzle-loading rifle, and few could load it quicker than he, or throw it to the shoulder and fire it with a truer aim. Deer escaped him, as they will get away from any hunter, but he was about as sure a shot at a running deer as there was to be found in his section. He finally purchased a repeater, pump-gun, as he called it, and could manage to work the thing with his stub and good arm. In nearly every

State in the Union there are dozens of known cases like the above.

There used to be a queer pair of hunters of my acquaintance, and they were jolly, whole-souled fellows, although not well stocked with this world's goods. One was one-armed, and the other one-legged, and they hunted together a great deal in season. Squirrels were common in these days, and Mr. One Leg would wait on one side of the tree and Mr. One Arm would walk to the other side. They were both good shots. In turkey hunting, One Leg would lie in a good ambush and call on his bone, and One Arm would prowl about and cover the country and hunt for signs. In hunting ducks, One Arm would lie in a blind, and One Leg would row about the lake and scare up the birds; or perhaps One Arm would travel about the marsh edges of the lake and stir them up. They were both wonderfully good shots and used to get loads of game, and, though probably no good at the trap, could have taught the present generation of shooters some things.

It is a very common thing to meet one-armed anglers on the trout brook, and if you will observe, they always have fish, too, for a man with the handicap generally understands his business and knows a thing or two; and you may be sure that a man who is a cripple and is a sportsman, too, will give some other folks some points.

During the winter months the South is a great place for crippled tourists to resort, and at every point in Florida these handicapped sportsmen may be seen taking comfort on the water. They are persistent anglers, too, and will stick to a poor show longer than a better favored mortal will. Many a time I have seen a one-legged man, or worse, a poor fellow crippled with the rheumatism, fishing for sheepshead, crevallè, or for the generally despised catties. Sometimes the poor hands are so stiff that they are unable to bait the hook or remove the capture, and the assistance of the boatman is required. But the boatman is never called upon to help with the rod, for that is where the crippled angler gets his chief pleasure, and the fish must be nearly large enough to pull him overboard before he will acknowledge himself incapable of handling the gudgeon.

Then, too, there are delights of trips on the water which others do not feel and cannot enjoy, but which the crippled sportsman fully appreciates. He knows that he cannot run about and cover much territory, and so he sits still and makes the best of it, and in the course of time he becomes an observer, then a philosopher and naturalist. Many little things appeal to him which would be unnoticed by the generality of anglers.

Now, pardner, when you meet one of these cripples, give him a good word; don't talk sympathy, or he will feel cast down. Talk fish, boats, etc., and he will be happy. And the reason I know so much about crippled sportsmen, is because I've studied them; in truth, I'm I'm one myself. About three-quarters knocked out physically, and, perhaps you will say, after reading this, mentally unsound. And I won't dispute it. No use. But my memory is good, and I can still think of the times that were, and let me add that, under favorable conditions, I enjoy the sport.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 125.)

In April, 1883, that sterling gentleman and accomplished angler, David W. Cross, now deceased and formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, at my request wrote an article on "Minnows as Bait," which was published in THE AMERICAN ANGLER, thus supplying a long-felt want on the subject. I now reproduce Mr. Cross' communication, with such slight alteration as recent changes in classification and nomenclature of the minnows have made necessary.

There are times in the experience of every angler, when not all the flies in his book, nor all his skill in casting them, will be rewarded by a single rise. Why, nobody, it is believed, has been able to tell. It may be because the fish are seeking other kinds of food than flies. They may be looking after minnows, or, possibly, worms, helgramites, or crayfish. May it not follow, then, that if any or all of these baits should be offered them, with the same knowledge of their habits, and the same skill in casting that the expert fly-caster brings to his aid, we should oftener return with a full creel and a fullness of joy, instead of an empty one and a sober countenance?

Most people will tell us that bait-fishing is not just the right thing, but that fly-fishing is. But they never tell you what difference it makes to the poor trout or bass, whether a false fly inveigled him through the arts of a skillful caster, or a minnow on a chalk line in the hands of an "old fogy." What are we seeking? "Recreation, sport and trout," you answer. Well, recreation comes all the same, whether flies or baits be used. Pray tell us what can be the difference in the sport, after the fish is hooked (the same kind of tackle being used), whether it was done by the lure of a fly or minnow? If both methods afford equal skill and equal sport, why not place them on equally popular grounds?

Now it is of little use to write or talk about the minnows to old fishermen (the boy-fishermen will continue to jerk as he always has jerked them out, flying, with his pin-hook and bait), unless the anglers can find some use for them.

Gen. R. U. Sherman, Secretary of the N. Y. State Fish Commission, writing to me from the lodge of that sportsman's paradise, Bisby Park, in the "North Woods" of New York, said:

"We have several lakes and ponds well stocked with large trout, where, if you fancy, you can sling flies all day to your heart's content. You will probably take no fish, but then you can have the satisfactory reflection that you have spent your time in a sportsman-like manner, and not after the manner of the old fogy pot hunters. Our fishing at this season in these lakes is wholly at the baited buoys, and our tackle simply good-sized drop-lines, hooks about number four, baited with minnows. I am old-fashioned in my notions about fishing, and think a trout looks handsome flopping around in my boat, although it may have been captured with a bait."

Here we find (and that friend found at the extreme end of his angling skill) that the minnow bait and the baited buoys would do the business when the

fly utterly failed. It was of daily record at Bisby Lodge that the catch of Bisby trout at the several buoys gave an abundant supply for the table and its numerous and hungry guests by bait fishing alone.

If, then, it be conceded that minnows have a position which the angler is bound to respect, their character and

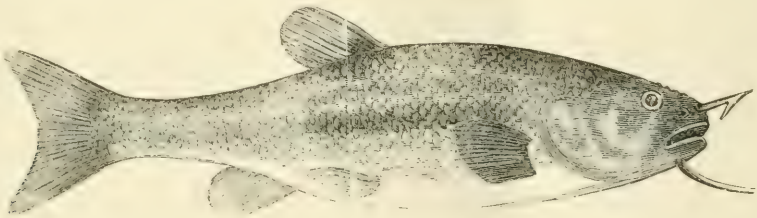
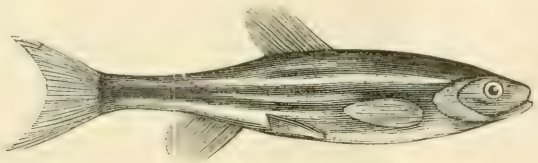


Plate 8—THE RED-BELLIED MINNOW.

their use to fish and fishermen may not be uninteresting, and as this essay is limited to their uses to fish and fishermen, only those minnows well known to the angler, and widely distributed throughout the United States, will be particularly noticed.



THE GOLD SHINER.

The minnows (such as are usually preferred by anglers for bait), are classed under the following heads :

No. 1. *Hadropterus aspro*—(Cope & Jordan). —Black-sided Darter.—Body sub-cylindric; back gibbous; abdomen rectilinear; scales rough, apparently hectagonal body banded behind the pectorals with seven or eight white zones, spotted with orange, the intervening spaces green; an orange stripe beneath the pectoral fins on the side of the body. Length, two to three inches.

It is preferred for bait to common minnows.

No. 2. *Etheostoma maculatum* (Kirtland)—The Trout Darter.—Body flattish, tapering gradually to the tail. Head narrow, compressed; jaws equal. Back and head olive and black. Sides and abdomen sea-green, with from twelve to twenty carmine dots near the median line. D. x, 13; P. 14; V. i., 5; A. 17; C. 22. Length, two and one-fourth inches.

No. 3. *Diplesion blennioides*—(Rafinesque). —The Green-Sided Darter.—Body elongate; head small; snout rounded; mouth small; lower jaw shorter; some brown spots on the back, and several brown with transverse lines across the lateral line, which is straight but rising at the base. D, xv, 13; P. 1, 6; B. 2–9; C. 13. Length, two to three inches.

For still fishing this minnow is attractive.

No. 4. *Eucalia inconstans* (Kirtland)—STICKLE BACK.—Olive or black upon the back; faintly maculated with olive upon its sides; throat and abdomen yellowish or white; five or six movable spines in front of the dorsal fin; body smooth. D. 5; 5, 9-12; V. 1; A. 1, 9. Length, two and one-half inches.

No. 5. *Leuciscus elongatus* (Kirtland).—Red sides; color of the back sky-blue; edged below with a gilt band—below this an interrupted black band extending from the point of the upper jaw to the tail, passing through the iris of the eye, but broken by a carmine stripe above the end of the ventrals; sides and belly silvery; body elongated, slim; dorsal high;

caudal deeply forked. D. 8; P.—; A. 9; C. 20. Length, three inches.

This is a hardy minnow and a great favorite among anglers for trout and bass, especially in casting.

No. 6. *Hybobsis dissimilis* (Kirtland)—Spotted Shiner.—Black, brownish, or olive; belt of gilt along the lateral line, with about twelve blueish dots which enlarge toward the tail; an ocherous band runs along the back, which is faintly marked with dark spots. Abdomen white and silvery; fins pale, slightly marked with dark tints. Head flat between the eyes; nose prominent; lower lip slightly fleshy and projecting. D 8 or 9; A., 7; C., 20. Length, 4½ inches.

No. 7. *Hybobsis kentuckiensis* (Rafinesque)—The Horned Chub.—Length, six inches. Olive and blueish above the median line. Fins orange, tinged with ferruginous; a black spot at the base of the caudal fin; vermillion dot behind each eye. The head of the males thickly studded with spines during the spring season.

No. 8. *Semotilus atromaculatus* (Mitchill)—Chub, Dace.—Above, dark olive green, with a broad and dark longitudinal band extending from the gill-covers to the tail. Flanks golden yellow, beneath silvery white. Head deep brownish black. Dorsal fin with a dark spot at the anterior portion of its base. Black, anterior to the dorsal, with a depression in the vertebral line. Lips fleshy. D. 9; P. 15; V. 9; A. 9; C. 20. Length, 5 to 10 inches.

They are abundant in almost every brook and river. During the spring the heads of the males are spinous and tuberculated. These minnows are used more generally than any other for bait in every place. During winter, they are frequently taken in great numbers through a hole in the ice, and fishing with a small hook baited with fish, beef or pork. At that season they are excellent pan-fish.

No. 9. *Chrosomus erthrogaster* (Rafinesque)—Red-bellied Minnow.—Two longitudinal black stripes on the sides; space between the stripes silvery and white. Abdomen white, occasionally tinged with carmine in some specimens; in others the whole surface of the abdomen is bright carmine. Head short. D. 8; P. 12; V. 8; A. 8; C. 20. Length, 3 to 4 inches.

Most streams swarm with this minnow, especially from April to July. After that time, having spawned, they lose their bright colors and collect in deeper waters. They are highly prized as a bait for trout and bass.

No. 10. *Abramis crysoleucas* (Mitchill)—Gold Shiner.—Blackfish, with shiny white or yellowish scales. Gill-covers golden, and when the scales are off, the black is frequently tinged with green and blue. Dorsal and abdominal outlines convex. D. 9; P. 17; A. 13; C. 19. Length, 3 to 7 inches.

This lively, handsome fish rises to the fly and is a troublesome fish to the fly caster for trout; but it affords good sport to the boy angler with his pin and minnow hook, and is highly prized by fishermen as a valuable kind of bait for bass and pickerel.

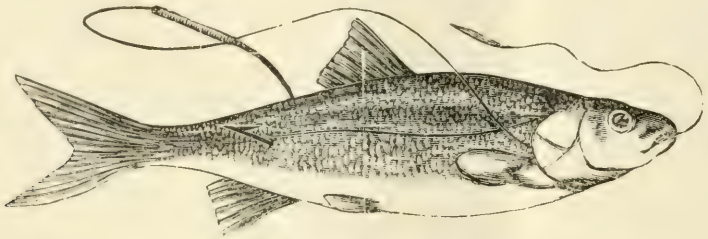
No. 11. *Notropis cornutus* (Mitchill)—Common Brook Minnow.—Olivaceous and brown on the back and head; white and silvery on the sides, and operculum occasionally iridescent. A brown band extends from the base of the head to the caudal fin and involves the lateral line in its posterior half; beneath this band a delicate blue or purplish tint is finally lost in the pure white of the abdomen. Mouth, diagonal; eyes, large. D. 9; P. 15 to 20; V. 9; A. 9; C. 20. Length, 4 inches.

This minnow is common in all permanent streams and extensively used for baiting trout, bass, pike, pickerel, mascalonge and eels by anglers who love the sport of catching fish more than the fun of merely casting for them without a rise.

No. 12. *Hybobsis storerianus* (Kirtland)—Storer's Minnow.—Back and upper surface of the body and head olivaceous; sides silvery and of brilliant metallic lustre, with a brownish band extending the whole length of the lateral line; pectoral and ventral fins yellowish; anal white and translucent; snout obtuse, projecting beyond the mouth; back convex in front of the dorsal; the lobes of the caudal

acute. D. 9; P. 15; V. 9; A. 9; C. 23. Length, eight inches.

They are very prolific, and in mid-



THE FAT HEAD MINNOW.

summer vast numbers of the young swarm in the still waters of bays and the mouths of rivers, and will rise to the surface (as will also most minnows) at night when a strong light is thrown upon the water. They are very tender, but make an attractive bait for bass and pike still-fishing.

ish—dorsal with a large irregular black spot at its anterior base, with eight forked rays, and one simple, shorter, obtuse, hard; anal with eight rays—lateral line flexious and raised at the base; tail lunated. Length, three inches. Rafinesque speaks of it as extremely rare. It is common in Ohio and Western waters.

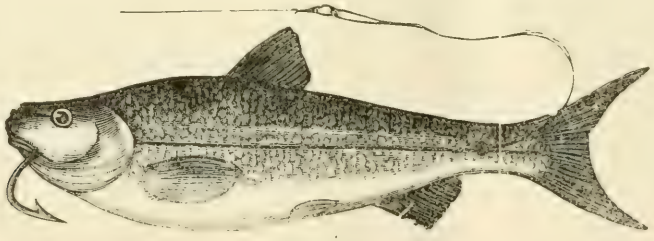
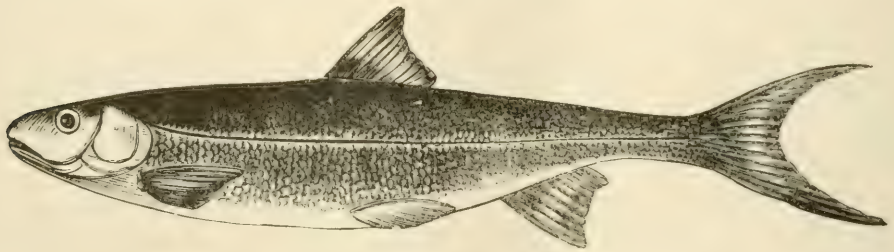


PLATE 16.

No. 14. *Umbra limi* (Kirtland)—Mud Minnow.—Body uniformly cylindric, fusiform, slightly compressed behind the dorsal and anal fins, dark above, irregularly waved with fus-



STORERS MINNOW.

No. 13. *Pimephales promelas* (Rafinesque)—Fat Head.—Diameter one-fourth of the length; body olivaceous, silvery, blackish; snout truncated and with soft warts, fins whitcous; an irregular transverse black band on the body near the base of the caudal fin. D. 13; P. —; V. 3; A. 10; C. 14. Length, two to three inches.

Very rare and very tenacious of life. A good bait, but too rare to be in much use.

Most of these minnows are well known to the angler, and enter largely into his programme for inveigling the wary big trout, ravenous bass and voracious pike, to bite, and then by "applied science" reducing them to possession.

Various modes, by various anglers, are adopted in hooking on the live minnow. The kind and manner of fishing should be taken into account in hooking them on. If you are old and lazy enough to fish with a float (never fish with one—it robs you of that indescribable electric thrill with which the bite strikes you), then it is a good way to run your hook just under the skin beneath the dorsal fin. [See plate No. 11.] In this way the minnow will move about lively, be very attractive, and live a long time, unless, happily, "chawed up" by the three-pound bass you are fishing for.

It is claimed that the best way to hook a minnow for trolling and casting is to pass the hook up through both lips, as shown in plate No. 8. This is endorsed by a long line of expert bass fishers who practice casting for that noble and game fish in the Detroit River, and on the St. Clair Flats especially. Other ways of hooking, as exhibited in the several plates, have long been practiced, and have met with great favor and success in still-fishing and casting with rod and line, where the water is only moderately swift, and small minnows are used.

The mode practiced by Dame Juliana Berners, as far back as A. D. 1496, no doubt would work well now, especially if the manner of inserting the snood and pulling it through were reversed, so that the minnow, when drawn through the water, would move head first, instead of tail first, as shown in plate No. 16.

The trout, bass and other fish that feed on the minnow will almost invariably seize hold of the head, particularly if the minnow should be a large one. This fact, no doubt well known to the good Dame, may have determined her adopting the "tail first" process of trolling the minnow. This is what she says:

"And for to take hym (a 'pyke') ye shall do thus: Take a codlynge hoke, and take a roche or a fresh heeryng and a wyre wyth a hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouthe and out at the tayle down by the ridge of the fresh heeryng; and then put the lyne (snood) of your hoke in after and drawe the hoke into the cheke of ye fresh heeryng."

There are some, no doubt, who have started out at mature age full fledged anglers; but most of us have the thrilling pleasure of recalling the excitement of jerking out our first minnow with a pin-hook. The minnow pool is in fact the nursery of anglers. There is just enough of the savage imbred in us all to glory and revel in the capture and death struggles of our enemies. All boys who have pointed an arrow at a bird, or dropped their pin-hook into a stream, look upon the bird and minnow as an enemy to be captured. Herein the angler's starting point. But in riper years, when education and refinement, the love of nature and all her sublime teachings, have eliminated the savage from their hearts, they grow stronger in their devotion to the sports of the rod and the field, while they become in their deportment as tender and plastic as a woman. They study nature for the love of it. They see the wise hand of Providence in the gorgeous forests and the living streams, in the prolific

minnow, and the voracious trout and bass that feed and fatten on them. Insect and minnow life are sure to be utilized in feeding the game fish and birds in which the sportsman so much delights. Were it otherwise, insect and minnow life might become an appalling nuisance, and game and good fish and birds might be sadly depleted.

The minnow as food for other and larger fish to feed, grow and fatten upon, plays a very important part in the economy of nature.

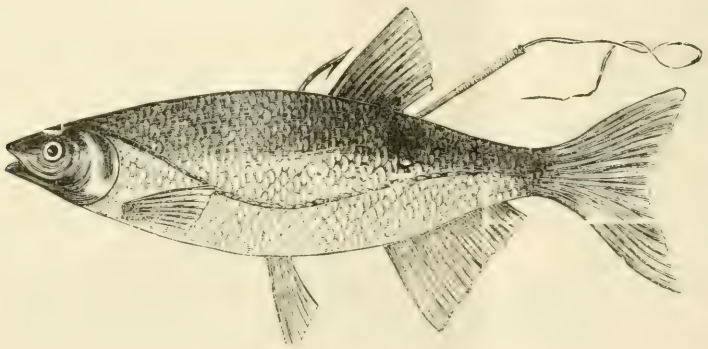


PLATE II.

"What would become of the bass and the trout
If it weren't for the minnows a swimming about?"

"Gone, for want of food," would be written on the gravestone of our memories of them.

Did you ever see a big trout or bass in the act of gorging himself with minnows? Of course, you have; and it was a sight to be remembered. They dart at a single minnow or a school of them with lightning rapidity, causing those they fail to gobble up to leap for life clear out of the water. They will feed thus for two or three hours, and then sulk away in some secluded nook. Three or four hours of repose follow, during which no lure, however dainty, will tempt them; and then again they are up and at it. This we know from various observations and experiments. May it not account for those mysterious occasions which every angler has noted, "when the fish won't bite?"

The mascalonge, pike, pickerel, perch, catfish, eel, and the gamy bass and trout, make their main dinner on the minnow, as the worm, grub, helgramite, crayfish, fly and little frog are only side dishes. When the black bass are feeding on minnows, during a tolerably still time in September or October, on the reefs and rocky shoals near the islands of Lake Erie, the leaping of the minnows attracts large flocks of the beautiful terns (a small species of the gull). And what is very curious, the terns hover over the water in the form of a tunnel, and seem instinctively to move around so as to bring the birds that form the nozzle of the tunnel right over where the minnows jump out of the water, driven by the bass. Instantly the birds nearest to the water seize the little jumpers, and then take their place at the top of the tunnel-shaped flock, giving the next birds in their order a chance to go through the same proceeding. The observing angler is ever on the watch for this apparently equitable "turn and turn about" of the terns, and when discovered makes a straight wake for that locality, and then and

there, almost invariably, when the live minnow is used for bait (the fly and the spoon will also do good execution), will "fill up" with sport and fish.

To show that minnows rise to a light, and that fish will feed on them at night, the following singular facts are given: "About thirty years ago, while fishing for catfish on a dock at Cleveland, in front of the grain elevator of M. B. Scott, near the mouth of Cuyahoga River, in the month of June or July, a catfish hook became hitched and the line tangled on the side of a raft moored at the dock. A light was procured and held close to the water during the slow process of disengaging the hook and unsnarling the line. While this was going on, the little minnows, which at that season swarmed in the river, began to assemble in large numbers and whirl around where the light was most reflected upon the water. This was observed, and excited a great deal of curiosity; but the surprise and interest were intensified when a large black bass was seen to rise to the surface, near the mass of rotating minnows, back water with his fins and tail for a moment, and then with a sudden dart jump at the school of minnows, gobble up a big mouthful, and as suddenly disappear! "That might be the mere result of favorable circumstances." To test the truth of this thought, our now excited catfisher let the light stand and watched what further would come of it. He had not long to wait, for presently a large wall-eyed pike rose up, lay still for a second or two, and then made a dart for the minnows similarly to the bass. Soon another came, and then another, in rapid succession. This was enough. The catfisher at once determined on capturing nobler game, and the next day busied himself in collecting and making materials for the coming sport. He procured a capacious, low-sided, flat-bottomed boat of the old ferryman Demars, and anchored it securely to the same dock. Two canal-boat lamps, with bright reflectors, were fastened upon boards placed athwart the boat, so as to cast a blaze of light for several feet near the boat's side. He then had two light pine rods made, about six feet long, one inch at the butt, and truly tapering to one-half inch at the tip. Six large-sized, long-shanked hooks (such as are used for Mackinaw trout), three for each shaft, were procured; the shanks heated and bent back at right angles, one-fourth inch from the upper end, and the bent ends inserted in holes bored in the small end of the shaft at equal distances apart, so as to show a hook capable of hooking in any direction the shaft might be sharply drawn against any object, and the hooks firmly secured to their places by winding around the shanks and the pole a small copper wire. With one of these contrivances in the hands of his old friend and brother bass and catfisher, Hon. Samuel B. Prentiss, and the other in his own, the two repaired to the river, a little after dark, lighted the lamps, and between hope and doubt waited for results.

"I see one!" exclaimed the Judge, excitedly, pointing his gaff toward a long dark object in the dim margin of the light.

"Jerk him out, quick, or he will jump for a mouthful of minnows and be gone." (The bright lights had already collected a swarm of minnows.) "Run your gaff hooks under him and jerk up sharply. Ha! ha! well done! a fine two pound bass. Shake him off quickly; there is another on your side."

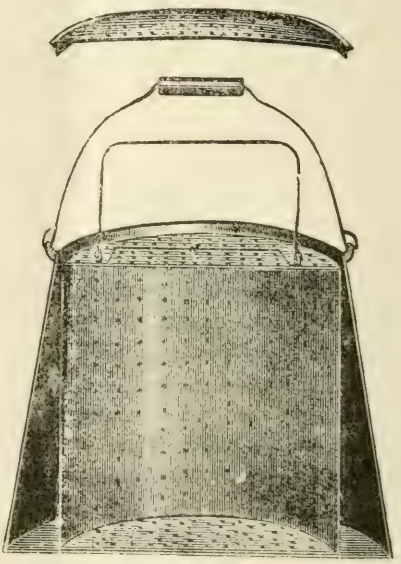
Instantly the water flew, as the Judge deftly threw another large bass into the boat. Then followed, as chance favor-

ed each, pike after pike, and bass after bass, with many misses, many losses, and roars of laughter, until the boat was nearly full, the night nearly spent, and the excitement flagging through sheer fatigue.

A few nights later the same experiment was repeated by the same parties in the same way, with the addition of F. W. Bingham armed with another gaff, which resulted in great sport, from the novelty of it and the many ludicrous incidents that followed. From that day to this it is believed that no such experiment has been repeated.

Minnows may readily be caught in small nets, made of foundation muslin, such as is used for making mosquito bars, fastened to two rods about five feet long, so as to make quite a bag in the center, using a strong cord above and below, and leading the lower end of the net, by stringing on to the cord bullets with holes bored through them, or sheet lead wound on, about two inches apart. With this net, in a small stream, properly manipulated by the upper ends of the two poles, it will be nothing but fun to fill your minnow pail.

Great trouble has been experienced by anglers in conveying minnows alive for any considerable length of time, or any great distance, without slopping the water all over the vehicle and losing half of them. The subjoined device has been used for years by the writer, and has proved a complete remedy for these troubles. This improvement over the common straight-sided, double minnow pail consists of the following points: The outside pail is much wider at the bottom than the top, while the inside one is straight up and down. The latter is perforated with small holes in the top, bottom and sides, and is one and one-half inches shorter than the outside pail. It has a flat lid which, when shut, is securely fastened by a nut turned under the projecting margin around the cover, making the hole, when open, just large enough to insert your hand easily. The cover of the outside pail is oval, and also punctured full of holes to let in the air. The sides being on a slant, and the inside pail one and one-half inches shorter than the outside one, when carried by hand or jostled around in a carriage, the water



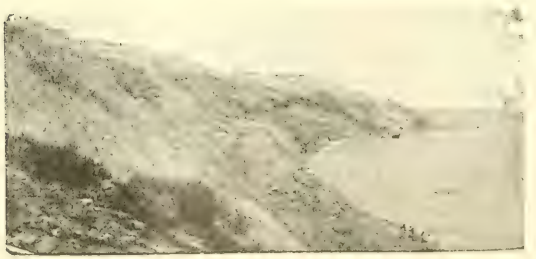
MINNOW PAIL.

will strike the sides at such an angle as to *fall back* into the bucket instead of slopping over through the holes in the upper cover. No matter how rough the road, scarcely a drop will swash out. The motion given to the water tends to aerate it and prolong the life of the minnows, without a change of water, as long as such motion is kept up. From the ordinary pail, if left open, the water will slop out, and the minnows will soon die unless more water is added. If closed up, the minnows will die for want of air, although the cover may be full of holes. This pail may be made

smaller than the dimensions above given when used in fishing streams without a boat. They should be made of the very best of block tin, and before used covered with two coats of shellac varnish put on when the tin is heated quite hot. This will keep the pails from rusting for many years. One pail of the above size will hold about a hundred minnows, and if the water be aerated, changed, or a small lump of ice introduced, they will live in it several days.

In addition to the above-named bait minnows, the young of nearly all species of fish, and hundreds of other forms of adult minnows are servicable as bait. The much mooted question : "Do black bass eat young shad?" so hotly discussed during 1882–85 by anglers and fish culturists, was settled affirmatively by my own experience at Havre De Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, where I found in the early days of November that the young shad was the most attractive lure for the black bass, which fish when hungry will take live bait of any kind, not excepting its own young, and the same may be said of all our so-called game fishes, including the trout and salmon, the latter only, however, in the estuaries, according to English authorities. Dr. Barton W. Evermann writes me that he has successfully used, on the St. Lawrence river and Lake Ontario, particularly from Sackett's Harbor to Ogdensburg, the shiner, described on another page as *Notropis hudsonius*, and the common baits for mascalonge in that region are the blunt-nosed minnow, *Pimephales notatus*, the silver fin, *Notropis whipplii*, and the stone roller, already described at length. In Spirit Lake, Iowa, the trout perch, *Percopsis guttatus*, is also considered a most excellent lure for pike, pickerel and black bass.

(To be Continued.)



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Enlargement and Removal.

It is with pleasure we announce the removal of the publishing and editorial rooms of THE AMERICAN ANGLER and "The Fishes of North America," to the commodious and elegant Spalding Building, 29-33 West 42nd St. This removal was necessitated by the enlargement of the business; the Harris Publishing Company being now incorporated with ample capital; Wm. C. Harris, President; Richard M. Corwine, Vice-President; John B. Rogers, Treasurer, and Henry R. Harris, Secretary. The Company will have under its control the business management of the THE AMERICAN ANGLER and act as sole selling agent for all countries for "The Fishes of North America" by Wm. C. Harris, and will publish, sell and import books devoted to field and water sports. THE AMERICAN ANGLER will be enlarged, from and after the June number, to double its present size (still retaining its old subscription price, $2.00), and the additional pages will cater to the tastes of the gentleman sportsman who delights in field and covert shooting. This department will be under the direct supervision of Mr. John B. Rogers, with Mr. Wm. C. Harris as managing editor, whose special charge will be, as it has been for fifteen years, the angling department of the magazine.

One of the large rooms in our new location will be exclusively devoted to the pleasure and comfort of the readers of THE AMERICAN ANGLER, who are cordially invited to call upon us at any hour from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. and use the full line of sportsman's journals, domestic and foreign, which will be on file at all times. In this room is shown the large collection of oil portraits of fishes, the original specimens for which were caught on Mr. Harris' own rod, and painted before the color tints of the fish had faded or altered in tone. *Come and see us.*

In this and the succeeding issues of THE AMERICAN ANGLER will be found a directory of those hotels at or near which angling waters and shooting grounds may be found.

The Delights of Fishing and Its Devotees.

All kinds of authorities may be found on the subject of fishing from the Roman Emperor, Trajan, who was fond of angling, to His Excellency, Grover Cleveland, who went fishing on Decoration Day. Statesmen, heroes, and philosophers have been wedded to the sport. Lord Nelson was a good fly fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the sport even with his left hand. Dr. Paley, it is stated by Frank C. Hibbard, was ardently attached to this amusement; so much so that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humor: "My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over," and the world waited for his "View of the Evidences of Christianity." Daniel Webster was so much attached to his fishing tackle that he made special mention of it in his will.

To thoroughly enjoy fishing one must fully appreciate its poetical relations, for, as Sir Humphrey Davy says: "It carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the bank perfumed by the violet, and enameled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the

fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twitter of the water birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend for the gaudy May fly, and till, in pursuing your amusements in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in the thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."

Among anglers the weight of authority seems to be greatly in favor of stream fishing. There is something irresistibly charming about a living stream of water. Pliny has compared a river to human life, and your writer has been many times struck with the analogy. Its small beginning, pure and undefiled; its ripples, rapids, bubbles and noise corresponding with the laughter and gaieties of life; its quiet stretches and still deep pools, reminding us of the contemplative or thoughtful periods of existence; its reflection of the sunshine and the shadows; its increasing size and strength, as it runs along; its course altered or changed by obstructions; its contamination by contact with impure outside influences; and, finally, in its latter stage, moving with deep, almost imperceptible current, recalling declining years and old age. And when its course is finally run and its waters are lost in the abyss of the ocean, it reminds us of the termination of life and the commingling with the great majority.

Albinism in Fishes.

The coloration of fishes depends chiefly upon the arrangement of pigment cells, or *Chromatophores*, which lie in the lower strata of the epidermis. The entire absence of these pigment cells results in albinism. The same is true of birds and animals as of fishes. This has been observed in haddocks, flounders, carps, eels and goldfish. In our public ponds a very large proportion of the goldfish are albinos—silverfish they are generally called. In its native waters in China the goldfish is a dull green. In a state of domestication it becomes a goldfish or golden ide as a permanent form. There is no known fish which is so susceptible to treatment as the carp, of which these forms are the transmutations. Witness the triple-tailed goldfish and the wonderful king-i-yo of Japan.

The Castalia Club—Stocking with Fish Atoms.

Mr. J. W. Oswald, of Toledo, Ohio, has kindly sent us a half-tone electro of the new club house of the Castalia Club, which we give below. The name Castalia, according to Frank C. Hibbard, was given to these Ohio springs on account of the great purity of their waters, which resemble, in many respects, the waters of the famous Grecian fountain. The Castalia spring furnishes to the members of the club six miles of grand trout waters, which, through the building of runways, twisting and turning, snake like, covers an area of only one hundred and ten acres of land, which is owned in fee simple by the club. The enterprise of the members and the ingenuity and skill of their engineering has made Castalia Club the model, as it is one of the most fruitful, trout clubs in this or any other country. They have a well-equipped hatchery, under an accomplished fish culturist, Mr. Andrew Englert, and as many as 400,000 trout fry, two months old, are placed in the stream each year. The club will soon learn, if it has not already, that with its superior facilities for hatching and rearing trout, the yearlings, if planted, will yield better results than the fish atoms so profusely put in their stream, with no appreciable results. The late U. S. Fish Commissioner, Marshall MacDonald, conferred a boon upon the anglers and the public when he put this fact on record in his annual report in 1886. He wrote: "The distribution of trout fry from this station (Wytheville, Va.) has been conspicuous for the failure to produce appreciable results in the improvement of the streams stocked. Rarely did we find any evidence of success from such work. The change in our methods of handling the trout, namely, rearing them at the station and distributing after they have attained a length of five to six inches, has, on the other hand, met with most encouraging success."

And yet, in the face of this experience, which is general, most of the trout clubs plant the diminutive fry and the State Fish Com-

missions supply hundreds of millions of puny fish atoms every year to feed their voracious enemies, scaled, furred or feathered.

Mr. Oswald, in a private letter, writes us: "Mr. Clarence Brown, of our club, caught on the opening day nineteen trout weighing 7½ pounds, and I caught one of 2¼ pounds, so you see we have a few trout in the Castalia waters."



THE CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

Information Concerning State Fish.

The Department of Fish Culture attached to the New York State Fish Commission has issued two valuable circulars for the information of all who wish to obtain fish from the Commission for planting purposes. We append them in full:

All persons who desire to obtain fish or fish fry from the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, for planting in public waters of the State, for under no circumstances are fish furnished by the State to be planted in private waters, should apply to the Secretary of the Commission at the office in Albany, for blanks to be filled out for this purpose, at the same time stating the kind or kinds of fish desired. Three different blanks are furnished. Blanks for trout fry, blanks for fish fry (including all fish furnished by the Commission other than trout and black bass), and blanks for black bass. A separate blank must be filled for each kind of fish applied for. All applications for trout fry (including brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout), white fish, ciscoes, Adirondack frost fish and smelts, must be filed in the office at Albany on or before February 1st, each year.

Applications for tom cods must be filed on or before January 1st.

Pike-perch and mascalonge applications may be filed as late as April 1st, and applications for black bass as late as May 1st.

Most of the species of the salmon family reared by the State, spanw in the fall and are hatched the following spring, and are ready for delivery from March to May, depending upon the season and the situation of the hatchery. The spring spawning fishes, like the mascalonge, pike-perch and black bass, may be delivered in May and June. Applicants for fish are notified in advance of the shipments of fish assigned to them. Applications for fish received after the dates fixed by the Commission for that purpose, must be rejected for that year, as assignments once made are final. The clerical work of filing applications and assigning millions of fish is so great that it can not be reviewed for reassignment before distribution begins.

By law, no fish, fish fry or spawn, other than trout, salmon and frost fish, can be planted in the waters of the Adirondack region, and the penalty for violating the law is $500. The law

further provides that no trout of any kind or land-locked salmon shall be taken from any waters of the State for stocking a private pond or stream.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR TRANSPORTING AND PLANTING YOUNG FISH.

Brook, brown, rainbow and Loch Leven trout should be planted in small spring rivulets tributary to the larger stream intended to be stocked. From the rivulets they will work down as they grow, into the main stream.

Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks on a shoal in mid-lake, very near to deep water, into which the young trout soon find their way. In the absence of such shoals with rocks to afford hiding places for the young trout, they may be planted on natural spawning beds, when they are known.

In transporting young trout, if they come to the surface of the water in the cans, it is a sign of exhaustion, and the water should be frequently aerated by dipping it from the can in a dipper and let it fall into it again from a considerable height. It is safer to aerate the water placed in the cans at the hatchery than to add fresh water during the journey, the qualities of which are unknown. Should the water in the cans become warm, the temperature should be reduced by the addition of ice broken into small pieces.

If the water in the cans containing young trout should be warmer or colder than the water in the lake or stream at the time of planting the fish, the temperature should be equalized by mingling the two waters in the can before the fish are turned out, as marked changes in the temperature may kill the young trout.

Fish cans ordinarily hold about 5,000 trout fry, and not more than three cans of fry should be planted in one year in a stream from six to eight miles long, and the fry should be well distributed throughout the length of the stream (by planting in rivulets as previously stated), as by bunching the plant there is danger of exhausting the food suitable for the young fish.

Fry or yearling fish should be planted as soon as received, and never under any circumstances kept over night without constant watching and aerating the water. Trout are sent out by the State in the spring or fall, as transportation during the hot months is attended with great risk. Applicants for fish should so far as possible ascertain the kinds and quality of fish food in the streams they desire to plant.

A. N. CHENEY, State Fish Culturist.

Notes from a Montana Ranche.

FRIEND HARRIS,—I have been waiting at Livingston, Mont., for the winter to thaw out and dampen me so I can get around on the old fishing grounds once more. In my travels among the mountains last year I ran on to the finest trout fishing I ever struck, and had fun and pleasure for a whole fishing family. I think my trout-fishing record ahead of any man in the country. I shall be sixty-eight years old the day after to-morrow, and it is safe to say I have averaged nearly one hundred days of fishing in each year since I was eight years old, and my continued good health I think, is caused, more than anything else by the pleasure of lifting out the brook beauties and getting outside of so many of them when cooked.

I was educated in an old-fashioned country school house, and, in consequence, cannot use Latin, French or Greek in writing letters, and so when I state anything I use language that any ordinary man can understand. It makes me tired to read some articles in which the writers seem to care more about showing off their education than making things plain. I don't blame any one for being proud of having a fine education, but I do blame them for writing things that a common every-day man can't understand. The people the world over like to hear good stories, and it is an art to tell a story in fine style; and it seems to be that the longer one can be in telling a story the better it pleases the hearers, especially if there are interesting points mixed in.

I remember a few years ago I sat in a hotel in town, and an old man and an early settler in this country said he had an incident in his early life to relate. It was about killing the largest elk ever killed in Montana. It was half past nine in the evening when he began, and he mixed in interesting incidents in almost every sentence and kept the listeners busy thinking what was coming next, and so kept on until half past twelve, and had not yet come within sight of the elk, when some one proposed interviewing the barkeeper, and all hands arose and attended to pleading at the bar, and the sitting broke up and we never heard the end of the story.

I was staying last December at Emigrant Gulch mining camp, where placer mining is the business of the people. This camp was started in 1864, and several of the miners have been working there ever since that time.

There are about eight miles of the stream where they are working, and the bed rock of the stream is down about thirty feet or more from the surface, and full of large boulders, so that they earn all the money they get, but when they reach bed rock it pays for the trouble.

There are very few trout in the stream, because of its being muddy all the while from the working, but Mill Creek, six miles below, is the finest fishing ground I ever struck.

I enclose a Christmas card from my son, now camping in Idaho, and a different kind of bait used there I thought might interest you. I think it fully equal to blackberries. I have never tried it for fishing, but know it to be good for some purposes. It is Pear's soap.

Too much ice for fishing at present (January), but if I am in my usual health I shall not waste any time when the spring campaign opens—shall give my whole attention to fishing and hunting. The old saying that the number of years allowed to man being seventy, and lacking scarcely two and a half years of that I am in hopes of getting an extension, and I think the chances are very favorable, from the fact that when I was at the Appolonaris spring I wrote you about, I could not help thinking of the water of life, and I think if it was not mixed too much it would certainly lengthen and strengthen one's days.

There are no private families that begin to live as well as these miners at Chico; they have the best of everything to eat that they can buy. The great trouble with me is that I shall be so fat in the spring that I can't get around to do what I want to do. Some of the finest specimens of gold quartz are also found at Chico. One party has made good money the past summer; his stock is partly decomposed and assays over twenty dollars to the ton, so he cleared over ten dollars per ton above all expenses, and he doesn't think he has gotten all the gold out yet. R. P. VanHorne.

Salmon Fishing.

To lease for the the season, the river Carneil, Mingan Seigniory, Lower St. Lawrence. Good fishing for two rods. Communication by steamer, sailing fortnightly from Quebec. For full particulars apply to

W. W. WATSON,
39 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

The Sunday service of the Fall River Line was resumed, commencing Sunday, May 3d.

Trout Diseases and Perils.

In reply to "Amateur" we state that some years ago Seth Green wrote us on the subject of trout diseases, methods of cure and the protection of ponds, which we now print, as the article will fully meet the queries made by our correspondent:

Fish, like every other order of creation, are subject to disease, and not infrequently epidemics occur among them in different waters which destroy large numbers. Usually only one species is affected in the same waters, while the other varieties remain in a healthy state.

The diseases fish are subject to are almost invariably fatal. With trout the disease most common makes its appearance in a white fungus growth in spots on the body of the fish. The fungus is probably not a disease of itself any more than sores on the body of a person, but is an indication of an unhealthy state. But little is known about remedies. Trout are sometimes cured by placing them in strong salt and water brine, strong enough to float a potato, and allowing them to remain a short time or until they turn over; then place them immediately in fresh water, and repeat this about twice a day. If the trout should begin to die in numbers try the experiment of changing them into another pond, or give them a strong head of water, and they should also have access to a dirt or gravelly bottom on which to clean their sides.

The dead fish should be taken out of the pond as fast as they are discovered. They will not rise to the surface in the majority of cases until they have been dead for a long time. They generally sink to the bottom, and if there is much moss in the pond they will get hid from view and decay, causing the bottom to be foul and unhealthy.

If there is a great deal of sickness among the trout it is generally an indication that the water supply is insufficient, or they are not well fed, or perhaps both.

The principal enemies to trout in artificial ponds are minks, kingfishers, fish hawks and cranes. If the ponds are near the house there is not liable to be much trouble from them, and a double-barreled shot gun properly used is a sure preventive against too frequent visits, and should always be among a fish culturist's outfit.

Muskrats occasionally get into the ponds. They are not liable to catch the trout, but will destroy the young and spawn if they should

happen to get among them, and sometimes do a great deal of damage by making holes in the banks of the pond and letting the water off. The best remedy against them is a few common steel traps. On inspection you will find out where they enter the pond, as they will make a little bare runway on the edge of the bank by always going in and out of the same place. Set the trap in the water at the edge of the pond so that the pan of the trap will be just under the water. Anchor the trap by running a stake through the ring of the chain and stick the stake in mud out in deep water. The object in doing this is that when the muskrat is caught he will drown; if he should succeed in reaching the shore the probability is that he would gnaw his leg off and thus escape. The jaws of the trap should be set so that when they close they will be in a line with the path. If this precaution is not taken, when the trap springs it would be very liable to throw the rat out. No bait is necessary in this case. When there is no runway in which to set the trap as above described, set the trap on the bank and stick a piece of sweet apple on a twig and place it in the ground slanting, so as to bring the bait over the jaws of the trap. If mink are troublesome set traps as last described for muskrats, bait with piece of fresh meat, cover the trap nicely with leaves or a piece of cloth as near the color of the ground as possible, and the trap should be sunk in the earth, so that when it is covered it will look level and natural. They are suspicious creatures, and the trapper must exercise cunning if he captures them.

The Biggest Rod-fish.

We all remember that mammoth sawfish, weight 575 pounds, caught some years ago at Fort Myers, Fla., on a tarpon rod and water gear. It made the record up to that time as the largest fish ever killed on rod and line, but it pales before the monster herein described by the *Tropical News:*

One of the most wonderful catches ever made with the rod and reel was accomplished by Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., on Friday last. He was fishing for tarpon at Nigger Head, a few miles down the river, with A. F. Gonzalez as guide, when he got a strike. It did not take long to ascertain that the game was even bigger than the silver king, and Mr. George settled down to give the fellow battle. The fish soon came to the surface. He was a monster sawfish, and he slashed his saw about in the water at a great rate. Mr. George handled the fish most skilfully, and proved that he is a thorough expert in the use of rod and reel. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes, when the sawfish was brought to the gaff and killed. He measured 14 feet 8 inches in length and weighed 625 pounds. His saw was 40 inches in length and 5 in width, and his flippers measured 56 inches. This gives Mr. George the record on the Caloosahatchee for the largest sawfish ever caught with rod and reel. Mr. George says he doesn't care to tackle another, and this is the conclusion of all the noted experts who have ever played a sawfish. This may read like a great fish story to people who know little of the great fishing on the Caloosahotchie River, but the facts as given are absolutely correct. The gentlemen who come here from all parts of the world to catch tarpon are genuine sportsmen, and would scorn to have an incorrect record made of any of their catches, which are all made with rods and reels.

Do Fish Renew Their Scales?

We have been asked, "Do fish renew their scales?" This subject is one not clearly understood by ichthyologists. The medium in which fish live being impenetrable at great depth to the human eye, the opportunities are few in which their habits and structural changes can be noted. In proportion as the science of fish culture advances, we are learning more and more of the domestic life of cultivated species, but a perfected knowledge of the habits and physical peculiarities of fish will, we fear, be of slow and indefinite growth. This much, however, we know, that the scales of all fish are continually wasting away on the surface, and that a few fish, notably the salmon, "shed" them periodically, and that during the process of shedding the outlines of the scales are singularly irregular.

Strange Water Beings.

Zoological experts at the Smithsonian Institution are busy studying and inventing names for the strange animals cast up by the wonderful artesian well at San Marcos, Tex. Some of them have been forwarded to Washington in bottles and jars, and much excitement has been occasioned among Government scientists. They declare that this is the most remarkable discovery of subterranean life ever made.

The Government contemplates—according to the "Boston Transcript"—the establishment of a fish hatchery at San Marcos for the propagation of black bass, cat fish, and other pond fishes. Boring was begun for the purpose of obtaining water, which was struck in plenty at a depth of 188 feet. In fact, when that point was reached the drill suddenly dropped four feet, having evidently reached a big cavity, and out poured a vigorous stream. The stream

is still flowing at a steady rate of 2,100 gallons a minute, and it bids fair to keep on indefinitely.

The cavity struck by the drill was undoubtedly the tunnel of a subterranean river. That the waters of this underground stream was full of life is satisfactorily proved by the great number of animals of various kinds which are thrown out at the surface through the artesian pipe. But it is not their quantity that excites astonishment nearly so much as their strange character. All of them appear to belong to species hitherto wholly unknown to science. There are shrimps of a queer kind, of which the well yields about half a pint a day on an average; sowbugs of a new genus, not related to any hitherto found in fresh water, and, most remarkable of all, salamanders six inches long, with surprisingly developed legs.

Where does the river come from? That seems to be the first question. It is a mystery up to date. In that region the phenomenon of the "lost" river is frequent and familiar. Such a stream runs merrily for a distance and then sinks into the ground; perhaps it may reappear further on and disappear again. The supposition is that the subterranean river in question is a continuation of some river that has got itself lost far to the north. The geological strata in the neighborhood of San Marcos dip southward toward the Gulf of Mexico, and it is believed that there exists at a higher level a hidden cavern of considerable size, through which the stream runs. This undiscovered cavern, with no visible opening from above ground, furnishes the necessary supply of air to the creatures that live in the water that flows through the tunnel.

From any point of view the discovery is quite extraordinary. All of the species of animals thus far brought to the surface are blind and colorless, resembling in these respects the crustaceans and batrachians of the great caves where there is everlasting night. Dr. Stejneger, who knows as much about salamanders as any man living, has been making a special study of the San Marcos specimens. He finds that they have no near relatives with which science is acquainted in this country or abroad. Their nearest of kin are the so-called mudpuppies of our streams and certain batrachians of Austrian caverns. They have remarkably long legs and their noses are shovel-shaped.

It is likely that Dr. Stejneger will put these salamanders on record as representing not merely a new genus, but a new family in the order of batrachians. One of the females laid five eggs after it was caught. The scientists are waiting with interest for some fishes to come out of the wonderful well. They are sure to turn up sooner or later, it is believed, because they are not at all likely to be absent where there is so much food for them in the shape of shrimps, &c. Perhaps they also will prove to be of an entirely new species. It should be remembered that, the source of supply being inaccessible, the only animals thus far secured are those which have been brought to the surface of the ground by the merest chance. There would surely be good fishing in that subterranean river if one could get at it with a hook and line.

Most numerous by far among the creatures cast up from the depths have been the shrimps. They are about three-quarters of an inch long, colorless and blind. In and attached to their bodies are found immense numbers of parasitic protozoa, which are nearly related to the micro-organisms that breed malaria in the human system. This fact has an interesting bearing upon the theory hitherto accepted that artesian water is necessarily free from malaria microbes. The sowbugs already referred to, which are crustaceans, have only been peculiar up to now as salt water forms. They get a living commonly by attaching themselves to fishes, out of whose flesh they are able to take large bites by means of their strong jaws, which are furnished with a sort of knife-and-fork arrangement. One small and new species of leech turned up with the rest of the animals.

The artesian well is only a few rods distant from the famous spring of San Marcos, which has an enormous outpour of water. In fact, this spring is the head of the San Marcos River. Presumably it is fed by the same subterranean stream.

Signs of the Times.—If the present Long Island Sound line travel is any indication of what is to follow, the traffic via that great highway during the coming summer season will exceed anything heretofore known.

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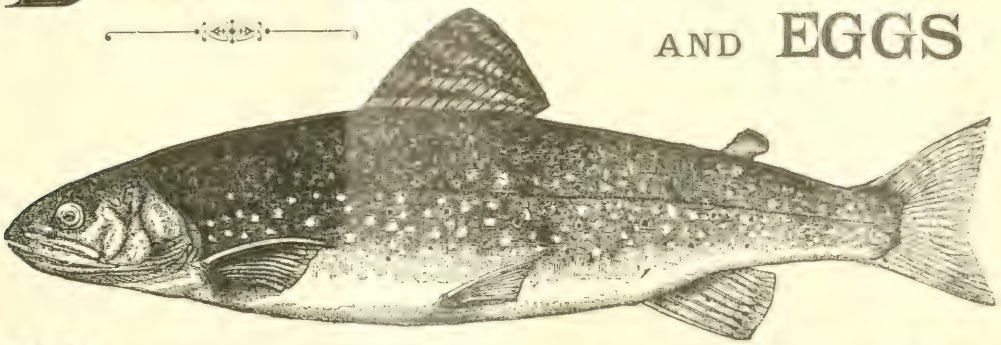
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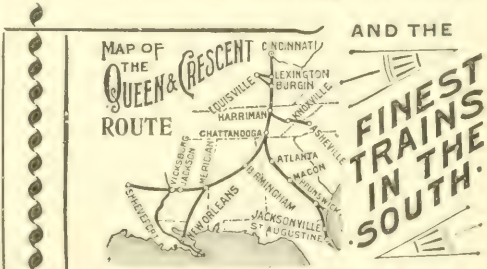
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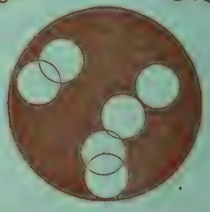
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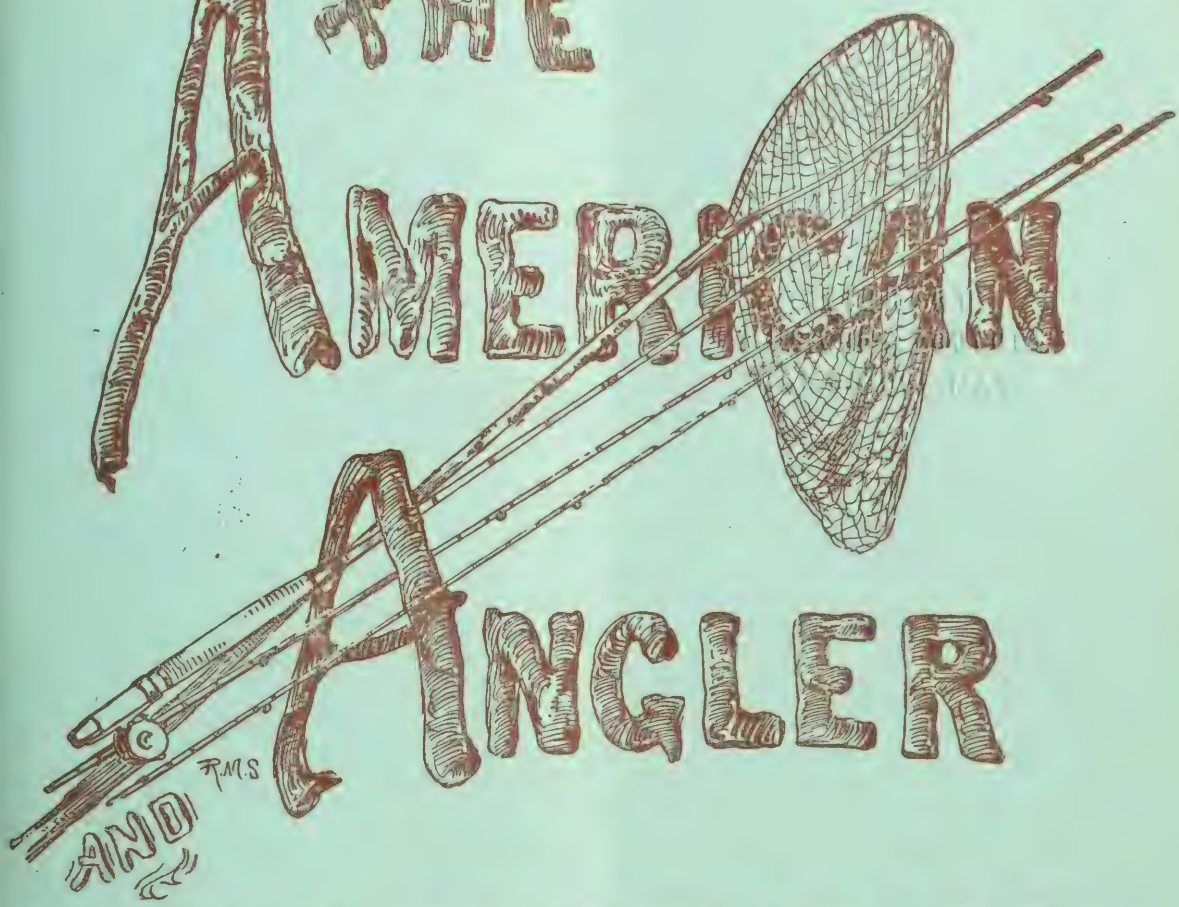
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THE AMERICAN ANGLER



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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

OF FISHING AND SHOOTING.

WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.
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29-33 West 42d St., - - New York City.

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

FRONTISPIECE—THE MAUMEE RAPIDS..... 170
FISHING FOR BLACK BASS ON THE MAUMEE RAPIDS..... 171
Illustrated. *J. E. Gunckel*
ANGLING QUANTRAINS. Verse.....*F. C. Riehl* 180
THE TOMAHAWK REGION, WIS. Illustrated....*Fred. Gardner* 181
FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA. Illustrated...*Wm. C. Harris* 184
A SUBTROPICAL PILGRIMAGE. Illustrated.....*Pastita* 191
THE CONDITION OF THE GUN TRADE..... 197
GROWTH OF LOCAL SHOOTING CLUBS..... 199
SOMETHING NEW IN GUNS..... 200
ENORMOUS OUTPUT OF INANIMATES..... 201
THE POWDER WAR 203
WILL BIG TOURNAMENTS LAST..... 203

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 204
Our New Departure—Man as a Pre-historic Fish—The Bone Fish of Biscayne Bay, Fla.—The Finger Marks of St. Peter—Anent the Wall-Eyed Pike—Revarnishing Rods—Fishing and Shooting Fixtures—The First Championship on Clay Birds (Illustrated)—Seen in *The Sun*, but Not "So"—As Anglers Grow Old—The Age of Fish

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THE MAUMEE RAPIDS, BELOW WATERVILLE BRIDGE, ON MAUMEE RIVER.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. JUNE, 1896. No. 6.

FISHING FOR BLACK BASS ON THE MAUMEE RAPIDS, OHIO.

BY J. E. GUNCKEL.

There are but few American rivers whose early history is as interesting, and upon whose banks greater battles were won and lost, than the Maumee river. The divine, the philosopher, the poet, the artist, and the statesman, from earliest dates have enjoyed many days of recreation fishing in its limpid waters.

Taking its rise among the rich farming lands of the original Western Reserve, it flows with alternate smooth and broken current in a winding northeasterly direction, through verdant valleys, thriving towns and villages, lingering in shaded woods, playing capriciously in front of hamlets; now dividing and hastening around wooded islands, and for many miles rippling over rocky projections forming the famous Maumee rapids, then peacefully flowing below Forts Meigs and Miami, the city of Toledo, until finally its waters are lost in Lake Erie.

If the secret charm of the romantic delineations of fishing episodes consists largely in the picturesque and scenic grandeur of the location of the waters fished, the Maumee rapids should be placed among the noted scenic spots of the land. The pleasures of angling in its rapidly flowing stream can better be appreciated or understood by the angler who has stood in its shallow waters and cast his lure above the eddying pool and watched with eager eyes the line in its haste toward the dark spot below. No one can ever forget the pleasurable excitement and ecstacy the strike of a three-pound bass produces, and later when playing him in a swift running stream; and long will he remember the intense enjoyment that thrilled his soul and senses when he triumphantly conquered the hero of the rapids.

The Maumee rapids, so famous for its black bass fishing, begins at the old Station Island, above Waterville, Ohio, and has a fall of eighteen feet to the mile in a distance of seven miles, to Maumee City. The bed of the river is blue limestone, and the greater portion is as smooth as a well-made sidewalk, with here and there riffles and crevices forming dark pools which frequently receive the eager angler unawares. From July to November the rapids can be waded the entire distance with rubber boots, except the crevices and pools. It is during these months the small mouthed black bass remain on the rapids, much to the delight and sport of the angler. To the lover of nature it is difficult to say which challenges the most admiration, the many changing riffles with the sound of running waters, the long, narrow, deep pools, the shale cliffs above, the graceful lines of hills, the many shadows of wild birds over the green meadows, or the rich farming lands which hem the banks all along the river's course.

Marvelous are the fish stories which

have been recorded for many years, of the bass, the mascalonge and the pickerel taken from the inviting pools.

For many years the pleasantly located village of Waterville has been the rendezvous of anglers, who have spent many weeks among the friendly inhabitants and taken from the rapids large strings of bass. The village is surrounded with trees; they have become thinned in numbers, but have broadened in shape, each throwing its arms outward as though seeking always for that touch of companionship lost many years ago.

In almost every river town there is to be found one man to whom the citizens refer with some pride as being the fisherman, the person familiar with the fishing grounds, the kind of bait adapted for the season and day, and in fact everything connected with fish and fishing. Waterville has a representative of a true angler in the person of Doctor Swandown.

An afternoon in August, 1894, the doctor was sitting on his porch reading a newspaper, when a young man entered the yard and spoke as follows:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Doctor Swandown?"

"That is my name; what can I do for you?" said the doctor, kindly, and the stranger approached nearer.

"I have been referred to you as being the person of whom I could get some information about bass fishing on the rapids," and the stranger then introduced himself as Harry Vinton, of Detroit.

Mr. Vinton was invited to be seated, and after a few remarks on general subjects, the doctor drifted into the important subject of fishing.

"Well, sir, I am glad to welcome you to our village; as to fishing, sometimes it is very good; in fact, we have days when the catches are so great that we wonder where the bass come from in such large quantities, and such big fellows; then again for some reason they refuse to take any kind of bait. With this present fine weather and these favorable winds, I do not see but what you will have some very nice sport, and can spend a few days very pleasantly and profitably. I was just reading a marked copy of our city daily, which refers to some great catches made by Captain Brown; he claims to have caught forty fine bass the other afternoon. It says he is an expert fly caster. What I have to say about his fishing, and his lawyer companions, is not with a desire to boast, but as a matter of fact I have caught and presented to many Detroit and Toledo anglers some very fine strings of bass, which the press, with some pride, credited to the skill of these pleasant gentlemen. I seldom use any other bait but what is native to the stream. At times the bass refuse everything, then again a common angle worm will suit their taste; then a craw-fish they relish, and occasionally a frog, but as a general rule I find the plump chub minnow, which I catch on the rapids, is about as safe a bait for general all around use in these waters."

The conversation drifted upon various subjects until they became very well acquainted.

Harry Vinton was of medium height, round, full face, black hair, and eyes that bespoke the sentiments of an honest heart. His general demeanor indicated that he had the necessary staying qualities of a true angler, earnest, patient and good natured. The doctor prided himself as being "quick in sizing up a man," and declared that Mr. Vinton had every indication that he was unselfish, and believed that one of the highest possible blessings that come to

man was to serve others. Harry was satisfied that the doctor knew more about fish and fishing than any person he had ever met. The more he saw of him the greater became his desire to make his headquarters at the doctor's ideal home. From the porch could be seen the rapids, the hills beyond with their changing colors, the irregular sycamores and more graceful elms, the rich farming lands with their highly cultivated fields extending to the water's edge, and the sound of rippling waters over rocky riffles was distinctly heard.

The doctor was a man whose name was as familiar all along the valley as the old battle fields dotted along the banks. He was respected by every person in the village, and loved angling for the health giving enjoyment, for the privilege of communing with nature; and, while he was the most successful bass fisherman in the valley, one of his greatest enjoyments was to show his friends the best pools and how to fish them. So, instead of finding a fisherman's guide, a person who made it a business of showing strangers the pools, etc., for pecuniary gain, Harry found a man of tenderest affections and finest sense of courtesy and honor.

The conversation ended by a satisfactory agreement, and Harry was to make his week's stay at the doctor's pleasant home. After everything necessary to Harry's comfort and convenience had been arranged, it lacked several hours of sunset, and the doctor, by way of introduction to rapids' fishing, suggested that they go to a pool below the village and try their luck. The afternoon was an ideal one, with just wind enough to ripple the quiet pools. In a short time they were on their way to the famous Hanford pool, with a bucket full of the choicest chub minnows.

"To pass the time as we walk along, I will tell you of a recent fishing experience I had at this pool," said the doctor. "I have an old friend in the village who sticks to the old cane pole and laughs at the new jointed-rod fisherman. I agreed to take him with me some time when the day promised to be good. This pool is justly called the home of the largest black bass, and I believe more fish have been taken from its quiet waters than from any other along the river. The fish hide under a submerged shelving rock, and sometimes know how to stay there, too. One morning the sky indicated what I call a fleecy day. I sent for my friend and we made straight for this pool. The bass were feeding on the gravelly edges. I had about seventy-five feet of silk line, an eight ounce rod and a good reel. I used a number O Sproat hook and no sinker. At the upper end of the pool every season there are large bunches of reeds, tall, green, and a fine feeding place for bass. My first cast was above this spot, and when the lively chub played along its roots, snap went my line across the stream and I knew I had a big fellow to watch. When I gave a gentle but quick jerk my suspicions were verified and the waters became greatly agitated. My friend became very much excited and said if he had his cane pole and heavy line 'that fish would not fool long for I would have that fellow over my head in no time.' The bass broke water half a dozen times and seemed to stand as if to defy me. My rod yielded to every plunge, the reel worked like a charm, but my friend was nervous until satisfied the rod would hold fast. The bass tried all the tricks of a rapids' fish; finally the old fellow gave up and I hauled him on the rocks. 'Well, seeing is believing," said my companion, 'and I think you have had more sport with

that light rod than I ever had with my cane pole. I'll believe you after this.' The bass was weighed then and there and pulled the scales to five pounds and three ounces. When we stopped, after sundown, we had fifty-five as fine a bass as ever came up the Maumee."

Harry's interest indicated anxiety to experience such sport. When they arrived opposite the pool they hastened into the stream, dashing through the live and laughing current with a boldness that does not hesitate. When at the upper end of the pool, they stopped within casting distance of the long dark line of water and from the first cast, until the sun began to sink behind the wooded hills, both men were as busy as bees fighting and caring for bass. Harry had fished among the islands of Lake Erie, in favorite channels and cuts at St. Clair Flats, but he declared that in all his angling days, and they were many, he had never before experienced such lively sport and caught such game bass. When they were ready to return to the village the doctor counted fifty-seven bass and not one weighed less than a pound and a half. The honors were equally divided.

Early the following morning Harry was very much disappointed to learn that the doctor was called to an Eastern city on account of the sickness of a near relative. A true angler seldom finds enjoyment in going a-fishing alone, as a good companion is more than half the pleasure of a day's outing. Before the doctor left he gave Harry all the directions necessary for him to carry on the battle alone. Vinton noted the locations of the many different pools, how to approach them, how to fish them, and he felt pretty safe in undertaking the fishing of them alone.

A short time after the doctor took his departure, Harry started on his first day's fishing alone. It was an ideal morning, the wind favorable and not too strong, and the day was one an experienced rapids' angler would select above all others. With a bucket full of the best of minnows, a few grasshoppers and a book of assorted flies, Harry made a bee line for the great Hanford pool. He imitated the doctor's actions the afternoon before, approached the pool with the same caution and was delighted to see the bass chasing the minnows in every direction. With the best of tackle, his landing net within reach, his minnow can placed where he would not make too much noise in getting fresh bait, and in a commanding position, he was ready for what he had a right to expect as one of the greatest fishing days of his life.

Up stream and down the stream, near and far, he made his casts, guiding his lure under the ledges, permitting it to float naturally along the rocks, over the sandy bars, the live minnows playing at will over every part of the pool. At each cast he expected the familiar strike. Flies, frogs, artificial devices of every description had no effect. He remained but a few moments after eating his lunch, and then carefully and faithfully fished the Farley pool, the Brown pool and the pool of Grenough, the latter seldom disappointing the angler, but all to no avail. Aside from a few half-pound bass, Harry returned to the village, to the doctor's home, a little disappointed. A good companion when fishing is bad is more truly appreciated than when bass are biting freely. The subject can be discussed, stories exchanged and the time passes rapidly and pleasantly. In the evening the doctor's family were not backward in extending their sympathies at Harry's ill luck, but the doctor's two boys, who



THE POOLS AND RAPIDS ON MAUMEE RIVER.

could drop a line at almost any time in Davis' pool, near the house, and catch a mess of bass, rather thought that Harry could not fish, and they were not timid in introducing their beliefs at ever opportunity, taking advantage of Harry's good nature.

The next morning, at sunrise, Harry was at the Stone Quarry pool, a mile above the village, and carefully fished every inviting crevice, lunching under Rushtaboos Rock. In the afternoon, although Dodd's hole and the Pool of Paradise received his closest attention, but few strikes only favored his efforts. He again returned to the doctor's, but to be the laughing mark of the boys. The next day it rained and he did not go beyond Ballou's Reef. The fifth day proved to be the most aggravating of his rapids fishing, as the bass were feeding and Harry had many good strikes, but the fish could not be hooked; they did not take the bait as if they meant business. Another day was lost. To add to his misfortunes, the doctor's two boys, after an hour's fishing below the bridge, brought home a dozen fine bass, and some of the villagers, a few of Harry's newly made acquaintances, reported excellent luck down the river. Brown and Geddes, two worm fishers, caught a fine string below Cobb's dam. These were little thorns that would worry some anglers, but Harry was made of different material; he had the necessary courage and patience to keep at it, and while the morning of the sixth did not appear to him as being an ideal fishing day, still the boys advised him to go to the Hanford pool.

Before he left the doctor's home he declared the boys would have no occasion to laugh at him on his return in the evening; he vowed he would bring home fish, if he was compelled to fish for bullheads in the canal. The boys said, as this was Saturday, they would bet that they could beat Harry fishing, and would not go beyond the town limits to do it.

"I must beat these boys," said Harry to Mrs. Swandown, "if I have to walk to Toledo to buy the fish."

It was about eight o'clock when he left the house and started down the river road. When near the bluffs, overshadowing the Hanford pool, he crossed the fields of clover, to the river, where he met two country boys, each carrying a small string of black bass, none of them weighing more than half a pound each. "I'll beat the doctor's boys now," thought Harry, and straight way began negotiations with the boys for the purchase of the fish. It did not take long to transact the business, as the boys were as willing to part with their fish as Harry was to get them. The bass were delivered to Harry and no questions asked. The boys waded across the river and wended their way home over the hills. It was true the fish were small, but Harry felt that it was compulsion, not so much to beat the Doctor's boys, but, as the doctor was expected home that evening, he must make a showing of some kind, if not in size, in numbers. Harry did not think that the question, as to where he caught them, what time and with what bait, would ever be thought of; possession was sufficient, and as the boys of whom he had bought the fish lived "over the hills and far away," he had nothing to fear. Harry hesitated about trying the pool, but the day was one of the best since his appearance on the Maumee, and as he did not desire to return until evening, he concluded to while the time away experimenting about the different pools.

At the Hanford pool he was slow in jointing his rod, noisy in getting his

position, careless in every movement, even to falling in unseen crevices. Above the pool he sank his minnow can and securely tied his two strings of purchased bass, and watched them struggling to get away while he hooked on a live minnow for his first cast.

It was about nine o'clock when he made a long sweep with his line and saw the live minnow touch the water just below the old grey head at the head of the pool. The bait had hardly touched the water when a splash followed and the line hastened down the stream toward deep water. After a long and hard fight Harry netted a bass weighing not less than four pounds. This gave him life, and after placing the beauty upon a new string and tying one end to the button hole in his coat, he prepared for the second cast. Another fine bass followed in about ten minutes. The third minnow soon was on its way down the rapids, and in a few moments the third bass, weighing near three pounds, was added to his string. In rapid succession he added now a two-pound bass, then a three, and so on until he counted forty-five bass, and not one weighing less than two pounds. Truly a most wonderful catch. After luncheon, Harry felt very much ashamed of the forty small fish he had purchased of the two country boys. Seeing that they were alive he carefully released every one of them, and witnessed with delight their disappearance in the pool below.

Desiring to take to the Doctor's a string of fish that would surprise the natives he concluded to fish on until near sundown. As he was fighting a five pound bass he glanced toward the green Hanford bluffs and wondered if some one was noting his wonderful success. When he was ready to say farewell to this favorite pool he had seventy-three of the finest bass ever caught with hook and line in any waters, and a prouder man never waded up the Maumee river or entered the village of Waterville. When he was within hailing distance of the bridge he recognized the genial doctor coming down the hill to meet him. The doctor had caught bass and catfish in every pool from Grand Rapids to Toledo, but when he saw Harry's string of fish floating in the river he stood as one spell-bound. He stroked his whiskers, now glancing at Harry, then looking long and wistfully at the bass, until he finally said:

"Well, old boy, you found 'em at last. You are certainly the champion of the rapids this season."

"Yes, sir," replied Harry, "I certainly am well paid for my visit to this romantic river. I had the greatest catch of my life."

It was a difficult task to carry the fish along the rocky river bed and then up the hill to the doctor's home, where they laid them side by side upon the green lawn. They presented a sight seldom, if ever, seen on the banks of that noted river. Fishing news spreads in a marvellously short time in a river-side village, and half an hour after the fish were on the grass the citizens came from the business houses, the residences, the alleys and from across the river, not only to see the fish but to shake hands with the successful angler. They greeted him as heartily as if each had been his friend for years.

While the crowd was standing around, dividing their praises and admiration between the fish and the fisherman, a tall, lean, deep-voiced farmer from over the river attracted the attention of the villagers and addressed Harry as follows:

"Say, Mister, but ain't you the young man what bought the bass from my sons this morning, and ain't them the fish?"

Harry's face turned ashy pale and before the farmer's sonorous voice died away one of his boys cried :

"He's the very fellow that buyed our fish ; aint he, Jimmy?" and Jimmy assented with equal emphasis and enthusiasm.

Harry was certainly in an embarrassing position, to say the least. There was no difference, in the eyes of the boys, in the size of the fish before them, in comparison to the small bass they had caught and sold to Harry. In fact, the fighting qualities of a half-pound rapids' bass are so great, and last upon ones imagination and memory, that they increase in length and weight in a very short time. The boys declared, and in no uncertain language, that the fish they sold to Harry were "great big ones."

Harry Vinton stood like a statue, the expressions upon his features only changing with the laughter and cruel remarks and insinuations of the crowd, which seemed to get bolder each moment. The good-natured doctor was puzzled. He continually stroked his whiskers and eyed Harry with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, much as to say : "I guess the boys have you." Finally the doctor asked : "How about this, Mr. Vinton?" This was the first opportunity for Harry to present his side of the question.

"Well, *these* fish I caught with hook and line in a pool down the river," he replied, emphasizing "these." Several of the villagers were about to speak when the doctor said slowly, but with decision :

"Nearly every person in our town is a fisherman, and no one would dare to purchase bass and bring them here and claim them as being caught by him. It is one of the greatest of petty crimes, and the guilty person is looked down upon with contempt."

"Yes, doctor," began Harry, speaking seriously. "I certainly would not be guilty of violating any of the laws of the village. I like you all, and your earnestness and genial manner of receiving strangers is worthy of more than mere mention here. I am ready to take the oath of allegiance. I regret to say that I come among you as a stranger and have no proof at hand that I caught these fish, nothing at all but the sweet remembrance of the greatest time in my life ; but I will say this much, I will swear on the top of bibles as high as your village church that I caught every fish you see before you. I caught them in Hanford pool to-day."

The old farmer elbowed his way through the now increased crowd and was determined to speak.

"My young man," he said, "you have been fishing on them rapids fur five days, and nary a fish, not even a little bullhead did you bring to the village. You met my boys on the river and bought these here fish, them fine bass, of them. More 'an that, you all see he cheated the boys, he paid less than they was worth. They is worth a heap more 'n you paid fur 'em." Shaking his head, he then backed to the rear.

Harry admitted that he had fished faithfully for five days, from the Carroll pool to Turkey Foot rock, without success. He also acknowledged that, prompted by a desire to make some kind of a showing at the doctor's home, he did purchase of the boys about forty very small bass, fish that no true angler would dare take home, unless under peculiar circumstances, similar to those he was placed under to-day. He knew and believed the pools contained plenty of large bass, but they would not strike until to-day, and then, from the moment he made his first cast until the hour for leaving, he was catching more fish than

he could possibly bring back to the village. He had read of such outing experiences, listened to equally as interesting stories, but never caught bass with such bulldog fighting qualities as those he caught to-day. "I felt ashamed of myself," he concluded, "for buying such fingerlings from the boys, and carefully I gave the fish their freedom. I let them, one by one, swim away. These bass I caught, every one of them."

During Harry's interesting recital of his angling experiences, quite a number of ladies were present and were equally interested as the men. The old farmer and his sons were defiant, but the better class of the citizens, the older men, were inclined to believe Harry's story. A happy thought came to Harry after a few words with the farmer; he concluded that a few dollars might have a good effect. So at the first opportunity Harry managed to slip a ten dollar bill into the farmer's hand and quietly whispered to him, "Now, you and your boys go home at once."

Pleased at this handsome sum, the farmer and his two boys hastened toward the river. On the bridge he met an old acquaintance, to whom he showed his money and told him how he came of it. The curiosity of the friend was aroused, and he, too, desired to see the bass and the man who said he caught them. In a very short time it was whispered about that Harry had bought off the Wood county farmer, and again opened the case, which soon assumed a more serious phase, for the crowd began to divide; some believed Harry caught the fish, while many others declared he bought them of the boys.

"Why didn't he own the truth at first?" some said; "and why make such a fuss over a few darned fish?"

Harry listened with a great deal of interest to all the arguments the crowd felt like discussing, but when some of the younger men declared he was like all anglers, "the truth was not in him," he concluded it about time to speak more to the point. He was about appealing to the doctor, when the doctor came through the crowd leading a very pretty, modest young lady, and introduced her to Mr. Vinton as Miss Alice Van Dyke. The men parted, and all eyes were on Miss Van Dyke.

There was a peculiar kind of womanly richness in the young lady's manner, and for a moment Harry felt as if there was a revelation coming, and he looked with more than ordinary interest in her deep blue eyes as she spoke.

"I was on the bluff overlooking the Hanford pool this afternoon, and saw the gentleman not only catch the greater number of these bass, but saw him release the others."

This little speech, coming from the source it did, had its desired effect, and the men and women were of one mind, and Harry Vinton, upon motion of Doctor Swandown, was unanimously declared the champion angler of the Maumee for the season of '94. The crowd soon dispersed, and the fish were divided among the doctor's friends, and half a dozen of the largest were taken to the home of Miss Van Dyke by Harry Vinton.

In a few days Harry left the village, and many warm hands bade him farewell at the station. For months thereafter there were some scenes and incidents of his summer outing that could not be forgotten. The rocky riffles, the deep eddying pools, the bouldered channels, the battle fields of many a grand and glorious fight. Then there was the Hanford pool, above which the broad, bright, brimming river, whose swift sweep and whirling eddies awakened memories which filled his soul with joy,

and he could hear the music of the rushing waters, and imagine he was playing a game bass in the quiet pool. Often during the winter months did he repeat the fishing experiences of '94 on the Maumee rapids and his narrow escape from being disgraced. There was one memory, one secret the world knew nothing of—it was the memory of Alice Van Dyke. He was impatient for the return of spring, freeing the rapids from their icy fetters, or hear that the river had fallen to its summer course, outlining the familiar riffles and pools, underneath the ledges of which a new stock of game bass were waiting the anglers' tempting lures.

About a year had elapsed when Harry received the summons from the good doctor, that the river was in fine condition and the bass in great fighting condition and plentiful. No angler who had ever made a cast in the Maumee rapids was more heartily welcomed to the village of Waterville, and whose summer angling was rewarded with greater success than Harry Vinton, and when the tinted leaves were falling, loosened by autumn's winds, and the sunsets gleamed with a golden glow across the fields of ripening grain, there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and the minister pronounced Harry Vinton and Alice Van Dyke man and wife.

ANGLING QUANTRAINS.

INCONGRUITY.

Stood the bard in contemplation by the softly purling stream,
Where each gentle undulation shone with sunlight all agleam;
And he wondered how these glories, where Truth's echo seemed to dwell,
Could give rise to all the stories that home-coming anglers tell.

SELF PUNISHED.

The man who does not love the hook and reel,
And varied pleasures rod and line afford,
Lacks life's best recreation, nor may feel
The inspiration of its rich reward.

AS WALTON SAID IT.

Doubtless the Lord, as gentle Walton said,
Of certain luscious fruitage, foliage hid,
A nobler sport than angling might have made,
But doubtless, I am sure, He never did.

F. C. Riehl.



THE TOMAHAWK REGION, WIS.

BY FRED. GARDNER.

To enjoy a summer's outing to the fullest extent, one must go to the wildest and most primitive country accessible, where fishing of all kinds may be obtained, and where nature itself dispells the thoughts of business to distract or mar the pleasure. Such a place is Tomahawk Lake, with its seventy-nine miles of shore-land. It is one of that chain of lakes in northern Wisconsin famous for its fishing. Mascalonge abound there, so do black bass and pike, and it is surrounded by a wealth of towering pines, spruce and hemlock trees, and is a most delightful resort for the enthusiastic angler and and huntsman. It is a rather peculiarly shaped lake, being neither round, rectangular nor oblong in its contour, and its waters are very deep and cold, even during the hottest of midsummer days. Naturally, therefore, it is a comfortable place to abide during the vacation time. The journey is in itself a most delightful trip, and after alighting at Tomahawk Lake station and taking a short walk down the trail through the woods, the beautiful expanse of water is seen, and one realizes that the ideal which was sought is found.

A paddle of about two miles in a birch-bark canoe, in the bracing morning air, brings one to the primitive hotel, which is a rendevous for all angling parties. It is a rural and primitive place, built, as it is, entirely of huge hemlock logs, with nicely arranged rooms, as regards light and air, and one feels at home immediately upon crossing the threshold. There is a great old-fashioned fire-place in the sitting

room, where in the spring and fall, and often times in the summer (for one needs blankets to sleep between the year round in this locality) big pine logs are piled high and splutter and crack to the delight of the tired sportsman, who has drawn himself up in one of those luxurious arm-chairs, which were made by Old Comfort himself. I have heard some tall yarns told around that spacious fire-place; but then we all know how prone fishermen are to stretch their consciences on occasions. Charley Sanders and his wife run the place, and a genial pair they are, their chief aim being to make their guests happy and contented.

After a hearty breakfast we were ready to try our skill at catching the wily bass and such bass as Tomahawk Lake does contain; big and slick enough to gladden the heart of the most fastidious of Waltonian followers. There are no pickerel to desecrate the waters of the Tomahawk. Why, no one seems able to explain. Small-mouthed, red-eyed bass, pike, mascalonge and in some parts large mouth bass are to be caught, and the waters seem to be teeming with them, so rapidly do they bite, and such fighters that it is really hard work to fish continually all day.

I had a novice at fishing with me on the first day's crusade, and what sport it was to see him trying to land a big bass! The first one he hooked was a three pounder; he felt the strike and hooked him cleverly, but a severe tug by his fishship loosened his hold on the reel and away it went with about ten yards of line before he could get control of his reel again; the bass made a splendid leap into the air, some forty feet from the boat, which seemed to take all the sand out of the "would be," for with a pained expression in his eyes looked at me and handing me his rod he simply said "take it," and sat back in his seat puffing like a tin whistle on a peanut stand. I laughed until I was sore, and the best of it all was, he didn't know that the fish that broke water was the one he had hooked, but thought it to be another fish. The less experienced of our party found it great sport, still fishing for the small mouth bass, and great success they made of it, their catch averaging fifty pounds a day, for they kept at it continually from breakfast time until the sun, sinking behind the hills of Minocqua, some fifteen miles distant, compelled them by darkness to desist.

A most enjoyable auxiliary to the trip to Tomahawk Lake is the visits one can make to smaller lakes in the immediate vicinity. Hosbrook is within two miles by trail through dense woods, and many know what a tedious jaunt it is, bestrewn, as the northern Wisconsin woods are, with dead timber, compelling one very often to cut a way through foliage and brush seemingly impenetrable.

The guides with their packs and birch-bark canoes slung over their shoulders, by means of yokes, seem never to tire and do all in their power to lessen the tediousness of the portages and tramps over the trails of the party they are guiding. On the tramp to Hasbrook the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern R'y, which run direct to Tomahawk Lake, are crossed, and the sight of them, when one thinks he is many miles from nowhere, seems to bring his thoughts back to the fact that there is a civilization though far away.

Hasbrook is a picturesque lake, with one of the prettiest of green islands in the center, which makes a most comfortable camping ground. Skunks are not the most companionable of animals, but are often met with during the sojourn in the woods. One of our party mistook one, I am sorry to say, for a

cat, and in a conciliatory voice one uses toward dumb animals, started for him, calling, "Kitty, Kitty, here nice little Kitty." The tale is soon ended; we buried him for a week!

Small mouth bass fishing is found in Hasbrook Lake, and no other fish, excepting perch, inhabit its waters. Another short portage and one arrives at Kennard Lake, where large-mouth bass, pickerel and pike may be caught until one tires. Voracious is no name for the appetites of the bass in Kennard, for as soon as your cast is made, and your bait sinks, a tug is felt at the business end of the line.

At the lakes in the immediate vicinity of Chicago, one's catch is enumerated by telling the number of fish taken, fifteen or twenty as the case may be. In this vicinity they come so swift that count cannot be kept of them, but at night the gunnysack in which they have been thrown is weighed, and from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty pounds is registered.

Sweeney's Lake, a short distance from Kennard, affords the angler excellent opportunities for a try at the mascalonge, for the king of the water seems to abound there. The lake is very muddy, and is an excellent feeding ground, which probably accounts for the numbers of fish in its waters. Pickerel of enormous size, bass, perch and pike inhabit these waters.

Clear Lake is noted for the goodly size and sweetness of meat of the bass caught in its waters. A little to the west off the thoroughfare, which leads between Tomahawk and Minocqua Lake, Mud Lake is located. Small mascalonge may be caught there quickly. By short portages one can reach Horse Head, Carr, Catherine, Knobachein, Rust, Little Lunge, and, in fact, a score of other lakes which, I think, have never been named.

I have fished in many different places and have enjoyed the pastime as only a devotee of the art can, but have never found waters which were so delightful and entrancing as these, both for camping and fishing. It seems that this part of the country has been specially designed for the angler, so many convenient places can be found to camp. One place especially, on the banks of the Tomahawk, could not be more perfect if built to order. A clear circular space, some three hundred feet in circumference, with huge pines hemming it in on all sides, forming a most beautiful amphitheatre not ten yards from the water's edge, was the spot, and it made one of the prettiest and most comfortable of camping places.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 161.)

Insignificant in size as is the little cyprinoid, called in Maryland and Virginia "the gudgeon," it has been from the earliest settlement of those States an object of eager pursuit by the resident fishermen. A similar condition exists at the present time in England, and "weigh-in day" at the London angling clubs often shows that a catch of gudgeons wins the much-coveted high-hook award. But the gudgeon of Europe, though one of the smallest fishes caught on the rod, is not identical with the American fish, except in its exquisite savor; zoölogically considered, we have no true gudgeon in our waters. The foreign fish, *Gobio fluviatilis*, is, however, also a cyprinoid, grows to a length of ten inches, has distinct barbels or feelers, but is found only in fresh, clear waters. The American fish has no barbels, never grows larger than nine inches, and is caught in greatest numbers in brackish waters and a short distance above tide-water, in the spring of the year. I have taken them in my school-boy days by the gross, when fishing from the wharves in Baltimore, on a minnow-hook baited with small pieces of earthworms. In this connection Mr. A. F. Dresel, of Baltimore, wrote me: "Our gudgeon is caught in the fresh-water streams in the vicinity of Baltimore from April to June, when they ascend from salt water to spawn. In the fall and winter months they are caught in the brackish waters near the mouths of rivers, and are undoubtedly larger in such waters than in fresh. They are, therefore, anadromous, and should go in your list of such fishes."

The attraction of gudgeon-fishing seems to grow among Maryland and Virginia anglers; with them, as it should be among all good members of the craft, the delicacy and flavor of this fish, when properly cooked, increase the pleasure of catching them. The capture, except as a casual or incidental experience, of fishes that are unfit for the table, is justly considered as unsportsmanlike; it is destroying life for the pleasure of killing something. The true angler will carry his better nature to the waters, and on his way thereto will lift his heel for fear of crushing a creeping insect, and take the hook tenderly from the mouth of an unsavory or undesirable fish, and gently return it to the water to fulfill the purpose of its creation—that of food for predatory fishes, which in turn are devoured by their stronger, fiercer, and less procreative congeners. If this law of nature ceased its operation, the waters of the earth would become matter composed of decayed fish-forms, causing disease and death. Thus we see in the cosmos of Providence conditions which are repugnant to our sympathies, but necessary to our existence. We feel effects, endeavor with our feeble powers to find the causes thereof, and, despite our elation at being God's elect in intellect, drift rudderless and helpless on the sea of human fallibility. The angler, when wading a mountain stream or alone on a secluded lake or salt-water channelway, is more apt to be impressed with such influences than a denizen of bricks and mortar. His environment, with its dense solitude, that seems almost tangi-

ble to the touch, begets such thoughts, and feeble are the sensibilities of the man in whom wonder and worship do not arise when thus communing with nature. Under such conditions it is but a step from agnosticism to Christian faith.

The gudgeon, like its greater kindred, the carp and the chub, is an historic fish, and has been the theme of writers for many centuries. Ovid, in the first century, wrote of it as a "slippery" fish; Ausonius, 450 B. C., said it was fat and savory; Walton, in 1653 A. D., has a good word for it as a table-fish, and other old English writers, including Shakespeare, have taken the gudgeon as a synonym for a man "easily cheated and ensnared." This, because when hungry the gudgeon seizes the bait greedily, but the derivation weakens in application when we consider that this fish must be fished for with extremely delicate tackle and with care not to disturb the feeding shoals of fish.

The American gudgeon, under consideration, is a varietal form (*H. regius*) of the silvery or smelt minnow, *Hybognathus nuchale*. It is the largest of the species, and is said to be found only in Maryland and Virginia waters; possibly, however, according to Professor Cope, in the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers. The most striking difference between it and the typical fish (*nuchale*) is its deeper body and larger eye. Its color is greenish above the lateral line, getting paler below, with a broad silvery band on the sides. It has eight rays in the dorsal and anal fins, and nine in the ventral fin. The lower jaw is shorter than, and fits into, the upper.

The gudgeons swim in large shoals, and at times are taken in great numbers.

A small minnow-hook must be used, and it should be baited with a minute piece of earthworm; at times these fish will take greedily anything in the shape of flesh-bait, and many anglers use small pieces of raw beef with success. As a rule, quill floats form a part of the delicate gudgeon-tackle, but the more practiced rodsters prefer to feel the thrill of the pluck of even so small a fish as the gudgeon, rather than the gratification at seeing the dip of the float when the little cyprinoid is taking the bait.

Colonel F. G. Skinner, the veteran angler, field sportsman and *dilettante*, now deceased, wrote me some years ago from "the Relay," a great resort of the gudgeon-fishers of Baltimore and Washington. He describes con amore the scene presented by these anglers when fishing for their favorite fish:

"Your past grand masters of the gentle art, the aristocrats of the rod and reel who capture the lordly salmon in the Canadian rivers, and who cast their flies upon the remote waters of the Aroostook and the Nepigon, may look with lofty disdain upon their humble brethren who find enjoyment in angling with earthworms and gentles for so diminutive a fish as a gudgeon, and yet the annual run of these little fishes in the Patapsco, Gwyn's Falls and Stemmer's Run, small streams in close vicinity to Baltimore, is looked forward to by thousands of people of all ages, from the gray-headed grandsire to the youngsters not yet in their teens, with anticipations of delight.

"The gudgeon, like the swallow and the bluebird, is the harbinger of spring, and as he annually returns to his natal stream, the trees on its banks assume their vernal covering of tender green, the starlike blossoms of the dogwood glitter through the woods, and the wild flowers bloom forth as if to welcome his coming.

"When the announcement so eagerly

looked for is made—'The gudgeons are running!'—paterfamilias and his boys prepare the simple tackle and dig the worms, while the good wife fills the ample lunch-basket; the young folks, boys and girls, pass sleepless nights in anticipation of the coming Saturday, when, released from the discipline of the school-room, they can make a raid on the gudgeons which swarm in incredible numbers in all the adjacent streams.

"As I sat in the early morning at my window in that most delightful of all country inns, the "Revere," at the Relay on the B. & O. R. R., and looked with wonder on the crowd of people of every age and condition who descended from the cars laden with rods and creels and corpulent baskets and hampers—prophetic of good cheer—and witnessed the eager rush made for the stream to secure points of vantage, or favorite rocks from which to cast their lines; noted the absence of vulgar rudeness in the scramble for good places; but why should there have been rudeness—did they not all belong to the gentle brotherhood?—I descended to breakfast with the complacent feeling that I, too, belonged to that eager, but gentle brotherhood of anglers.

"With an appetite strengthened by the pure, brisk morning air, I fairly devoured the crisp and golden gudgeons served 'hot and hot' on the bountiful board. And here I beg to be excused for a short digression which the educated gourmet will appreciate.

"The ever-to-be-lamented Brillat Savarin, the greatest of connoisseurs in gastrology, and our own renowned Sam Ward, who seems to have inherited the Savarin mantle, both agree that, simple as it may appear, the process of frying with oil, lard or butter is one of the most delicate within the whole range of culinary art. The sacrilegious scullions—the curse of our country—who profane a divine art by pretending to be cooks, will serve you up a fish or a potato sodden with indigestible grease; these wretches are totally ignorant of the philosophy of frying, which consists in simply cooking your fish or vegetable through the medium of lard or oil heated to the maximum which the fire can impart. The universally popular potato-chips, crisp and golden, so dry as not to soil a kid glove, are fried by placing them, not in a pan, but in a wire cage which, with its contents, is dipped into *boiling* lard and withdrawn as soon as the desired color is attained. The 'chef' of mine host, Leach, of the Revere, is an artist; he gilds his fish in boiling lard, and like his immortal predecessor, Vatel, he would commit suicide rather than soak his fish or potatoes in melted grease, as is the fashion with the bog-trotting Biddys who rule our American kitchens.

"With a young lady companion I strolled along the picturesque banks of the stream and witnessed the fishing, and truly it was a novel spectacle, reminding one rather of the gay and noisy Corso during a Roman carnival than of an assemblage of silent contemplative anglers. For a mile on either bank of the stream were groups of men, women and children, pulling up the little silver-sided fish as fast as they could throw in. The silence was perpetually broken by the joyous shouts of some urchin who had made a double capture. Perched on the rocks, as far away from the crowd as they could get, were the old men, the veteran gudgeon-fishers of the Monumental City, who from boyhood to old age had made regular annual pilgrimages to the gudgeon-streams, and thought it a day lost when they captured less than fifty dozen

of the shiners. These old fellows, because of their apparent unsociability, were irreverently dubbed 'curmudgeons' by my witty school-girl companion, but she was astonished that same evening at the hotel on hearing one of them sing, with great pathos and sweetness, that fine old Scotch song, 'Lovely young Jessie, the flower of Dumblain'—the young lady bears herself the sweet name of Jessie."

I have been somewhat puzzled to identify the typical fish among the many so-called "roaches" of American waters. Several of the recognized chubs have the local name of "roach," and the three names—chub, roach, dace—are used very generally for one and the same fish, but the roach of my boyhood outings was the fish now most commonly called the golden shiner or bream, and I find, from investigation, that this is the fish that Norris, and other early American writers on angling, designated as the roach. In appearance it resembles more the bream of Europe, and it bears that name generally among the resident fishermen south of the State of Maryland. It ranges from New England to Minnesota and southward, and grows to a foot in length and a weight of one and a half pounds, and, as will be seen by the drawing given, it resembles the shad in shape, and may be readly known by its long anal fin, which contains from thirteen to fifteen rays.

Abramis crysoleucas is the scientific name of the roach—*abramis*, an old term for the bream, and the specific name from two Greek words signifying "gold" and "white." It is of a beautiful green color on the upper parts of the body, with silvery sides and bright golden reflections; the fins are yellowish, and the tops of the lower ones slightly orange in breeding males. In the rivers of the South Atlantic States, where it is abundant, a varietal form occurs, *Abramis crysoleucas bosci*, which also grows to a length of twelve inches, but may be known from the typical fish described above by its larger scales and longer anal fin. Its color is pale olive with a silvery luster, and its dorsal fin is short and shaped like a sickle. Another form, *A. gardoneus*, is said by Jordan and Evermann to be probably a hybrid between *A. crysoleucas* and some other fish. It has ten dorsal and nine anal rays, and by this peculiarity it can be readily distinguished from the above-named forms, as both of them have eight dorsal and from thirteen to fifteen anal rays.

Fishing for roach is not indulged in as a pastime by American anglers. It is a boy's fish, one that excites the incipient taste for angling during "pin-hook and minny" days. It is unfit to eat until the frost-months set in, and although caught sometimes in quantities, when one is fly-casting for black bass, it is looked upon as a pest. In late October and November it is a good pan-fish, and when taken, as it often is, through the ice, its flesh is savory and fleecy. It should be fished for with extremely light tackle, and the float should be discarded, although every English and American writer on roach-fishing advised, and some of them still do so, that a quill float should be used in roach-fishing, because they assert this fish to be a very delicate biter, a fact which upsets their theory and practice; all experienced anglers have found that they can "strike" quicker and with greater success on feeling the "pluck" of a fish, than they can after seeing the motion of the float, and that the resistance of the tip of a light, springy rod to the pull of a small fish is no greater, particularly if a good angler

has charge of it, than is made by the float, however light it may be.

"Uncle Thad." Norris, the Walton of America, was very fond of roach-fishing. No bright day in winter, forty years ago, found him absent from the old pier at Gray's Ferry bridge, on the Schuylkill river. He fished through the ice, using reversed bristle snoods on a half-dozen hooks, baited with white-wood-worms, and line leaded with half-ounce sinker. So constant was his attendance, and so careless of his person when fishing, that he was familiarly called "Old Mud" by the bridge-tenders and ferry-men. The fishing on Norris' favorite ground is a thing of the past, as it has been entirely destroyed by the coal-tar from the gas-works and oil-refineries which have spoiled the fishing in the tide-water of the Schuylkill.

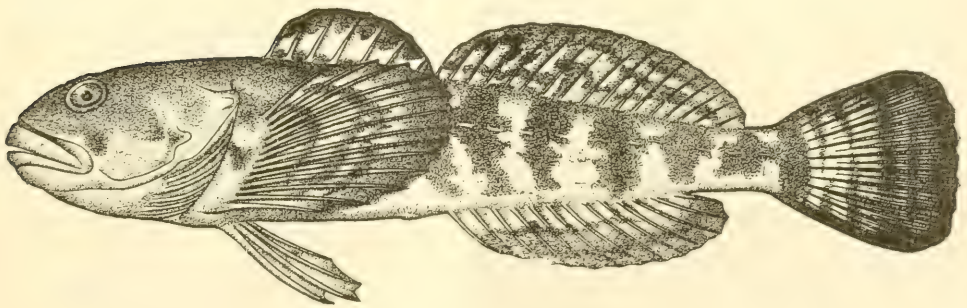
The baits used in roach-fishing are as various as those that lure the carp; they are: earth-worms, barley, soaked wheat, berries, and best of all, writes an English angler, small pieces of the ripe banana, on the point of a No. 12 or 14 hook. They certainly rise freely to the artificial fly.

The United States Fish Commission some years ago imported the tench, *Tinca tinca*, and this fish has been introduced into the Potomac river and other waters. It is closely allied to the carp, and will, doubtless, be found to be equally valueless as a rod and table-fish. It is, however, one of the most interesting fishes in American waters; its maximum of growth and flavor of flesh are in dispute; its powers of healing the ills of fish, and even of man, are asserted—"the touch of tenches" being held to be efficacious in curing the wounds on fish and sickness in the human invalid. That most voracious of our fresh-water tigers, the pike, will not eat him, a fact observed by all modern English anglers and those of the era of Walton, who writes that the pike "forbears to devour him, be he never so hungry." Keene, in his "Practical Fisherman," writing in 1881, says: "I, myself, know of a complete cure of a bad case of jaundice by the agency of a tench. The fish was split open and the inside and backbone taken out; it was then tied over the region of the liver, and in three days the cure was almost perfect. The tench was found dyed a complete greenish-yellow hue on being taken off." It has been deemed beneficial in case of headache if applied alive to the brow; if planted on the nape of the neck, it is said to relieve inflammation of the eyes, and Rhondeletius tells us he saw a miraculous recovery from fever by the application of a tench to a sick man's foot. Apparently, the tench is esteemed by its fish congeners for its medicinal attributes, and it may be that the thick slime with which this fish is encoated, may have a balsam or healing power. Its own body is almost entirely free from fungoid and other diseases, and Camden states that he has seen "pike's paunches opened with a knife to show their fatness, and presently the wide gashes and wounds came together by touch of tenches, and with their glutinous slime perfectly healed up." Finally, Wright, in his "Fishes and Fishing," states that he was an eye-witness to seeing a wounded minnow in an aquarium, immediately after being wounded in the nose by a hook in the hands of a clumsy attendant, descend to mid-water in the aquarium, poise himself for a moment with his nose downward, "then swiftly swum and rubbed the wound against the side of a tench which was at the bottom of the tank. Immediately the little fish was as frisky as ever." All

of these interesting and curious stories are of value, chiefly because they illustrate how difficult it is for the human mind to attribute observed results to the proper causes.

The maximum weight of the tench is in dispute; one of eleven pounds is recorded in "Daniels' Rural Sports," but an average of three pounds has been adjudged a fair estimate, and one of five is considered exceptionally large in English waters. It is probable that, like the imported carp, the tench will find extremely favorable growth conditions with us, and grow as the carp has, beyond all weight-records. It finds a congenial habitat in all waters that suit the carp; in fact, in England these two fish are, with sparse exceptions, always found living together. The coloration of the tench is golden-green on the head, sides and cheeks, the belly being of orange and the iris darker on the upper part of the body, of the eye red and orange; the fins are dark. The coloration varies in these fish as it does in many others, deepening or becoming paler in different waters, although it prefers sluggish, foul water of considerable depth. It is of the mud, muddy, and such seems to be the concensus of opinion as to its table qualities, which can be improved, however, by allowing the fish to scour itself for some days in clear running water. It is taken on similar tackle and lures as are used in the capture of carp.

(*To be Continued.*)



THE MILLER'S THUMB.



"TOURISTS AND CIVILIZATION HAVE NOT YET SPOILED IT."—See page 193.

A SUB-TROPICAL PILGRIMAGE.—GAME AND FISH IN MEXICO.

BY PASTITA.

Ciudad Valles, the "Valley City," ancient capital of the Province of Panuco, Mexico, is a quaint little hamlet that slumbers beneath palm roofs and evergreen trees at the foot of the eastern Cordillera. The Rio Vallés flows at the foot of the bluff on which this rural capital is perched, while the ancient trees of fig, cypress and cedar, which might in their youthful prime have looked down upon the scouts and warriors of Oñate as they threaded these forests, now give an umbrageous shelter to the macaw and loro, who scream a discordant protest against all invasions of their chosen haunts. Sleepy, contented and serene; no intrusion of Northern visitors can disturb thy calm; the parrots may scream, and the magpies protest in the treetops, but your languor-possessed citizens neither heed nor care.

Special car "99" was switched out of the down passenger train one winter afternoon at this somnolent relic of ancient grandeur. The "99" was freighted with Northern fugitives flying from the blizzard stricken plains and howling snowstorms of the great North. A judge of the Supreme Court, a railroad magnate, a retired capitalist or two and a few of the gentler sex comprised the band of semi-tropical explorers, chaperoned by an ancient dweller in this home of the "dulce far niente." The more adventurous of the party proposed a horseback trip to the south. They had heard of the Huasteca, that region of perpetual spring; of the "Nacimiento de la Coy," where a river springs full-grown from the foot of a mountain; of ancient villages; of streams full of fish and forests teeming with game, and little brooks along whose banks no empty salmon cans or beer bottles were strewed to remind one of a distant civilization. The blue and cloud-capped mountains to the south challenged exploration; the forest-covered foothills offered coolness and shade and the blue river below the bluff suggested what might be in the depths of green and tangled forest that stretched far away. Beneath such stimulation, the spirit of Old Nimrod was awakened. The blood of Davy Crocket began to race, and these modern leatherstockings resolved to abandon the palace car for the pack train.

To hire a horse in a little Mexican town is quite an undertaking, but to hire five with saddles and bridles is infinitely more so. At last, however, preliminaries were concluded and we were ready to start. The judge, the railroad man, the kid (a youthful aspirant for adventure), together with the guide and packer, formed the party. The ford at Valles is an easy one. The river bed is of smooth slate and the water in the winter season is not above the girths, so we were soon across and trotting along the vega on the other side. The road was cut through a forest and in many places so narrow that the trees interlocked overhead forming a veritable arbor and giving a most agreeable shade to the traveler. These roads are not made for wheeled vehicles, but only for horsemen and pack-trains, and are entirely covered with grass and weeds except the foot paths for the animals that travel them. These paths are in several parallel lines, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other and are beaten hard by the hoofs of the

passing pack trains. They are a favorite resort and feeding ground for birds and smaller animals. Parrots, magpies, doves, chachalacas (a small pheasant) frequent the trees by the road side, while several varieties of quail, rabbits and an occasional band of turkeys may be found feeding among the grass, but our travelers were looking for larger game. As we ambled along, occasional parties of natives were met. Now finely mounted horsemen with leather jackets, jingling spurs, fringed leggings and silver buttons, armed like troopers with sabre at side and carbine under knee, with silver mounted saddle and brilliant zarape at the cantle, passed nodding a "Buenas dias" and "Feliz viaje" to us as they went by. But more often the humbler Indian footman, clad in wide straw hat, unbleached cotton shirt and drawers rolled above the knee and detained by a little cord, sandles of leather and buckskin girdle, saluted us with a "Dios guarda Vd' patron." An occasional family moving was met; the old Indian grandmother, with a face like a nutmeg, perched on her little donkey with a red pillow in front and various culinary utensils dangling at the back, and then the mother on her "burrito," with chocolate colored tots clinging to her before and behind. The head of the family walks in the rear with his machete hanging at the belt and with switch in hand urges forward the cavalcade, followed by pickaninnies of various sizes whose bright eyes peer from underneath mops of raven hair, and whose little legs dance back and forth below a cotton shirt, their only garment. The road leaves the vega after a few miles and crosses low and rolling hills to descend again into the valley of the Tamesin, which we cross in a canoe at Paso Real (Royal Pass), just below that mighty gorge where the river breaks through the eastern Cordillera. The canoe was made from a log of ceiba and over thirty feet in length. It held our entire party with ease, including accoutrements. The ferrymen, just from a bath in the river and clothed only in nature's garments, shone in the sun like a pair of rubber overshoes as they pushed, poled and paddled our craft across. On the other side, we launched in the shade of a wild fig tree and waited for the cool of the afternoon while we watched the parrots flittering in the trees and the fish jumping in the river.

Where the river at high water overflows the lowlands, cane brakes are formed, the bamboo often growing over fifty feet in height, while, on the slightly higher ground, underbrush and vines form an impenetrable mat, like that which in Cuba shelters Maceo and his band, but here only serves as a refuge for jaguar, jabali, deer, badger, raccoon and smaller animals. Narrow paths formed by the denizens of this "matorral" on their way to and from the water, give the only means to penetrate it, and, at the same time, a stand in which to lie in wait for them. This subtropical hunting is something like buying lottery tickets. You may draw a blank or a grand prize in the shape of a jaguar, or a deer or jabali may serve for a second prize. Perhaps the unexpected may happen in the shape of a waddling alligator that comes crawling by, immigrating from the river to the lagoon.

As the afternoon shadows lengthen and the mountain breeze begins, we saddle up and start on our march to reach Santa Cruz before dark, where we will pass the night. This little hamlet of bamboo huts with palm roofs, hospitable people and glorious wide

branching trees, nestles at the foot of the eastern Sierra, at the dividing line between plain and mountain. Here six bananas are sold for a cent, and the price of supper, lodging and breakfast is 25 cents, silver. Tourists and civilization have not yet spoiled it. The best part of these bamboo houses is out of doors. They are usually constructed with wide sloping roofs of palm, reaching within a few feet of the ground. In the centre two or three rooms fenced off by upright poles and plastered, serve as a boudoir for the gentler members of the family, which makes the veranda the most prominent feature, and, at the same time, the most comfortable. Our bedroom was the front piazza, fronting on the road, where we placed our cots, but the cold of the early morning drove us from our beds before daylight, and, wrapped in our blankets, we marched up and down, waiting for the sun to come and warm us up. After midnight it often becomes very chilly in these tropical latitudes, a fact that should not be forgotten but guarded against.

Laguna del Chairel was our next objective point. This little lake was said to be the resort of alligators, ducks and all other aquatic birds and beasts, rumor positively asserting that the tapir was occasionally seen there. We now left the main road and took to a labyrinth of paths, fenced by thorny vines, where, without a guide, we would have certainly been lost. Through the thickets and across occasional glades of grass, under mighty trees that completely shut out the sun, now cutting our way through interlaced gatuñyos, whose claw-like thorns caught our clothes like grappling irons (here is where the machetes came into play), and again skirting the edge of a marsh, where screeching birds were lazily feeding, we arrived at a low rocky ridge covered with heavy timber, that overlooked the lake, a shallow body of water of perhaps a square mile in extent. We left the horses in a thicket and advanced cautiously on foot towards the water; and what a sight! A hundred yards to the left on a little point were seven alligators; in front a flock of muscovy ducks feeding in the edge of the rushes; in the clear water beyond, mallard, teal, spoon bill and widgeon were swimming to and fro, while further down the lake a squadron of white pelicans were sailing. On the further shore a buck and doe stood half sheltered by the cane brake, and in a space apparently reserved to themselves, for we could see nothing else near them, a band of alligators sported, while with other birds, from the little yellow gallito, who has spurs on his wings, to cranes, pink, white and gray, little doves and large wood pigeons, green parrots and red tanigers, the woods on the border of the lake seemed to be filled.

Between the water's edge and the timber was an open space covered with sedge. We stepped back into the forest and began a march around the lake. The judge wanted to shoot a deer and the railroad magnate an alligator. But, in spite of our caution, the noise of the fine saddle horses crushing through the brush had frightened off the deer, but the alligators which we had seen on the bank merely glided into the water, and were floating just below the surface about thirty yards distant. The railroad magnate took the rifle, and resting it across a fallen log, took aim at the eye (which was just above the water) of the nearest one, and by great good luck he hit it, and then began the splashing. The 'gator in his struggles came nearer the shore, and finally died where we could reach him. He was eleven feet long.



"THE JUDGE TRIED TO BUY THE FERRY JUST AS IT STOOD."—See page 195.

At the outlet of the lake we saw fish feeding in an extraordinary manner. Here was a grove of huamuchiles on the very bank of the lake. The fruit of this tree is a pod containing five or six black beans surrounded by a white pulp, which, when ripe, is very palatable. The pulp is used as a bait for many of the smaller fish, particularly the kind called bagre, which grows to the size of two or three pounds. Where these trees overhang the water, the bagre collect in the ripening season and fight for the huamuchilei beans as they drop into the water. When the trees are shaken by the wind, they come from all sides like chickens in a barn yard, to get the fruit as it falls into the water. A special exhibition was given for the benefit of our visitors. The kid crept quietly to the foot of a large tree which overhung the water and climbed up it, while the rest of us hid near the bank where we could see the water. The kid began to shake the tree, and at the first rustle among the branches, the fish came in all directions by the hundreds, scrambling and fighting among themselves for the savory fruit. The judge said it beat any fish story he ever heard.

From the lake our road took us through a heavy forest, where vines, moss and orchids hung from the trees in luxurious profusion, while the interlocking branches above our heads, like an arbor, kept out the sun or let it filter through the leaves in rays of green and gold, and sparkle on the dew drops in the more sheltered places. Tracks of deer and jabali were plenty, but the underbrush was so dense that no large game was seen.

At last the Coy was reached. These sub-tropical lowland rivers are a law unto themselves. Hidden away in the dim and gloomy forests, their clear green water rolls still and deep between tree-covered banks that hide them from the traveler until, suddenly, they are beneath his feet. Quaint ferries, with dugout canoes or rafts of palm logs, carry the pilgrim across while his horse swims in the rear. A yell or a pistol shot calls the ferryman, who may be working in a field near by, or more likely asleep under a tree. In this case our ferry boat was a raft of palm logs, and the "ferryman" a little Indian girl, who pulled the boat back and forth by the aid of a rope attached to the trees on either side, while the proprietor stood on the further bank directing the operations and collecting the toll. It was a very pretty spot, and the judge said he liked the business, so he tried to buy the ferry just as it stood, but without success.

The trapeche was on the other side of the river, at the foot of a little hill. It was very primitive; upright wooden rolls, turned by mule power, which squeezed the juice out of the cane, while a trough with wooden sides and sheet iron bottom, served as a boiling kettle. The moulds for the sugar were holes bored in a mahogany log, and a split bamboo pole served as a trough to carry the boiling sap from the kettle to the cooling vat, from which it was dipped into the moulds by a gourd tied on the end of a reed. The shed itself that held this primitive plant was open on all sides, the roof of palm leaves and bamboo poles, tied together by vines and bark, shaded and sheltered the dusky workmen, who, in breech clout and sandals, drove the mule and dipped the syrup.

A few miles below the sugar mill the main branch of the Coy comes in from the south, springing from the foot of a hill a full grown river. Two Indians and a canoe were loaned us by the mill

owner, and we started on our voyage. The river twisted and turned between low and perpendicular banks of earth covered with a heavy growth to the water's edge, the trees on the banks inclining outward and often covered with vines, which passed from those on one bank to those on the other, forming a natural suspension bridge, on which the king fisher and the coroche, swinging in the shade, waited for the fish to pass beneath, or dozed their noontide siesta. A mile or two of paddling under these triumphal arches of orchids and vines, flowers and moss, and swinging around a low point, we entered the main river, a deep and rapid stream of clear green water, in whose depths we could see the fish dart away at our approach and hide themselves in the sub-aqueous forests of grasses and plants that grew under our keel. The Nacimiento came into view; a dark pool of olive green, at the foot of a vine-covered ridge. Giant trees of ceiba, cypress, tepiguache and wild fig, with branching limbs on the edge of the pool, cast a green shade into its greener depths. In the centre the water boiled in glassy waves, hurrying to the outlet. No ocean ever looked deeper, no plummet has ever discovered the secret of the cave from which springs the Fair Coy, Minerva like; full grown child of the mountain which hides the mystery of its origin.

All things must end, and so must our chronicle. Two days later a bronzed and ragged crew sought the shelter of the "99," wiser if not sadder men. The kid and the guide waved an adios as the train pulled out, and sleepy Valles still dozes on.

THE CONDITION OF THE GUN TRADE.

BY OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

The present bicycle craze has completely demoralized the trade in low priced guns. Manufacturers are all agreed upon the one point, that thousands of young men fond of shooting, but carried away with the pleasure of wheeling, have given up the first for the sake of the last. Guns have to be paid for outright, no matter how small the cost. Wheels, on the contrary, can be purchased on the smallest monthly payments. Thus, while one trade suffers, the other benefits. And right here comes a hint that should be profitable to those who have delayed their purchase of guns. Never in the history of the gun trade in this country has so much been given for so little money. The opportunity, then, to obtain a good as well as handsome weapon for a few dollars was never so great as it is at present. The great manufacturing houses, such as the Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., the Baker Gun and Forging Company, of Batavia, the Syracuse Arms Company, of Syracuse, and others, have made for many years guns which have commanded both commendation and astonishment. Absolutely perfect in their shooting quality, handling delightfully when used, and at so low cost to the sportsman as to be a matter of wonder. Talking with one of the best of the traveling representatives of one of these firms, he said to the writer in response to an inquiry:

"Trade, there is no trade in anything but wheels, and that is a-humming. I haven't sold this season a thousand guns, where I should have sold five, and it was harder work to sell that one thousand than it is ordinarily for me to sell the greater number. How long will it last? Until every man, woman and child in the United States is provided with a bicycle! When that is the case, then trade in guns will revive, and not before!"

The writer disagrees with these views. He does not think that because there has been depression in the gun trade for a couple of years, that everything is going to the "demnition bow-wows." Far from it. These periods of stagnation come at times to every manufacturing trade, no matter where located. What causes them? No man can say truthfully what or why. One will tell you, the silver question; another, overstocked trade; another still will swear that it is looked for changes in tariff matters; and still another that the question hinges upon the results of the coming presidential election.

Who can decide when doctors disagree? is an adage as true as it is trite. We know that stagnation exists and not one gun, whether low or high in price, is sold now, where two years ago a hundred times that number was disposed of.

This state of affairs is an anomaly, for more shooting is being done and more has been done during the past year than was ever the case before. And that shooting has been done where the greatest strain has been made upon the purses of those taking part in it, and the greatest tax on the wearing of shot guns, i. e., the continuous work demanded by the big tournaments which have been held throughout the country. Let one go into a little detail regarding these affairs. The great meeting held at Guttenberg Park in early May, under the auspices and management of the American E. C. Powder Company, proved to be one of the successes of the

season. A hundred and forty men in all took part in the shooting at different times during the four days' work. Each of these used on an average 200 cartridges a day, or 800 for the week. To be more precise, we would say that of the 140 mentioned, 100 shot in all the events. This gives us 80,000 loaded cartridges fired by the different contestants during the four days' shooting. The loads of powder would average 3¼ drachms, being over a ton of powder, the cost of which would be the enormous sum, counting twice as many charges to the pound of nitro in comparison with black, of over $5,000. The shot also figures up the sum of 6,250 pounds, estimating 1¼ ounces to the load. And all this was expended in the effort to secure a portion of the $3,000 which was given as prizes by the American E. C. Powder Company.

The above is but a single example. Other tournaments have followed fast, one upon the heels of the other. Memphis, Tennessee, came the week after the one at Guttenberg Park, and the management of that also presented a list of prizes whose value in the aggregate ran well into the thousands. The next week saw an equally successful shooting meeting at Omaha, Nebraska, where again the attendance was good and the prizes large. Frank Parmlee, of Omaha, the broken-tongued orator, popular sportsman and man of the world, was at the head of the management of this meeting, and of course it was a success. Then followed in rapid succession the tournaments at Cincinnati, under the management of the Hazard Powder Company, that of the Illinois State Sportsmans' Association, held at Chicago. This in turn by the meeting of the New York State Association for the Preservation of and Protection of Game, this one being in full progress at this writing and ending June 13th. The next week the Cleveland Trap and Target Company holds a three days' tournament at Cleveland, Ohio, under the management of Paul North, the popular and masterful representative of the Cleveland company, and whose electric pull for the traps at inanimate shooting have proved the best of all so far. The last week in June the Pittsburg Gun Club holds a two days' tournament under its management at Allegheny City, its old grounds at Pittsburgh having been given up. The march of improvement, owing to the growth of the Smoky City in population in that direction, made the exodus an enforced one. Elmer E. Shauer, one of the most popular of men, and one of the greatest experience of all engaged in the running of shooting tournaments, has the management of the meeting.

Now the events mentioned above are outside of the shooting done by the regular clubs of the United States. Naturally around the larger cities clubs are readily formed. There are any number of shooting men gathered in business centres, and these must have some outlet for their hobby. Another thing also that tends to the multiplication of clubs is in the fact that men, as a rule, have a fondness for seeing their names in print as officers of some organization. It denotes a certain amount of popularity above that possessed by others, and it is an innocent hobby, assuredly. The writer certainly thinks that it is a pleasant thing to read about such a man being elected president, such a one treasurer, such a one secretary and such and such ones members of the board of governors of the High Flyers Club. Complimentary, certainly. Does it amount to anything? Assuredly so, for if not, why should the positions be so much sought after, for that they are sought after goes without the telling of it.

GROWTH OF LOCAL SHOOTING CLUBS.

The growth of shooting organizations in and around this great Metropolis is something wonderful. Within the radius of a circle drawn around this city, whose distance shall be a hundred miles across, fifty miles on each side, is a clientage of bona fide shooting organizations that we do not think can be surpassed, if even equalled, in the world. The membership of these clubs run from 20 to 30 in the smaller, up to a hundred and over in the larger ones.

This refers only to those shooting clubs whose men use the shot gun. The rifle men number almost as many more. In a later paper these rifle organizations may be discussed. At present these paragraphs are devoted to the men and affairs of the double barrel. A few of these may be mentioned just as they happen to follow the pen that records the names as they come to the writer. Carteret Gun Club, shooting at Bergen Point, N. J.; Country Club, Westchester; Larchmont Yacht Club, shooting contingent Larchmont; New York Athletic Club, shooting contingent Davids Island; Westminster Kennel Club, shooting contingent Babylon, L. I.; Cobweb Gun Club, Baychester; Bronx River Gun Club, Baychester; Hell Gate Gun Club, Dexter Park; Emerald Gun Club, Dexter Park; New York County Gun Club, Dexter Park; Jeannette Gun Club, Guttenberg Park; White Plains Gun Club, White Plains, Westchester County; Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill; Yonkers Gun Club, Yonkers; Marlboro Gun Club, Marlboro; West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association of Newburgh, Orange County; Closter Gun Club, of Closter, and Excelsior Gun Club of Pearl River, both the last named having their homes in Rockland County. Now let us cross the East River and note the perfect nest of gun clubs that is found in the erstwhile City of Churches, now of the Greater New York: Phœnix Gun Club, North Side Gun Club, Down Town Gun Club, Unknown Gun Club, Fountain Gun Club, Falcon Gun Club, New York German Club, First German Club, Vernon Rod and Gun Club, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Parkway Rod and Gun Club, and all of these having their shooting home at Lippock's Dexter Park.

At the Woodlawn grounds the live bird contingent of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club hold their shootings at live birds. The same club maintains another shooting ground at Dyker's Meadows for the purposes of those members who prefer to shoot at inanimate targets—blue-rocks, for instance. Another favorite shooting grounds for the Brooklyn sportsmen is at North Beach, Long Island (a suburb of the larger city). These are the Hudson Rod and Gun Club, the Enterprize Gun Club, the Eureka Gun Club, the Excelsior Rod and Gun Club and other organizations favor the shooting grounds at Far Rockaway, Long Island; these are the "Cuckoo" Gun Club and the Averne Rod and Gun Club. A few others travel the old shooting grounds located at New Dorp, Staten Island, the old home of the Vanderbilts; these are the Columbia Shooting Association and the Bergen Rod and Gun Club. When one crosses the Hudson and strikes New Jersey, still confining oneself to within the distance of that fifty-mile circle spoken of, the number of clubs fairly staggers belief. Not defunct or dying-out organizations, but sound, healthy clubs, whose shooting meetings are held either monthly or bi-monthly through-

out the year, without stoppage or break in the twelve months: Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; Greenville Gun Club, New York Bay Shore Grounds; Union Hill Gun Club, of Union Hill; Walsrode Gun Club, Forester Gun Club, South Side Gun Club, Newark Gun Club, Essex Gun Club—all of Newark, N. J. Passaic Gun Club, of Passaic; Paterson Gun Club, First Ward Gun Club and Paterson Pleasure Club, all of Paterson; Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; Orange Field Club, shooting contingent; Singae Shooting Association, of Singae; Union Gun Club, of Springfield; Rahway Shooting Association, of Rahway; Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield; Oritani Field Club, shooting contingent, Hackensack; Hackensack Rod and Gun Club, of same city; Tantocaw Rod and Gun Club and Nutley Shooting Association, both of Nutley; Dunellen Rod and Gun Club, of Dunellen; the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick; the Dayton Gun Club, of Dayton; the Trenton Gun Club, of Trenton; the Freehold Rod and Gun Club, of Freehold; the Midway Gun Club, of Mattawan; the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank; the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, and the Chatham Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, of Chatham. The writer does not think for a moment that the above list is a complete one, for it comprises only the ones that come to mind as they are told off from the reel of remembrance. As it is, the number of the clubs mentioned foots up the astonishing total of over 50 active shooting organizations. The writer is confident if a complete list was made the number of these clubs within that 50 miles enclosure would be very near, if not over, a hundred.

SOMETHING NEW IN GUN MATTERS.

What is new in gun matters? What can one expect where trade is stagnant? Small inducement, then, to introduce or to push anything new in guns or ammunition. Still one hears more or less of what is to come in the future, things that will be ready when the revival of sales come, and that revival making a demand for things that are novel and new. Among the best of these is the single trigger, double barrel shot gun, that will be placed on the market this fall by the well known dealers in arms, cutlery and ammunition, Weibusch & Hilger, of Chambers street, this city. This arm is one the writer has had the pleasure of inspecting, and consequently he can speak in reliable manner as to its character. In the first place it is a weapon that is bound to commend itself to sportsmen for two reasons, and both of these excellent ones: first, its comparative low cost; and second, the beauty of the lines upon which it is built. The grip of the gun is the double bolt of the crack English arms, with the addition of what is known as the Greener cross bolt, thus fastening the barrels to the breech block in triple fashion. The barrels of a high grade Damascus. The stock of handsome Circassian walnut and of almost perfection proportions. The gun handling in the same quick, lively manner as a Lancaster, a Grant or a Purdy. The engraving was not excessive. The advantage of a single trigger gun are obvious, too much so to enumerate here. Heretofore the great difficulty has been with single trigger guns that the discharge

of the first shot has jarred off the second. This bad feature has been eliminated in both this weapon and in the one made by that veteran gunsmith, Charles Lancaster. True it will require a little practice to become thoroughly cognizant of the fact that when the trigger is pulled for the firing of the first barrel, the finger must give a little so that the single trigger may be released and go back to its original position before the second shot is fired. This is matter of but small moment, and the slightest amount of practice is all that is necessary to enable one to use the gun in most desirable way. That the shots can be fired with marvellous rapidity when the lesson is learned is a fact that cannot be contradicted. The gun is to be placed upon the market this fall, and cannot but commend itself to shooting men.

Since inanimate target shooting has grown to the immense proportions it has now attained, a single barrel breech loader has much to recommend it. Such a weapon does away with the carrying of the extra weight contained in a double barrel gun. This is a strong recommendation for the one barrel arm, for the lifting of any extra amount of weight two or three hundred times a day involves a good deal of hard physical labor. In this one way alone this arm has much to recommend it. In another direction it must find favor. Every one knows how much accurate shooting depends upon the true alignment of the barrels of a double gun, one to the other. If this is not done in exact manner and in perfect lines, the shooting of that gun must be defective. That wonderful shot, E. D. Fulford, had a single barrel gun made especially for this work by the celebrated gun manufacturer, Greener, and has used it for the last year in most effective way. Fulford states that he would not give it up under any consideration just as long as he takes part in target shooting affairs. Again, Louis T. Schortemeier, a shooting enthusiast of this city, and who is probably an active member of more shooting clubs than any man residing in it, has recently purchased one of these single barrels, and has done some great work with it in recent engagements.

Referring to these single barrel guns recalls the fact that those enterprising men, comprising the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, have showed themselves abreast of the times by ordering a number of these single barrel guns from the manufactory of Francotte, the celebrated gun maker of Liege, Belgium. It is one of those arms that Schortemeier purchased. This gun is a capital one, and is bound to command a large sale as soon as its excellent qualities become known to the target shooting public.

ENORMOUS OUTPUT OF INANIMATES.

When considering target shooting, it brings to mind the prodigious proportions of this shooting at inanimates. One can with difficulty realize the number used, for it is so large as to fairly stagger belief. The Cleveland Target Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, is probably the leader of all others in the number manufactured and sold. Figures seem inadequate to tell plainly of the thousands used each day. The country is vast in extent, to be sure, and the number of shooting clubs as numerous as the country is large. Still it is difficult to realize that the sales of the company named reached in the year

1895 the enormous amount of sixteen millions, or over one and a quarter millions a month. The aggregate is stupendous, and one cannot but wonder where they all go to. This, bear in mind, is the sales for a year's consumption and not for stocking up purposes, as when a rise in price is anticipated. A close second to the Cleveland concern is the Empire Target Company, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which company's plant is located at Elizabethport. Here also the sales run up into the millions. Take these two gigantic manufactories and add to their product that of the Hub Target Company, of Boston, Mass., the King-bird plant of Crittenden & Curd, located at Cazenovia, New York, and others of less importance, and the mind becomes bewildered at the extent of the business. Does the business pay? Doubtful. There has been pronounced antagonism for a long while between manufacturers. Law suits innumerable have followed one another in rapid succession. Patents have been fought over time and time again, and so far only loss has been found instead of profit. It seems folly to go on in this way. So few in number are the manufacturers, that it would seem an easy matter to arrange matters so as to benefit all; and yet at so low a price to consumers as not to command outside capital for new plants. The feeling, however, is so bitter, one against the other, that no harmony is possible, and the fight promises to last until the end sees, as Darwin mentions in his work, simply and solely the "survival of the fittest." But how much will be lost by both sides before the end is reached is bound to be enormous.

Reference to shooting inanimates recalls that during the Grand American Handicap shoot at Elkwood Park, New Jersey, something new was placed on exhibition for the inspection of shooting men. This was a self-feeding, revolving trap for the throwing of inanimate targets, and designated as the maguatrap. This trap is worked by a wheel, which in turn is set in motion by a bicycle looking arrangement set turning by a rider sitting on a saddle. It was shown in operation a number of times, and attracted the notice of all the shooting men present. Space here is too limited to give in detail the manner of the working of this machine. Suffice it to say that the targets were thrown very rapidly in all directions, save incoming ones, and the universal opinion was, that if it worked as well in positive work as it did there in trial, it was but a matter of time for it to find favor with the sportsmen of the country, and be universally adopted by the shooting clubs of the United States. The maguatrap is not to be sold. The company controlling the patents proposes to lease the machines instead of selling them outright. The first year $50 will be charged for the use of the trap, but this carries with it the little house which has to be erected for the protection of the trapper, and the cost of placing the machine in position, digging the well or pit to hold it; in fact, making all in shape, so that when it is left, it is all ready for use. After the first year, we understand, the annual charge is to be $10. Thus, even clubs of very moderate means can supply themselves with one of these bicycle traps.

THE POWDER WAR.

The war of the nitro-powder manufacturers is still on. When it will cease no one can foresee. At present the battle is a fierce one, and carried on in no uncertain way. It seems folly, in view of the fact that the number of manufacturers is so small that harmony cannot be agreed upon. Glance at the list: Dupont's Smokeless, Schultze Hard Grain, Hazard, Laflin & Rand, American Smokeless, American E. C., King's Smokeless, and Walsrode. Each is fighting for a portion of trade, and each is getting a certain amount, although at present prices the profit is but little, if any. Needless to say the consumption of nitro powder in shot guns is infinitessimally small when compared with the black powder output. Even in that compound the writer fancies that but little, if any, profit has been had for years. With the nitro powders, either with gun cotton or wood pulp as a base, the struggle appears to be for the wants of the Government in this regard. Cannon and rifle powder contracts are what is wished, and each company watches the other in all details of business as a cat is supposed to watch the rat, and nothing is left undone which may lead to the furnishing Uncle Sam with what he needs in this direction. The hostility seems to increase as the battle wages, and at present there is no more signs of a peaceful solution of the differences than has been seen for a year past. Where each kind of powder has its honest supporters, and where all are good, it does seem as if peace should prevail. The pity of it all is, that the general sportsmen are so little benefitted by this antagonism of the manufacturers.

WILL BIG TOURNAMENTS LAST?

In the matter of big tournaments. The question is at present can the thing last? Are they making or inducing the shooting men to become more of the sporting man class than sportsmen? What a vast difference there is in the two appellations! In the first the money part is ever to the front; in the last the pleasure. The last few years have seen an immense stride in the direction of the first. Thousands of dollars are provided for these shooting meetings. Some of the amount is subscribed because men love to see good shooting and are willing to pay their part in order to see it. Others give generously or otherwise for the advertisement to be gotten out of such shootings; others give to bring into notice the interests of that part of the country where their homes may be, and yet others give in order to get back some part of the amount they put in. These various interests have all combined to swell the number of tournaments, and they now come so frequently that the tax is fast becoming an onerous one, to both managers and participators. The rebound is sure to come. Let us hope that when it does come it will not interfere with a continuous and honest growth in shooting affairs.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Our New Departure.

With the present number the AMERICAN ANGLER makes a new departure. In this issue is commenced a feature which is trusted will not be without interest to its thousands of readers. It has decided to take up the shooting happenings of this vicinity and to mention them in its columns in the same manner as has been done regarding fish and fishing in the columns designated "Notes and Queries." It is believed that this new feature will commend itself to the American sportsmen so as to meet their approbation. Most certainly the AMERICAN ANGLER will do its best to make such mentions popular as well as instructive.

We notice in a monthly contemporary, devoted to all sports, a paragraph which to us seems out of place. It was written anent the recent tournament given at Cincinnati under the auspices and management of the Hazard Powder Company. The paragraph was worded as follows: "It is my intention to depart very materially from the worm-eaten custom of our worthy contemporaries. I have stated that scores are not a truthful representation of the actual occurrences." Ah! indeed; one may well ask if not, why not? It is the shooting, and nothing else but the shooting, that makes these tournaments. All that goes in connection with these shootings, outside of the actual work done at the traps, is extraneous. Generalities are all very well. They make pleasant reading. But they are of the day only; ephemeral as the life of the butterfly. But the scores are the records which are kept and filed away for the future. Why was not the truth told, and that truth that the field is so covered, and so ably covered, by the weekly journals devoted to shooting that but little is left to the monthlies. Stale news indeed would it be to a journal that has but a dozen issues a year to compete with such journals as *American Field*, *Shooting and Fishing*, or *Forest and Stream* in that particular field. Then why not admit that fact as the AMERICAN ANGLER does. Our province is to gather what has taken place during each month of interest to sportsmen, and then place it before the public in attractive form. It is this course that has made our "Notes and Queries" one of the features of this era. If anything of news comes to us, all right; but there are many things, both amusing and educational, that arise each month that are passed over by our weekly contemporaries, but which may find proper mention here.

Man as a Pre-historic Fish.

In the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" are several interesting notes on the subject of breeding by selection. Among them occur the following:

Writing to Sir Charles Lyell—rapidly becoming an enthusiastic believer in the views of the author of "Origin of Species," Darwin adds, in a postscript: "Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim bladder, a great swimming tail, an imperfect skull, and undoubtedly was an hermaphrodite." Here is a pleasant genealogy for mankind.

The Bone-Fish of Biscayne Bay, Florida.

An earnest discussion has recently occurred as to the proper classification of the so-called bone or lady fish of Florida waters, particularly the one taken in Biscayne Bay, Fla. This perplexity is caused by the existence and general use of the same common names—lady fish or bony fish—for two widely differentiated fish. I have passed many winters on the East and West coasts of Florida, and have killed at least one thousand of the so-called "bony" or "lady fish," and in 1895, my companion, Mr. J. L. Petrie, the artist, painted one of them in oils from about twenty-five live specimens, and it was not difficult for us to determine that the fish painted was not the true bone-fish, but a full brother to the tarpon, a big-eyed herring *Elops saurus*, a fish that has many of the physical markings of the silver king and some of its game qualities.

The observant angler will, upon examination of the true bone or lady fish and the one commonly called such, find that the first is much stouter, has larger scales, with fifteen rays in the dorsal and eight in the anal fin. The common bony-fish, *E. saurus*, has twenty rays in the dorsal and thirteen in the anal fin, a difference in physical structure so prominent that it will alone serve for the identification of either fish.

It is difficult to ascertain from the communications appearing from time to time in the sportsmen's journals on the capture of the lady or bone-fish, which of these two fishes the writers are describing, but in most instances they doubtless refer to the big-eyed herring, as the frantic leaps of the fish are described in glowing terms. The Hon. Matthew M. Quay wrote me in 1882:

"The bony-fish—I took two of them two feet in length each, on the spinner at Juniper and one at Punta Rassa. They resemble the herring, except they are narrower in proportion to their length. When hooked they are as frantic in their leaps as the tarpon."

Mr. Quay's fish were certainly big-eyed herrings, as his description shows, and the true bone-fish, *Albula vulpes*, never leaps, but fights fiercely by long surges.

The true bone-fish, *A. vulpes*, is the only representative of the *Albulidæ* family. Its range is stated in the text books to be from Cape Cod southward to the warm seas, but it has occurred to me that the confusion arising from a similarity of common names for the two fishes described may possibly have led to error in the classification of the fish caught in Northern waters. I have examined a specimen of the so-called bony-fish, *E. saurus*, a big-eyed herring, which was caught on a hook in Princess Bay, New York, but in my personal and editorial intercourse, covering more than a quarter of a century, with New York salt-water fishermen (over ten thousand of them go-a-fishing every week of the season), I have never seen or heard of the true bone-fish, *A. vulpes* being caught in our local waters or along the adjacent sea coasts. But negative proof is no proof at all, yet it seems to gather substance when we consider that the true bone-fish has never been reported as caught on hook and line in any waters except those of Biscayne Bay, Fla., an unusual condition, when there are thousands of eager, intelligent and observant anglers annually visiting both coasts of Florida, and many more thousands indulging in their favorite sport from the St. John's River, Fla., to Cape Cod. Those who have captured this fish in Biscayne Bay at once classed it as the fiercest fighter, for its size, in southern seas, and it must not be forgotten that the presence of game qualities in a fish is an assurance that its habits, habitat and physical peculiarities will be studied by the angler who catches it, more particularly if the fish happens to be the first of its species captured on his rod.

WM. C. HARRIS.

The Finger Marks of St. Peter.

Among the naturalists of the last century opinions were varied as to which fish had the prior right to the sacred markings of St. Peter's thumb and finger. The honor was divided between the haddock and the dory. An old naturalist writes in all seriousness as follows on this mooted question:

"It is rather difficult at this time (1770) to determine on which part to decide the dispute, for the doree likewise asserts an origin of its marks of a similar nature but of a much earlier date than the former (meaning the haddock). St. Christopher, in wading through an arm of the sea, caught a fish of this kind *en passant*, and, as an eternal memorial of the fact, left the impression on its sides to be transmitted to all posterity."

Anent the Wall-Eyed Pike.

"Anglers on the Mississippi river, all the way between Keokuk and St. Louis, have been surprised during the past two years by the increased numbers of jack salmon taken in their regular catches. Until within a few years this game fish was almost entirely unknown here, but it is evidently destined to become quite plentiful henceforth. This is attributed to the building of great numbers of stone dikes in the river, by the government, in the improvement of steamboat channel, the artificial improvements offering, it is thought, a congenial cover for the fish while young. From your knowledge of the habits of this fish, do you believe this theory to be correct?"

[The action of the government has no doubt given the fish more favorable conditions for growth and increase, yet we think the primal cause of their increased numbers arises from the greater attention that has been paid, during recent years, by the State Fish Commissions of that section to the propagation of the pike-perch, locally called jack salmon.—ED.]

Re-varnishing Rods.

In reply to a query of "L. G. D," we can not do better than quote E. A. Piggott, a correspondent of the *Fishing Gazette* (London). He writes:

"Completely remove all varnish by means of the finest sand paper, then place the rod in a room free from damp, with a fairly warm temperature, for a few days. Two coats of the best copal (coachmaker's) varnish will be sufficient. The first coat should be what is termed 'quick varnish,' and should be applied quickly and evenly by means of a perfectly clean camel hair brush. This coat dries in a few hours—from twelve to twenty-four. Finally apply a coat of 'finishing varnish,' and place the rod in a warm, dry atmosphere until the varnish has hardened, which will take three or four days, or longer in damp weather. Every precaution should be taken to protect the rod from dust during the process. Shellac varnish should not be used under any circumstances, it very soon cracks, and does not stand the wet weather."

Fixtures.

[Secretaries of clubs are requested to send in notices of meetings and shoots.]

June 1—BURNSIDE, ILL.—Gilbert Deiter match for the Du Pont championship trophy, at Watson's Park, at 1 o'clock p. m.

June 2-4—Tournament of the South Dakota Gun Club Association, Madison, S. D.

June 2-6—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, H. B. Meyers, secretary, 148 Monroe street, Chicago.

June 3 and 4—Interstate Association's tournament, Natchez, Miss., under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 3 and 4—Annual tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club, Minneapolis, Minn. S. S. Johnston, secretary.

June 8 (commencing)—New York State convention and tournament, held by the Audubon Club, Buffalo; cash and merchandise prizes.

June 9-11—Annual meeting and tournament of Ohio Trap Shooters' League, on grounds of Buckeye Gun Club, Dayton, Ohio.

June 9-11—Iowa State Sportsmen's annual tournament, Davenport, Iowa.

June 10 and 11—Second annual tournament of North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, at Fargo. Targets only. $500 added money. W. W. Smith, secretary.

June 16-18—Third annual tournament of Crystal Lake Gun Club, Urbana, Ill.

June 17-19—Annual blue rock tournament of the Cleveland Target Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Five sweepstakes each day: targets free; known traps, unknown angles; $770 added.

June 18-20—Annual tournament of the Northwest Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the Spokane (Wash.) Gun Club.

June 23-25—Tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Association, in Sportsmen's Park, Jefferson City, Mo.

June 23-26—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa.; $500 added money.

June 30, July 1 and 2—Fourth annual target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Altoona, Pa.

June 30-July 2—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament or the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, secretary.

June 11—NEW CASTLE, Pa.—Third contest of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League. J. W. H. Rusergis, secretary.

June 16-18—MARKATO, Minn.—Sibley Mound Gun Club's tournament.

June 18—GALESBURG, Ill.—College City Gun Club's tournament.

June 29-July 4—Grand national tournment and exhibition of sportsmen's goods, Syracuse, N. Y.

June 6, 20, July 11, 18, August 1, 15, 29, September 12, 26—Chicago Fly Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

JULY.

July 3-4—ELMWOOD, Ind.—Elmwood Gun Club tournament.

July 4—WEEPING WATER, Neb.—Weeping Water Gun Club tournament.

July 4-5—WANWATOSA, Wis.—Wisconsin Gun Club tournament.

July 22-23—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 22-24—LAFAYETTE, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club tournament.

JULY 4—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, secretary.

July 30-31—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

AUGUST.

Aug. 19-20—WARSAW, Ind.—Third annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 15-17—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s tournament.

Sept. 7—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, secretary.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 7-9—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

Oct. (second week)—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, secretary.



THE FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP CUP FOR CLAY-BIRD SHOOTING.

The First Championship on Clay Birds.

The above illustration is the championship cup offered by the E. C. Powder Co., of Oakland, N. J. It was shot for at their tournament, held May 5, 6, 7 and 8, at Guttenberg, Park, N. J., and won by Mr. Fred. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, who is the holder of several cups and prizes. He is without doubt one of the best shooters at inanimate targets in this country, and if he continues to shoot this season as he is now doing, his chances for continued championships will be of the best. This is the first time a championship has been established in target shooting, and Mr. Gilbert won it in a hard fight against E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., and Rollo Heifes, of Dayton, Ohio. The cup is subject to a challenge from anybody, and has to be shot for within thirty days from date of the challenge.

The cup is valued at $300, and was made by the Gorham Mfg. Co., of New York City, and is one of the finest pieces of work ever shot for. The idea of a championship in target shooting is a step in the right direction, and ought to be encouraged by all lovers of the sport. Much credit must be given to Capt. A. S. Money for his untiring efforts in this direction.

Seen in "The Sun," But Not "So."

The training that makes a man a good angler can not fail to make him a pleasant companion.—*Baltimore Philosopher and Pisciculturist.*

Angling has great moral and social effects, but it will not do to worship it with too blind a devotion. Much it can do: it can soothe the mind, and give to the luxurious contemplation of nothing in particular an air of severe ascetic discipline, and peel the face and cultivate patience and the imagination; but it is no infallible receipt for the manufacture of a pleasant companion. It can make a man a pleasant companion to himself, but suppose there are

other fellows along, and that the other fellows are more attractive to the fellows under the water. Then the patience of good men may give out, and words bitter and seething may be thrown from lips constitutionally calm.

Anybody in the fishing line can be pleasant in a company of similar searches of the water as long as he gets his fair share of the plunder; but when he doesn't, then look out for storms and comminations. Not the least queer trait in this queer critter, man and fisherman, is his implicit belief than when he catches fish he triumphs on account of his skill; if the other fellow catches them while his own line is not pulled, 'tis by sheer luck, amounting almost to incapacity.

Still, the world, which might have made some shift to do without fish, could never have continued comfortably without fishing.—*The Sun.*

As Anglers Grow Old.

As the years creep upward to sixty and then speed rapidly down grade, the true angler, o all other men, grows older with less of discom fort or dispondence. He has, first of all, the sustaining joys of delightful angling reminiscences; a seat in the stern sheets with rod in hand is yet within his limits, and he enjoys an outing even when his feeble limbs have to be lifted across the gunnels. Here is what an old Waltonian T. S. Morell, "Old Izaak," of Newark, N. J., wrote us only a few weeks ago:

"My dear friend Harris: I wish I was going with you on your trip to the Pacific coast. I hope you will have good weather and good company. These two are essentials to enjoyment in a fishing trip. We old vets have learned to choose our companions with circumspection. How often do we see a party made miserable by one who is fault-finding and overselfish. That's why we prize our old fishing companions, well tried under all conditions of comfort and discomfort. My old companions have one by one left me, and I sometimes feel lonesome and sad while casting my line with newer and more youthful companions.

"The love of angling is still my chief hobby, but I am obliged to forego the wading of the brook and the long jaunts into the wilderness. Age and its accompanying feebleness will no longer permit me to rough it or encounter its fatigues. In all other respects I am still a boy; can enjoy a joke or a well-told story; can laugh as heartily over the oft-told yarns of the camp-fire or yacht, and am as willing and eager to do my share of the chores as ever."



FRED. GILBERT.

The Age of Fish.

The age of fish is almost unlimited. Prof. Baird devoted a great deal of time to the question as to the length of life of fish, and he found that the ordinary carp, if not interfered with, would live 500 years. In his writings on the subject he stated that there is now living in the Royal Aquarium, in Russia, several carp that are known to be over 600 years old, and that he had ascertained in a number of cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. A gentleman in Baltimore has had an ordinary goldfish for sixty-three years, and his father informed him that he had purchased it over forty years before it came into his possession.

The Layman Pneumatic Sporting Boat





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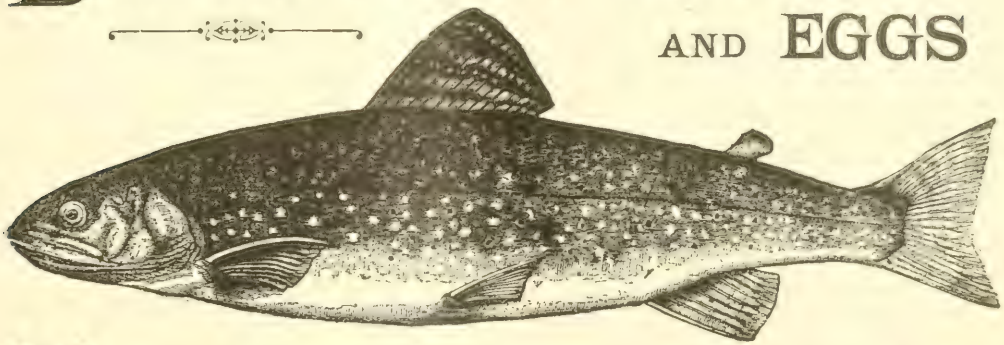
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(Signed) W. W.

G. W. RODGERS, Printer, 409-413 Pearl St., New York.

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WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor. JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR JULY.

FRONTISPIECE—THE FRONT PORCH 210

ANOTHER WEEK ON THE NANTAHALA *G. W. Griffin* 211

THE POOL BEYOND. Verse *Shannon Blaire* 216

DUCK SHOOTING IN MEXICO. Illustrated *Pastita* 218

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA. Illustrated ... *W. C. Harris* 225

AFTER THE LONG BILLS. Illustrated 232

RECENT TOURNAMENTS, ETC 239

NOTES AND QUERIES 246

Personal—A Fish That Enjoys a Yawn—A Conscientious Railroad Man—What to Do to Increase Attendance at Club Shoots—Dupont Championship Trophy—Is It Right or Wrong to Shoot Live Birds from Traps?—Toledo as an Angling Resort—Fishing and Shooting Fixtures.

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THE FRONT PORCH—See page 220.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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ANOTHER WEEK ON THE NANTAHALA.

BY G. W. GRIFFIN.

Like the old homestead to the wanderer of many years, is a favorite trout or bass stream to the angler. A bright, particular spot, about which cluster many of the most pleasing and enjoyable events of his life, and to which his mind often reverts with eager longing and keenest anticipations. There marches before his mental vision a long line of brilliant and hotly-contested fights with the wary speckled beauties and the peerless bronze-backers. Each foaming, rushing rapid, each swirling pool, each quiet cove, each shaded nook, each storm-worn boulder, each sunken timber, tell of countless battles lost and won, of broken tackle and the big fellows that so often get away. Outings lived on such waters, be they a day, a week, or a month a-growing, are mile stones along life's journey, by which all other pleasures are measured, and from which all other events are reckoned. To the busy lover of the rod and reel this is dangerous ground to tread. In this danger-land is heard the sweet song of birds ; he scents the odor of wild flowers; the mellow Spring winds fan his face; the pulsations of his heart quicken and take on new strength; he gets out his favorite rod, tests its elasticity and backbone; the demands of business grow less obligatory; the fever sets its seal on another victim; and it is but a step to where the trout hide, and the bass are on the feed.

Business calling me south last March, I called on my old friend, W. C. Rawson, of Atlanta, who, on our trip of two years ago to the Nantahala River, up in the Blue Ridge Mountains, in search of brook trout and the seductive Moonshine, won the proud title of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water," and with no more thought of fishing these waters this season than I had of spending the heated term at the North Pole, we talked over the incidents and sport of the week passed on this beautiful stream in June, 1894, and before we separated, the outline of a scheme, looking to the renewing of our acquaintance with the trout of the Nantahala in May of this year was set on foot, to be filled in and perfected as business would permit.

Our intentions becoming noised abroad, three of our friends, not to the angler born but with a commendable desire to be adopted into the respectable family of anglers, were told they might join us. These three friends line up as follows, to wit: Col. M——, of Pittsburg, though the senior of us all by several years—"Age sits with decent grace upon his visage"—a gentleman of "ye olden time," possessed

of a warm heart and a keen appreciation of the manly virtues that make one's declining years the better half of life. Mr. P——, of Atlanta, of that "uncertain age" that begets modesty and a retiring disposition, yet he is congenial and full of fun, tall of stature and beautiful of form, but painfully conspicuous in his want of knowledge in all things pertaining to angling—to him, his rod was a pole, his reel a windlass, his silk line a string, and the sack to his rod case, a slip—and by far the greater portion of his time was employed in picking himself up out of the stream or hunting for some part of his tackle—a mother's darling and a wife's pride. Max B——, of Michigan, a Hercules in physical prowess, an Adonis in attractiveness, sedate and austere as a gowned judge, prim as an old maid, and yet an intensified Lord Chesterfield in manners and dress; a fisherman who tries harder to attain to the heights of artistic angling and falls further short of his ambition than any man I have met on the water. Like Mr. P——, Max found it necessary to devote so much of his time to extricating his manly form from out the boulders in the bottom of the river and in making the many changes of raiment incidental to his impromptu baths, that but little time was left him in which to look after the trout. As an angling companion too much cannot be said in favor of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water," he is the soul of honor and good fellowship, a persistent caster, a fearless wader, an ardent angler in all things, save the exhibition, now and then, of a hoggish instinct to capture his prey, as if he was after meat rather than sport, but when the pleasure of a fellow angler is in issue, he totes more than fair, he wants you to fish the most likely pools, and to have the biggest drink of Moonshine, though he has been known to manifest more or less loss of memory when he or his chum has landed an extra good fish, as to what was the exact language employed by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina on a particular historical occasion, but time and proper associations will no doubt eliminate these defects, and proud of their glorious work will stand him up before the world and cry, "Behold the perfect angler." Such miracles have been worked, but so far back in the dim, distant past, that it is now impossible to locate any of them on or near the ground now occupied by Atlanta.

Of the writer, perchance, the least said the better. At all events it is not in good form "to look a gift horse in the mouth," therefore we will spread "the mantle of charity" over his many faults and emulate his fine virtues, as we may discover them.

Our party, save Colonel M——, left Atlanta the morning of May 10th. The Colonel received us that night at Adrens, N. C., but he had to get out of bed to act as a committee on reception.

After a refreshing night's sleep, made more peaceful and restful by dreamland's pictures of the speckled beauties, as they lay in our creels on beds of laurel leaves, we ate an early breakfast of trout, and began our mountain ride of fourteen miles to Aquone, a hamlet in name only, located on the banks of the Nantahala River, which winds its sinuous course through a narrow, but picturesque and fertile valley, hemmed in by the towering walls of the twin spurs of the Nantahala Mountains.

We put up with Mr. Mundy, who holds the fee simple to something like five thousand acres of valley, trout and

mountains — mostly mountains — and whose residence was one of the inns on the old government postal road over the Blue Ridge and Big Smokey Mountains.

In the distribution of quarters, a second floor chamber, with three beds, fell to the lot of Col. M——, Mr. P—— and Max, while "Young-Man-Afraid of-the-Water," myself and the commissariat were relegated to a ground floor room, containing two beds. Dinner over, we began to get ready to go a-fishing. Everybody being fully equipped, we marched to the river, which runs "yan" side of a small meadow.

"Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water" took Max and Mr. P—— under his wing, and walked up the stream to fish down, while the Colonel and I started in at the pool in front of the house.

We each took three good fish out of this pool. The Colonel's success, right from the jump, augured a bright and glorious future; but the fickle goddess seems to have forsaken him at the foot of this pool, for not another fin did he take, and the first day was the beginning and the end to all the Colonel's fond aspirations to become an expert fly caster. At the round-up that night, the score stood twelve for the three up river party and twelve for Colonel and I. That night, while enjoying our pipes and recounting the events of the evening's fish, it was voted unfair that "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water" should strut about and flaunt his superiority as the only "heap-big Indian" in the party, and, that honors might be equal, the Colonel was dubbed "Old-Man-Stay-Ashore;" Mr. P——, "Old-Man-Fall-Down-in-the-Water;" Max, "Young-Man-Gone-on-Mineral-Water;" and the writer, "Old-Man-Trying-to-Get-Used-to-the-Water," and "Old-Man-With-Flies-on-His-Stomach," the latter from the fact that I carried my fly book in a pocket on the inside and top of my waders. The morning of the second day, I fished from daylight until seven o'clock, without a strike from a good fish.

After breakfast, we divided our forces as on the previous evening, the Colonel and I to fish down stream; but it appears he soon became discouraged, and cut a bee-line back to the house. At least, when I came in, two or three hours later, his rod lay on the shelf, and his fishing clothes had given place to his society suit, never to regain their supremacy during the outing.

The rest of the party soon came in with a few more trout than I could produce, but as they brought in marvelous reports of the big strings the native market fishermen were taking with bait, it was not entirely clear that they had not parted company with one of these market fishermen, he walking off with part of their wealth, and they with his string of trout.

I do not present this in the form of an indictment against these honorable gentlemen. I pose before the readers of The American Angler in the simple and unostentatious garb of the historian of the outing, and as such I would prove recreant to the trust imposed, did I fail to record the incidents and happenings as they occurred, besmirch whom they may.

And it came to pass, on this self-same day, that the congenial and all-around conscientious "Old-Man-Stay-Ashore" interviewed one of these market fishermen, with a hundred or more trout on his bark stringer, and immediately thereafter, with more money in his trousers pockets than true angling

instincts in his heart, hunted me up, and insinuated that trout could be had in that country, with less labor and with better results, than by whipping the stream with a cast of flies. Following on the heels of this is the further fact that, on the evening of the same day, I was taken by a saffron-colored, snuff-dipping native, for a fish buyer, instead of an angler. My reply was a courteous (?) *No, sir;* I am here to take my trout on a fly, not to buy them. It would be a grave offense on the part of a true sportsman to knowingly go on an outing with parties who resorted to such measures to fill their baskets, and a misdemeanor did he become a party to the purchase. No wonder men have prayed to be delivered from their friends.

After the second day's experience, fishing, with Max and Mr. P——, was spasmodic, and they were right glad of the opportunity to accept the Colonel's invitation to accompany him in his rambles through the valley and over the by-roads, and in his frequent walks to a noted mineral spring a mile or so from the house. Incredible as it may appear to the most intimate friends of Max, he contracted an inordinate thirst for the waters of this spring. And the writer has often wondered if "Old-Man-Fall-Down-in-the-Water" has succeeded in satisfactorily explaining to his good wife, the ties of kinship existing between this spring and Old Mount Vernon.

It is none to the disparagement of these three tender-feet that they so soon got their fill of fishing on the Nantahala. Fly casting was, and for that matter still is, an unknown art to them, and the stream is a slavish one to wade. It has a current of four or five miles to the hour, while its bed is a labyrinthine mass of boulders, no two of the same size or shape but all possessing one characteristic in common, a slippiness akin to greased lightning. And instead of finding the water at its best, the river was very low, insect life in the greatest profusion, and the trout as fat as Christmas beef, taking a fly gingerly, more in play than in hunger. Time and again, I had good fish strike at my cast three and four times in rapid succession without touching a fly, often clearing the water, and describing that symmetrical half circle that elicits your admiration one second and forces you to say d——, the next, because he does not take your fly on the descent.

Thus practically deserted by our comrades, "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water" and myself were forced to do all the casting and to catch all the trout our party and the family with whom we put up, could eat. That we did this, and right nobly too, I don't think our three tender-foot friends will gainsay. The faithful fishing we did was worthy of fuller creels than we brought in, and had the conditions been more favorable we would have taken trout "to beat the band."

The largest fish caught by the party measured eleven and a half inches, and fell to my lot. He took my tail fly in the stiff current of a five-mile rapid, and when the hook went home he cleared the water with a graceful curve, his mottled sides glistening in the morning sun, then into the more quiet waters of the pool, a mad rush into the foaming rapids and down the current, one more brilliant leap for freedom, and then making for the quieter waters settles down to a stubborn fight of give and take. Now I retrieve a little line, the next instant he has taken that and twenty feet more before I can turn him; at this stage of the fight, "Young-

Man-Afraid-of-the-Water," who has been an excited witness of the battle, becomes frantic and swears I will fool with him until he will get away, but I keep a taut line and soon he shows signs of departing strength, and I gently lead him up to the head of the pool, when "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water," after three or four wild attempts, puts the landing net under him and insists on carrying him forty or fifty feet out on the bar, lest he may get away. A few thumps on the head with thumb and finger, a sickening quiver, a gasping breath, and one of God's most beautiful creations is wrapt in death, and I, his murderer, stand beside his bier unmoved. He is certainly "a thing of beauty," but I doubt if I shall ever be able to see him in the light of "a joy forever." And all this time, "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water" stood by with a flask of six-year-old Moonshine, suggestively protruding from his hip pocket, silent and dumb as an oyster, lost in admiration, let us hope, and it was not until we had covered a half mile or more of the stream, while seated on a boulder a-mid-stream, resting, and I had hinted at some of the things I would have done had *he* landed an eleven and a half inch fish, that he produced the flask with a hearty, "Brother, let's take a drink," and we did just what you would have done, brother angler, drank a bumper. I was pleased to notice this time, that a new order of things had taken root, which if persisted in, will do much towards protecting these waters. The land owners along the river have awakened to the necessity of posting it, while the non-fishing residents and the hotels pay the market fishermen fifteen cents a pound for trout, instead of a cent apiece, as formerly.

As the fingerling no longer represents the same commercial value as his companions of older growth, his chances of being returned to the stream to grow into trouthood are materially enhanced.

These buyers of trout have builded better than they thought, in thus having brought about a certain degree of protection to the fingerling, that would not result from years of appealing to that, which the average market fisherman, whether clad in purple and fine linen, or dressed in homespun, does not possess—the twin sentiment, sport and recreation.

Certain members of our party seemed to get untold comfort and satisfaction in contending that the art of fly casting is no doubt beautiful and artistic in theory, but that it took the bait fisherman to get the trout.

For their information, and, I trust, their higher education, I want to assert right here, that in the play and landing of my eleven and a half inch trout, I had more genuine sport than comes to the bait trout fisherman in a life time, and that, had fish been the sole object of the trip, I could have resorted to bait and held my own with their best native fishermen. Will men ever learn that it is not all of fishing to catch fish?

Whether I shall again wet a line in the crystal waters of the beautiful Nantahala, the future will tell. This much, however, I do know: I shall always realize that my angling experience is incomplete until I shall have fished this stream with the wind, weather and water just right, and the fish on the feed. Under these conditions, I believe the possibilities of the stream all but immeasurable. It is, without doubt, an ideal home for the brook beauties. It would seem that

every condition, conducive to their propagation and growth, is to be found in its deep, eddying pools, studded with boulders; in its longer and quieter stretches, shaded by the ever present laurel and the virginal forest; in its noisy rapids, its bubbling shoals, its cold, crystal springs, and its dark, shaded tributaries.

THE POOL BEYOND.

BY SHANNON BLAIRE.

The air is balmy and the day is bright,
 All nature's in a mood to set one wishing
And idly conning joys that most delight;
 I choose the pleasantest, to go a-fishing.

Unclasping book to scan my cherished flies,
 I mutter words unheard in glad oration;
It is, indeed, a man supremely wise,
 Who, silent, suffers angling adoration.

Partaken by his wife, who fills the breach,
 (Observe I do not use the sound in plural)
Whose generous heart her gracious fingers teach
 To hook a feathered thank on every rural.

But, then, enough are left for day of sport,
 And let us hope the sturdy bass are rising;
They'll scarcely sulk on day of such a sort,
 Or scorn the killing lures of my devising.

Now hear her wish me lucky speed, dear heart,
 Who lavishes my store with hand ungrudging,
But fills my pockets, with a woman's art,
 Against the weariness of homeward trudging.

I leave her side of every hope possessed,
 Save one—I'm unacquainted with location;
The streams are new, but I'll ne'er be depressed
 Like novice entering a strange vocation.

With bouyant step, I reach the vaunted stream,
 And put my artful casts in graceful motion,
That fall as lightly as a downy dream,
 Sent forth the spirit of a pure devotion.

To efforts cunningest, no fish respond.
When someone, grimly, seeing my dejection,
Encouragingly says: "The pool beyond
Is where they 'bite' the best in this here section."

So, thither, I supinely take my way,
Persuaded that a light is dawning round me,
Through which the triumph of a perfect day
May yet be glorious—may it ne'er counfound me!

And so from pool to ruffled pool beyond,
I follow this and follow that suggestion;
Acquiring maxim dearly proven sound,
That penalizes every weak digression.

Alas! for human faith I sheer despond,
And turn my sad, deluded glances domeward,
Too credulous I've tramped from pool to pond,
With empty creel to chase the gloaming homeward.

As wearily I near my threshold fond,
Philosophy imposes this reflection:
To taste the beauties of the pool beyond,
It must be sought and found by self-inspection.

DUCK SHOOTING IN MEXICO.

BY PASTITA.

Yurecuaro, a little Indian village, though unknown to fame, holds a tender place in my memory. No celebrated cathedral, with parti colored windows, tarnished gilding and grimy painting, is found within its circumscribed limits. Cortez did not found it, nor was it ever the scene of blood-curdling massacre, or hard fought battle. Historians have not embalmed it in their chronicles, nor poets immortalized it by their verse; and yet, Yurecuaro, I love thee!

A little wooden station, a tumble-down church in the distance, a discouraged irrigating ditch that comes crawling in from the left, past nopales and under mesquites, are all that can be seen as the train stops, except, perhaps, the gentle savage, in various combinations of undress uniform, who makes himself numerous in his efforts to assist the alighting passenger. This is the port of entry to the great winter resort of the feathered fugitives from the north. That sluggish ditch, when followed to its source (it is large enough to float a canoe), carries the hunter to ponds and marshes, fed by springs of crystal water, with islands of tule and bullrushes, and little streams that wander, lost in the wealth of vegetation. Here are miles of canoe navigation, past farms, under mountains, now in a great lake, again threading a small stream, drifting down a river or paddling across a pond; a glorious combination.

This is the almost undiscovered paradise of the hunter. Here pelicans, swan, crane, geese, brant, ducks, snipe and plover, and every other heard and unheard of variety of aquatic bird congregate in the winter months. The near-by corn and wheat fields as feeding grounds, the high price of powder and shot, the difficulty of approach and the great extent of the region, make a combination of circumstances such as no member of the "Familia patus" can fly over or leave behind; while the delightful weather, cloudless skies, hospitable farm houses near-by, with their tamales, mole, cuajada, and gladsome welcome, make the delighted wanderer from civilization who has discovered these happy hunting grounds, think, with regret, of the day he will have to leave them.

A folding boat is a great thing, but never did it seem greater than on that memorable December day, when a complacent destiny, aided perhaps by vague rumors of sporting grounds to be discovered, influenced me to explore that uninviting ditch. The roll of slats and canvass was dragged from the baggage car and placed on the depot platform, while a self-appointed committee of semi-clothed natives aided the process of unpacking and putting it together by friendly note and comment, in which languid curiosity was a prominent feature. What was the nondescript of wires, slats and oilcloth, anyway? A tent, perhaps, or a hammock, or an oil skin coat or two, or an umbrella for use on a tandem, were among the suggestions made during the process of setting it up, until at last, one brighter than the rest exclaimed: "Carai; mira; es una chalupita; que no haran estos gringos." (Gracious, look, it is a canoe. What won't these foreigners do next?)



"A DISCOURAGED IRRIGATING DITCH."

A volunteer corps was at once organized to assist in the launch, and a procession, with the canoe ahead, like a corpse at a funeral, with the mourners bringing up the rear carrying sundry guns, bundles, blankets, frying pans, etc.

The start was soon made. The ship's company consisted of the doctor, Jose and myself. Jose was a clean-limbed savage of dusky hue; some twenty summers had passed o'er his head. He would work hard if he could be persuaded that it was play. He had shipped for the voyage as guide, cook, packer and retriever, in consideration of una pesta daria y la comida (25 cents Mexican money a day and grub).

The ditch was four feet wide and the canoe three and one-half, giving ample sea room for our craft. The drinking cattle kindly lifted their heads from the ditch to let us pass, musing in bovine wonder at what manner of turtle it was that invaded their haunts, swimming on its back, with three heads and two flippers.

A mile of ditch and then the swamp, cut in all directions with little water courses. As we entered, a flock of cuervillos came flying over. These are a bird like a large plover, in deep mourning, whose spindle legs and crooked neck give them the appearance of being in an advanced stage of consumption. Just as they bunched to light, about forty yards distant, I let go both barrels of my ten bore, and, for a few seconds there was a shower of ebony birds. "Ho there! You Indian savage; precipitate yourself in the mud and collect the quarry." Jose went overboard with a splash, and wallowed through the bullrushes to the scene of the massacre, presently returning with a back load of spindle shanked waders. He then went after the wounded, and, talk about fun; now perched on a hummock for a leap, the next moment submerged in the slimy mire, floundering behind a flapping bird with a game leg or a broken wing, encouraged by our shouts and aided by our advice, he was a retriever well worthy of the name. Four more cuervillos fell to our bag. We scraped him off with a shingle and rubbed him down with a bullrush before allowing him to re-enter the canoe.

It is now high noon, as the sun and our appetites advised us. "Let's go ashore, make a camp, broil a bird, and take a rest."

"Jose, are cuervillos good to eat?" "Pues señor segun el hambre que tanga uno." (That depends on how hungry you are, sir). We soon found that we were not hungry enough. Our consciences, however, would not allow us to throw them away, so we compromised by presenting them to a passing Indian, together with fifty cents (coin of the realm), in consideration of his promise to feed them to his starving family.

The proper way to shoot ducks is to stalk them. The shooter that hides behind the blind and kills the unsuspecting bird as it flies by, is an assassin. What matters it whether it be a biped clad in feathers or clothed in corduroy that he lays in wait for. The principle is the same. Deer stalking is fine; duck stalking is finer. In the one, you tramp over hill and dale with aching shoulders from the gun and blistered feet from the boots. In the other, you loll in your canoe, rocked by the gentle waves while the Indian at the stern does the work, stealing through narrow channels and across open water to the feeding grounds of the quarry, and

then the glorious moment, when you see them and they see you. There may be a dozen, fifty, or, perhaps, a thousand. Be quick, they won't wait. One barrel as they rise, and the other as quick as you can afterwards. Mark down the game, they won't go far, and then pick up the slain.

A dinner under a shady tree, with a cool breeze and a good appetite, is usually not a long one, especially when the distant ducks call us to their slaughter. Some baked beans from Boston, and some deviled ham from Chicago, a cracker or two, a bottle of beer (Jose had to content himself with lake water), a sardine, and the lunch was over.

No cuervillos would do us this time. Nothing but ducks; good legitimate ducks. No sawbilled, fish-eating substitute, but the genuine article, who has winged his flight a thousand leagues from the frozen north to fatten on the wheat fields of this glorious valley. "Jose, cut some bullrushes and tie them around the bow. They will answer the triple purpose of a blind, shade and sail, as we drift down on those spoonbills. Restrain your ardor, don't paddle, only steer. There is plenty of time. In this country, it don't fly like ducks, it only drifts like a canoe. See how they huddle as they sniff the tainted breeze. No such odor as that was ever wafted over this lake before. The deviled ham was a trifle strong, and they got a whiff of it. Doctor, I'll take 'em as they rise, and you turn your choke bore into them as they scoot off before the breeze. There they go." Bang! Bang! Bang! "Now we'll count the victims. Jose, dig in with that paddle and let us get between those flappers and the rushes, or we'll never see them more. Hit him with the paddle. Doctor, don't shoot; take no villainous advantage of him, and besides, cartridges are worth eight cents a-piece in this country. Eleven spoonbills, three teal and a mallard; fairly good for a starter. Now we'll creep around this island to the lee of the rushes, and see what fortune has in store for us on the other side. Stretch out those blankets, Doc. Jose, put the grip under his head, and get the craft a little into the trough of those gentle ripples, and we will rock him to sleep. Now you're all right. How does that compare with standing up to your middle in cold water behind a blind? You can take a cigar now. It's smoke will be an antidote for the deviled ham."

Silent as the shadow on the lake, except for an occasional yawn from the Doctor, we glide along. "Jose, hold her close to the tules as we pass that low point ahead. There are some mud flats beyond, where the white brant congregate, a savory bird that carries twixt bone and feather a salve for irritated stomachs which no apothecary can counterfeit. Joseph, hold thy breath, or the distant birds will smell it, for they be shy and wary. Doctor, wake up; blankets and gripsacks can always be lolled upon, but the snowy brant, fattened on tapetian wheat and flavored by the growth of tender herbs that sprout perpetually on the borders of crystal lakes, where Spring ever smiles, are game for kings. Bear that in mind, thou democratic wanderer from the north. Load with No. 4 for these birds, for, knowing the pleasures of life, they are loth to leave it, and die hard. That fellow off to the left is the sentinel. Happily, yonder half-naked herder claims his attention. They see

us at last. Jose, thrust thy paddle into the yielding wave, and get us as near them as you can before they go. It is a long distance, but let them have it. One dead and two wounded. Shoot them, Doctor; you can take no chances on brant." And so we pass the afternoon, until the sun, hiding behind the western cordillera, warns us that camping time is at hand.

"How does that place suit you, Doc.? A spring and a cliff, supplying water and shade; two Indian maids for company; while the stone walls, the oxen, and the plowmen, lend a rural air to the scene. Let's go ashore, ere murky night spreads her curtain o'er the landscape. This thing of making camp in the dark, is not what it's cracked up to be. Tumble out, Joseph, and get some wood, while we unload the canoe. Pile the plunder against the cliff. Drive that ox away. In his whilom bed, we'll build our camp-fire and slowly toast the savory brant. I'll show you how to cook him, Doctor. Take these birds and pluck them, thou Aztec servitor. Let not a single feather stay adhering to their downy breasts. Many a bird has been spoiled by the flavor of a burnt feather. A brant, a mallard and a teal, and also this little snipe. You cut a wand from yonder quince bush, while I prepare the sauces. First a little mint for the snipe, then oregano for the teal. The mallard shall have some wild celery, while, in the frying pan, with the spoon for a baisting ladle, I will prepare the sauce for the brant. The slightest pinch of curry, a trifle more of cayenne pepper, half a garlick, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, some sage and a clove; and now a little butter, flour and water. Cover that little snipe with mint and put him inside the teal, cover the teal with oregano and thrust him into the abdomen of the mallard, and then entomb the latter in the cavity of the brant. Insert this wand of savory quince into the now united birds, passing it where their hearts once beat, and Joseph will turn it before the glowing coals, baisting them ever and anon until the blush of golden brown announces that the cooking is complete. Open the can of cranberry sauce (it is a sacrilege to serve birds like these with plebian canned goods, but necessity knows no law), and fall to, washing it down with the red wine of Spain, and call it a Christmas dinner."

With a giant rock at the rear, the lake in front, over whose waters the reflection of the camp-fire sparkles, fanned by the gentle breezes from the Pacific, that climb through mountain passes from the land of the orange and the jassamine, bringing the perfume of the pine and the palm, we recline under rock ferns, and discuss, in sleepy syllables, the fortunes of the day, till claimed as willing prisoners by Morpheus, gentlest of the Olympian host.

"Doctor, in shooting as in eating, a man of gentle tastes is an epicure, not a glutton. To-day we'll see millions of birds, and shoot dozens. Joseph, get the traps aboard the ship, and we'll start for Texesquite, where we dine. That buzzing, as of a thousand bee hives, that you hear, carries no threat of smarting stings, or promise of honey or the honey comb. It is the hum of myriads of wings, fluttering and hovering over a pond concealed in yonder wood. We'll cut across the lake, then through a sinuous creek to the mid-winter convention of the feathered delegates from the North. Here no color line is drawn. All that can get in are entitled to a seat in this blooming



"SPRINGS OF CRYSTAL WATER."

morass. Red heads, blue teal, white brant, grey geese, black canvasbacks, brown mallards, and yellow legs, struggle on terms of perfect equality, for recognition before the convention. No tariff or silver problem bothers them. The only question before the house (or, perhaps, the lake) is, who shall get the first show at the spoils, a common condition in conventions. But, Doctor, no massacre; no Armenian horrors shall be perpetrated here. Naught but gentle assassination, enough to supply our present wants, no more, which, if my appetite does not deceive me, will be great. Look at that; a snow storm of ducks, the flakes of all colors, white and black, grey and brown. Now select your bird, and gently murder him as he goes by. Only load one barrel, and call your shot before you make it. There comes one now, from the distant shores of fair Chesapeake, a mallard drake." Bang! "Good! Get him, Pepe. Nevermore will dudish sportsman of Gotham pop at you;" and so we pass the morning, with fancy shots at selected birds.

Those trees in the distance are olives, ash and willows, surrounding and shading the manor house of Texesquite, a low, rambling structure of cut stone, adobe, grass roof and poles, representing two centuries and three styles of architecture; and there our voyage will end. From the front porch, to-morrow, we will take our last shot at the birds as they feed in that dam, but fifty yards distant; and then wend our way, mounted on Don Gumesindo's horses, to the station, on our return trip to dull and monotonous civilization.

Adios, you honking, squawking, quacking visitors from distant climes, who gave our modern millionaire the idea of southern flights. Good-bye, you democratic discoverers. Columbuses, clad in feathers, who first explored these lakes, and still inhabit them, good-bye.



FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 189.)

An earnest discussion has recently taken place among anglers as to the proper classification of the so-called bonefish or ladyfish, particularly the one taken, most frequently, in Biscayne Bay, Florida. This perplexity is caused, in part, by the existence and general use of the same common or popular name for two widely differentiated fish.

I have passed many winters in Florida, and have, doubtless, caught more than a thousand of the so-called "ladyfish or bonefish," and in 1895 my companion, Mr. J. L. Petrie, the artist, painted a portrait of one, in oils, before its life-colors had faded, on examination of which it was plain to see that it was not the true bonefish, *Albula vulpes*, although so-called on both coasts of Florida. It was a full brother of the tarpon—a big-eyed herring, *Elops saurus*, a fish that has many of the physical markings of the silver king, and some of its game qualities when restrained by the rod. That the angler may, on sight, distinguish one from the other, illustrations of both are given. Upon examination of a captured fish, it will be seen that the true bonefish, *A. vulpes*, has fifteen rays in the dorsal fin and eight in the anal, and the ladyfish, or more properly the big-eyed herring, *E. saurus*, has twenty rays in the dorsal and thirteen in the anal fin. The first-named fish is much stouter in build, has large scales and is brilliantly silvery in color, shading into olive on the back with faint streaks along the rows of scales. The big-eyed herring has much smaller scales, is also of a bright, silvery coloration, but in lieu of the olivaceous shading above the lateral line and on the back, which occurs in the true bonefish, there is a distinct but soft bluish green coloration extending from the shoulder to the fleshy part of the tail. It is difficult to ascertain from the articles appearing from time to time in the sportsman's journals, on the capture of the ladyfish or bonefish, which of these two fishes the writers are describing, but in most instances they doubtless refer to the big-eyed herring, as the frantic leaps of the fish are described in glowing terms. The Hon. Matthew S. Quay wrote me in 1882:

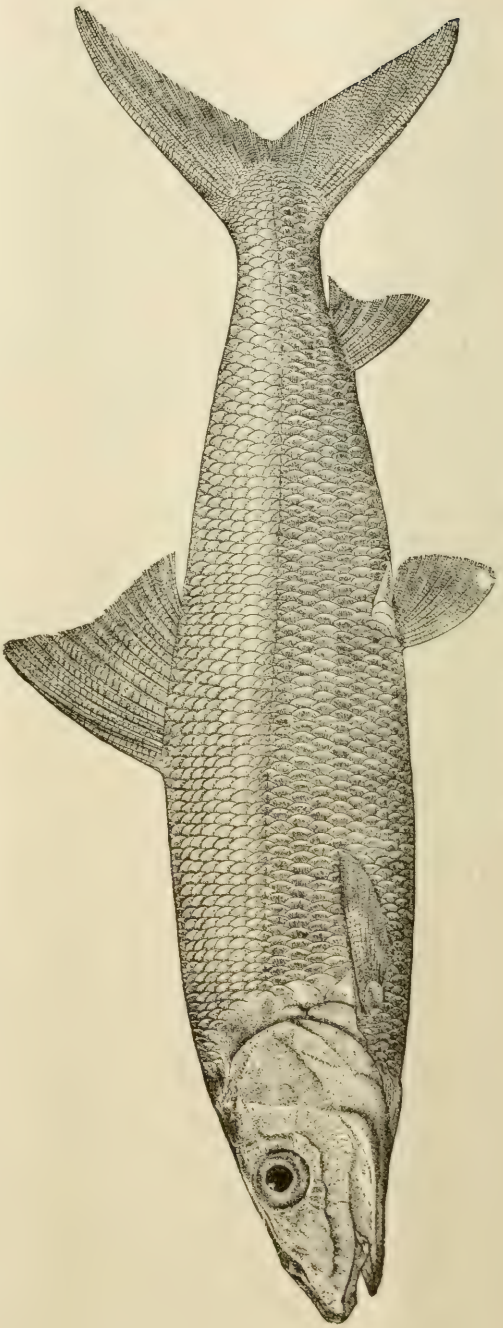
"The bony-fish—I took two of them, two feet in length each, on a spinner at Juniper and one at Punta Rassa. They resemble the herring, except they are narrower in proportion to their length. When hooked, they are as frantic in their leaps as the tarpon."

These fish were certainly the big-eyed herring, *E. saurus*. The true bonefish does not leap from the water when under the restraint of the line.

The bonefish or ladyfish, *Albula vulpes*—generic name from the Latin, "white;" the specific, also Latin, meaning "fox"—is classed in the order, *Isospondyli*—from two Greek words signifying "equal," "vertebra." In this order we find many other fishes that are taken on hook and line—the salmons, trouts, graylings, mooneyes, tarpons, herrings, shad, smelt, whitefishes (cisco), pike, pickerel and muscalonge. The fishes of this order are characterized by the soft rays in their fins;

presence of a flat bone on the upper side of the head; an arch of bone in front of the shoulder; absence of bones in the ear-formation, and the bones in the mouth and in front of the œsophagus are not shaped like a scythe as in the fishes previously described.

The true bonefish (*Albula vulpes*) is the only representative of the family *Albulidæ*. Its range is stated in the text-books to be from Cape Cod southward to the warm seas, but it has occurred to me that the confusion arising from a similarity of popular names, alluded to above, might possibly have led to error as to range of habitat of this fish. I have examined a specimen of the big-eyed herring, wrongly called ladyfish, that was caught on a hook in the waters of Princess Bay, Staten Island; but in my familiar personal and editorial intercourse, extending over a quarter of a century, with the salt-water fishermen of New York city, ten thousand of whom go a-fishing every week of the season, I have never heard of *A. vulpes* being taken by any of these rodsters. But negative proof is no proof at all, even when reinforced by the fact that no angling record exists of the true bonefish being caught on the hook in any waters north of Biscayne Bay, Florida, a circumstance which is unusual when we consider that the east and west coasts of that state are annually visited by thousands of eager, intelligent and observant anglers, a few only of whom have caught this fish, and only in Biscayne Bay. They at once classed it as the fiercest fighter for its size in southern seas, and in this connection it must be noted that the presence of game qualities in a fish is an assurance that its habits, habitat and physical markings will be studied by the angler who catches it, particu-



THE TRUE BONEFISH—(*Albula vulpes*).

larly when the fish is the first of its species that has fallen to his rod. With this fact before me, I am impelled to question the accuracy of the recorded northern range of the bonefish.

But little is known of the angling traits of *A. vulpes*, although for several years past there has been great interest shown by anglers, in Florida, as to its fighting qualities and habitat. In the winter of '94-'95, a large number of enthusiastic anglers gathered at Naples, on the Gulf of Mexico, and none of them had any personal knowledge of this much-talked-about fish. It seems to have fallen to the good fortune of an intelligent and observant, but anonymous writer, to herald its superiority as a game fish. He wrote:

"For the past two winters, skillful fishermen among the Northern tourists, whom I knew personally or by reputation among mutual acquaintances, have been reporting with enthusiasm the discovery in Biscayne Bay of a new game-fish which is to surpass all the other ministers to piscatorial amusements. Some went so far as to say that the tarpon is superseded as the king of fish; as expressed by one of them, who kills annually more than fifty tarpon, 'the tarpon is not in it.'

"Being inflamed by this story of the 'new planet which swims within our ken,' I took a day at Biscayne Bay, returning to-night with three of the fish.

"The bonefish is new to me, and so far as I can ascertain, is taken only in Florida, at Biscayne Bay, and probably southward, though as to this I have no information. A guide did tell me that it is abundant in Cuba, where it is called what he pronounced leetha, or 'the swift.'

"The three specimens taken by my friend and myself, weighed (by estimations) six, five and four pounds respectively. The bait is surf-bugs or sand-fleas, such as are used occasionally on the Jersey coast for sheepshead when that capricious fish declines his ordinary diet. They are taken in the same manner as there, by a scoop or net, or digging with the fingers, when the breaker recedes.

"The cast—two hooks No. 7 O'-Shaughnessy, above a small sinker and one foot apart—is made seventy feet or more from the boat, along a sandbar, on the rising tide. Three inches of water on the top of the bar are preferable, but the day I was fishing was at the tail end of a 'norther,' and I had to fish the shallow channels next the bar in three or four feet of water. The strike is a slow nibble or mumble, and it requires quickness and discretion to hook the fish. But when he is hooked, which is by a sudden, slight motion of the wrist, the aspect of the contest changes from apathy to fierce activity. There is a lightning-like run of perhaps one hundred yards, then a return nearly to the boat, then an equally extensive run which cannot be checked, and then zigzag rushes and flourishes here, there and everywhere, until the fish is exhausted, and finally lifted into the boat by the line—no gaffing or other ceremonial; there is no leaping or jumping—all honest fishwork, below the surface and in his own element. I have taken small mouth bass of similar weight and length, and brook-trout not so large, and they simply do not compare with this fighter. There is no fish (of his class) which can be named with him. They are not in the same category unless it be in beauty. It would be like comparing snipe shooting with hunting deer.

"This fish is round-barrelled and heavy for its size. It has a pointed snout, with mouth under its nose like the hake, which is most erroneously called, by New York fishermen, kingfish. Its head has no scales, but is covered by a shining silver epidermis. The eye is black and quite large. The scales are large and are closely set on the body, and look like a network of closely compacted silver rings. A most gleaming fish!

"The first question asked as to a fish. 'Is it good to eat?' This one is very good to eat. It has the disadvantage of the best of all fish for the table —the shad—of being full of bones, but the flesh in the intervals is delicious. I like it better than the pompano, and next after the shad."

Under the family name of *Hiodontidæ* and the generic one of *Hiodon*—from two Greek words signifying "bone" and "tooth"—we find the mooneyes, fishes which in some sections, particularly in the northwest, attract the attention of many anglers. There are three species, all of which are handsome fish, but of little value as food, yet they have very fair fighting qualities when taken on a light rod and surface lures. None of them are found in waters east of the Alleghany Mountains.

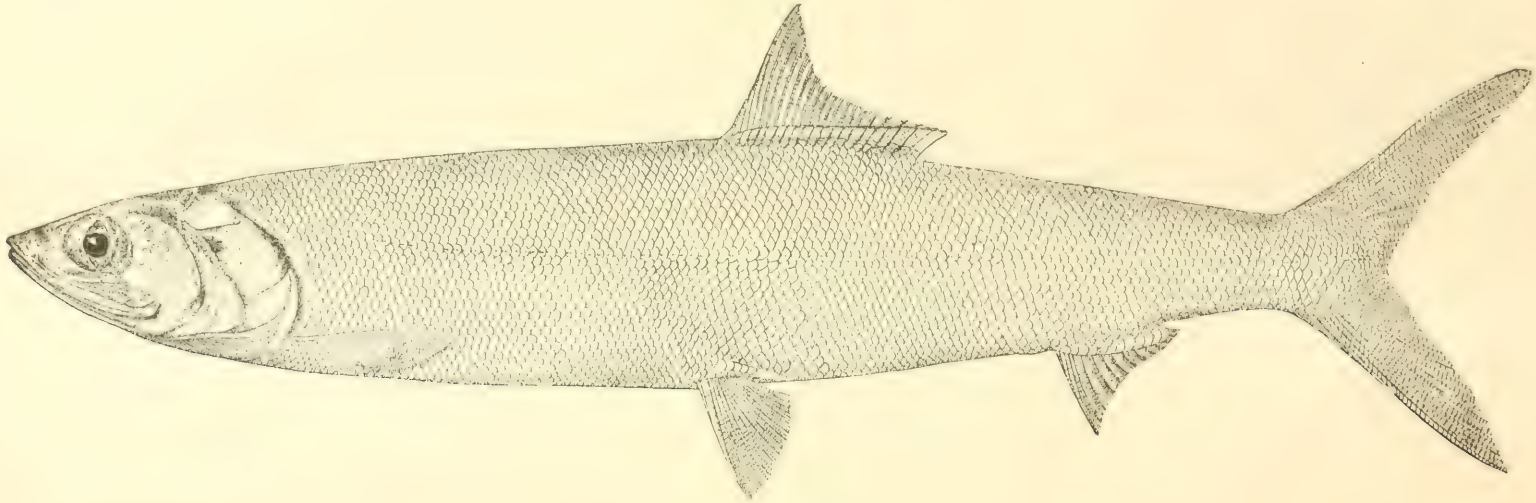
The mooneyes, or goldeneyes as they are popularly called by Nothwestern anglers, may be recognized by the golden hue of their big, bright eyes; their shad-like body covered with large, smooth-edged scales; their naked head; short snout; the lower jaw extending upward and fitting in the upper; sharp canine teeth on tongue; straight lateral line; large ventral and strongly-forked tail-fin, and large, well-defined nostrils, which are placed close together and separated only by a flap.

The species most sought by anglers is *Hiodon tergisus*—specific name from the Latin, "polished"—which, in addition to the common name of mooneye, is also called the silver bass and toothed herring. This fish is beautifully colored, its back being olivaceous, with blue tints iridescing, and the sides glowing in silver sheen. The body is about four and a half times the length of the head, and three times that of the depth of the fish. It has twelve rays in the dorsal and twenty-eight in the anal fin, grows to about fifteen inches in length, and is abundantly found in the Great Lakes, the upper Mississippi Valley, and north to the Assineboine river.

Another species (subgenus *Amphiodon*) is *H. alosoides*—specific name from the Latin, *alosa*, "shad," and a Greek word signifying "like." It may be distinguished from *H. tergisus* by its shorter snout, narrower dorsal fin (nine rays) and broader anal with its thirty-two rays. The fleshy part of the tail is stouter than that of the first-named fish, and the tail-fin is not so deeply forked. The general color is bluish, the sides silvery with golden lustre.

The third species, *H. selenops*—specific name from two Greek words signifying "moon" and "eye"—is rather scarce and found only in the Cumberland, Tennessee and Alabama rivers and confluents. The body is stouter and the belly more round than in the two above-named species. It has twelve dorsal and twenty-seven anal rays.

The mooneyes are eager biters and take indiscriminately the feathered lures, small spoons, grasshoppers, grubs, and, doubtless, other natural baits. They rise freely to the artificial fly in the early spring months, but



THE LADY OR BONEFISH—(*Elops saurius*).

seem to disregard them as warm weather approaches, at which time they favor the grasshopper above all other lures. In the waters of Middle Canada they are said to take the artificial fly in the latter part of August, and anglers of that section prize highly the sport of casting for them; in Canadian waters, it is said they leap, when hooked, repeatedly into the air. The favorite flies in use, three in number, are dressed as follows:

No. 1. Wings, silver pheasant; body, dark green floss and silver twist—the latter wide; head, black crewel. This fly can be varied in the following manner: wings, brown mallard or wood-duck; body, light green floss, silver twist; tag the same; head, black crewel.

No. 2. Wings, brown pigeon; body, bright yellow floss, silver twist, tag the same; head, black crewel. This fly is varied thus: wings, gray turkey; body the same as the above; no tag; head, black crewel.

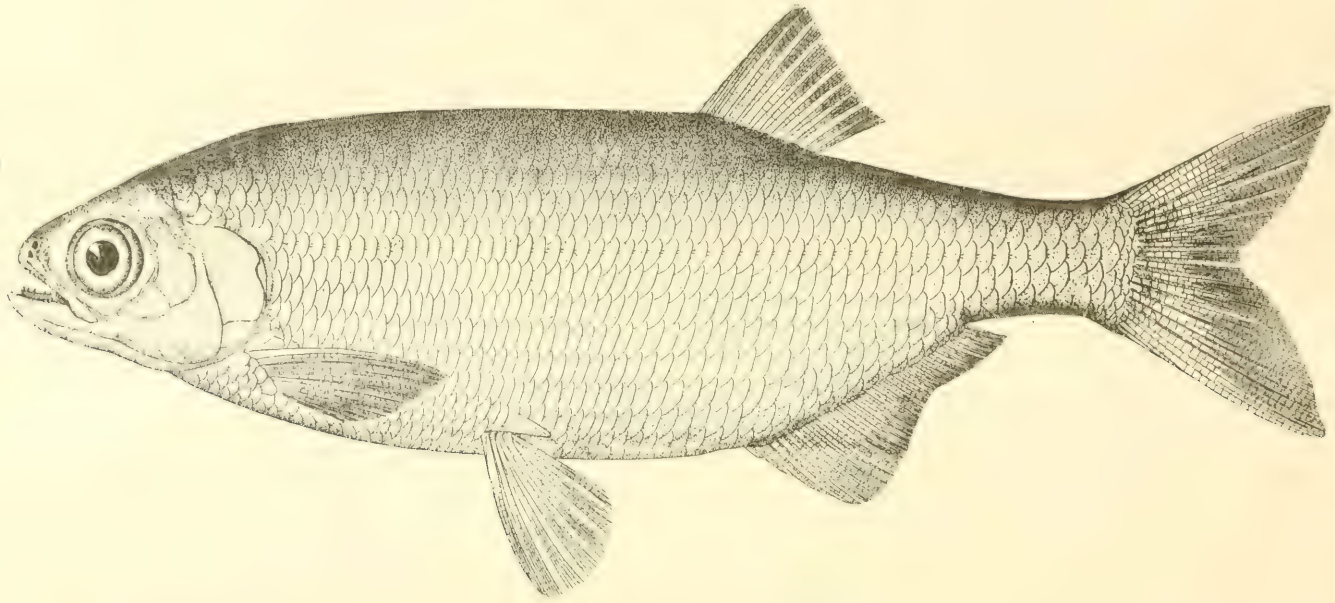
The bodies of these flies are dressed heavy, and the wings should be selected narrow and made to lie close. They are dressed on Nos. 3 or 2 Limerick.

FETTER FREE.

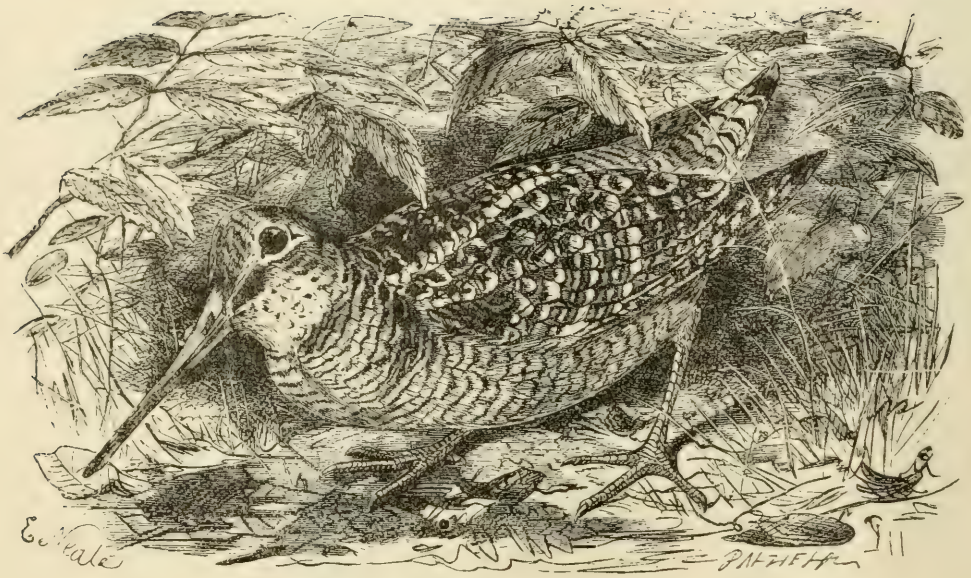
BY FRANK C. RIEHL.

"Nay, we may not tarry longer in my brother's shining halls,
For the Indian soon grows weary of your suffocating walls,
Piled in rows of baked adobe, making up the mighty town;
We have seen the Great White Father, and his power and renown
Must respect the poor petition that we came to lay before
Him in council, interceding that he desecrate no more
Of the scanty reservation for the Nation set aside,
To the greed of his invaders, who our homes would override.
Peace be with the pale-face brother; may he never be bereft,
Nor deny our right of title to the little we have left."

"Bring the ponies now, brave warriors; let us mount again and feel
Proud and peerless, as the pebbles crunch beneath the mustang's heel;
To the broad, unmeasured prairies, where the eagle's piercing note
Sounds his challenge of derision to the cowardly coyote.
Free as air and wind and weather, let us live it out, and scorn,
As our fathers did before us, all commands of service born;
Shame the pale-face in his palace, and the Manitou on high
Will preserve the Indian's freedom, though, defending it, we die."



THE MOONEYE—(*Hiodon tergisus*).



AFTER THE LONG BILLS.

On Tuesday evening, June 30, I sat in my study at my home in Newark, N. J. I had had an extremely hard day of it, for I am a young lawyer, the junior partner of a legal firm of some prominence in the Empire City. As such junior partner, a good deal of the drudgery of the profession falls upon my shoulders. As I have said, the day had been a trying one for me, so much so that I had but little appetite for the delicious little dinner my better half had ready for me upon my arrival home rather late that evening. Her pleasant conversation during the meal and the tastefulness of the viands, served to overcome, in a measure, my lassitude, so that when wife and self adjourned after dinner to my study, in order that I might enjoy my post prandial cigar, I was a far better man both mentally and physically than when I entered the house. We have been married for some years, but as yet the prattle of little ones is unknown to us, much to our sorrow. Hence my two dogs, Hal, a black and white pointer, and Meg, an English setter, are made much of by us both. In fact, they have run of the house and are as great favorites with the "ladies" of the kitchen as they are with us. When wife and I started for the study, she called down the speaking tube to the floor below:

"Maggie, open the door and let Hal and Meg up, please."

In a trice the door is opened and up the steps, whining with delight, comes the quick patter, patter of many feet. A second or so, and they are in the study. Dear! Dear! How affectionate

they are! Hal in more dignified manner than Meg, who effusive as all setters are, ran backward and forward, first to myself, then to my better half, receiving a caress from each in turn, until she is almost beside herself with joy. Hal, on the contrary, contents himself with a pull at his soft, silken ears, holds up his head for a pat and a smoothing brush and then sedately moves away, selects the softest rug and turning around one or twice curls himself up in a half circle and goes to sleep. Meg keeps up her demonstrations of love until both wife and I have had enough; indeed, she seems never to tire of the smoothing out of her ears or the scratching of her throat, and consequently as we do tire of patting her, she is told to lie down. She obeys, of course, for she is thoroughly broken, but she simply sinks to the floor, at my very feet, from which position she looks to me appealingly, as much as to say, "How can you be so cross to me, when you know I love you so much." In a few moments my better half is called out of the room for some purpose or other in our household affairs, and I am all alone with my four-footed companions. The night is warm; sultry, in fact. The windows and doors are wide open, to admit as much as possible of the little air that is stirring. The windows are screened with wire, as a matter of course, but through the meshes I can easily see the flitting of the fire-fly, and, alas, hear as well the hum of New Jersey's pest—the beastly mosquito. What with the closeness of the night and the fatigue of the preceding day, I am soon sound asleep. A low growl from Hal awakes me. I hear the sharp tread of a hurrying man outside on the stone walk. My gate is opened and slammed too with a bang. Hal and Meg jump to their feet and bark in unison as the bell rings, announcing a visitor. I am almost ashamed to say I growled to myself, keeping the dogs company. I supposed it was some client, seeking information, and I did not wish to listen. The domestic opened the door, and I heard a familiar voice ask, "Is Mr. P—— within?" My wife was descending the stairs, and I heard her answer:

"Why, Fred! How are you? Glad to see you. You haven't been here for a month. Yes, Tom is in the study. How's the family?"

"Why, Nellie, all well, thank you, but excuse me, I must see Tom right off." Before I could collect my thoughts and get to the door to open it, in burst Fred, with:

"I say, old man, do you know the law is off, to-morrow?"

"Why, Fred, what law? What on earth do you mean about laws? Let up on that. I hear law all day long, each day of the week, and I don't want to hear it at home."

"Why, you old chump, do you forget that the last Legislature changed the close time for woodcock shooting? They went back to the old law, which allowed us to shoot the birds during the month of July, with close time after that until November first again."

Even with this explanation I failed to ascertain the drift of his speech, until he said:

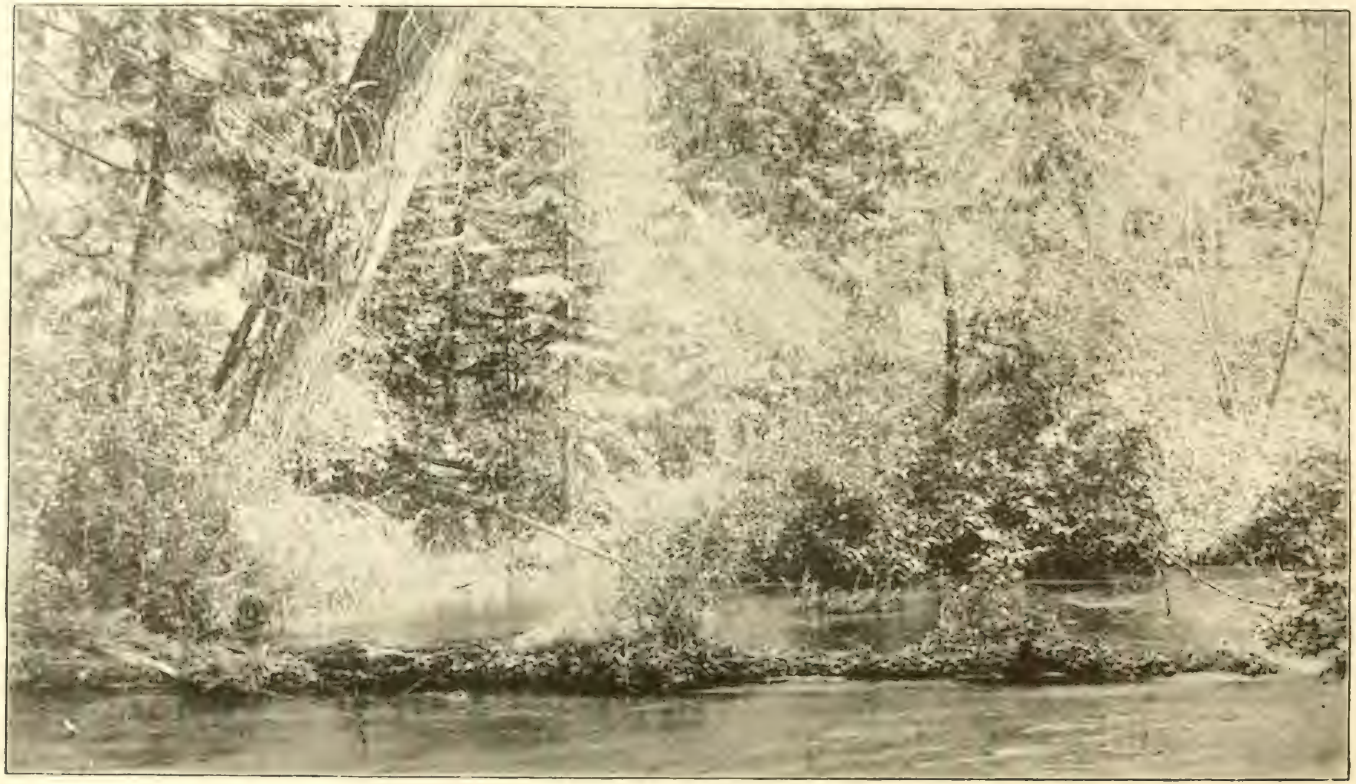
"Now, to-morrow's the first. You get out your gun, load a few cartridges, and be ready at four to-morrow morning. It's a good hour's ride to Pine Brook, and I wish to be there at five, sure. We must be the first if we wish to get the birds."

I hummed and hawed, thought of sundry business matters which de-

manded my attention, and was about saying that it was impossible for me to go, when Nellie broke in:

"Now! Tom, you are just killing yourself; you've been at it day and night for so long that I hardly have time to see you. You leave in the morning at eight o'clock, you get home in time for a seven o'clock dinner, then, when your cigar is finished, afterward, out of your pocket comes a bundle of papers, and I see or hear no more of you until midnight. Fred, you are right; lug him off; don't let him say no."

Between the two my good resolutions vanished, and I consented to go. Up jumped Fred from the lounge, where he had been sitting, and, chirruping to the dogs, soon had them in a yell. He said good night to Nellie, and as I walked out to the gate with him, the dogs romped along, barking joyfully, as if they knew of the morrow as well as me. With a good night he added, "Old man, four o'clock to-morrow morning—sharp it is, now." He walked quickly down the avenue, and was soon lost to view. Then came the loading of the shells. This was a small matter. Twenty-five was a plenty, and with Nellie's assistance the job was soon over. Hal and Meg received a late supper that night, for there would be no time for breakfast in the morning. Ah! What a blessing an alarm clock is to a man. One winds it up, sets the time to be called, and then goes to sleep serenely. That little mechanism works all night. When the hour is reached, w-h-i-r-r, w-h-i-r-r, and there you are. This time the hands denoted half-past three. Nellie was just as intent as myself. Slipping on a dressing gown and slippers, she was in the dining room almost before I had begun to dress. Before I was down stairs, there was the chafing dish, with its contents, greeting in most pleasant fashion my olfactory nerves. The metal coffee pot was all aglow with its boiling contents. The day was just breaking when I sat down to a meal of cold meat, scrambled eggs and cafe au lait. Before I had finished, the clatter of a horse's feet and the rumbling of a wagon was heard. In a second Fred was in front of the house, whistling a hurried call to get me out quickly. I swallowed that last mouthful of coffee, although it was most hot enough to blister my throat; indeed, it "furred" my tongue for an hour afterward. I put on a light overcoat, for the air of early morning was a bit chill. Nellie called the dogs. I grabbed gun and cartridges, and but few moments saw us started for Pine Brook. Now, Fred is one of the lucky fellows of this world. Sharp and shrewd in business matters, he, although not yet thirty years of age, has added quite a fortune to the sum he inherited from his father. He keeps a trotter or two, which, he says, he has no time to use, has a pretty steam launch, and is a really most desirable friend, for he has not a particle of the *nouveau riche* about him, and is withal as generous a man and as keen a sportsman as ever drew breath. As yet he has no dogs, and depends upon mine in his shooting expeditions. Thus, it is when the open season is on we are much together. This acquaintanceship has been running now for at least ten years, and as yet we have never had even the slightest of controversies. To tell of the beauties of that morning ride would require more space than can be given by The American Angler. Suffice it to say that it was a delightful one.



"A FAVORITE FEEDING PLACE."

Pine Brook was reached in five minutes over the hour. The hotel stable soon contained the horse, while the smiling hostler promised a faithful rubbing down when he was cooled off, and a plentiful supply of feed and water afterward. The darkey's eyes and teeth looked doubly white against his ebony skin, as he grinned and said "Good morning, boss," for Fred often drove there, and the remembrance of past and future tips were evidently present in the lad's mind and memory. Taking the road toward Franklin, we started on our quest. Hal and Meg bounded along in front of us. Fred knew the Big Piece, as an old Knickerbocker knows the streets of old New York, and he was intent upon reaching a little thicket of alders before any one else got there, "for, if we do not get there first, our name is Dennis for sure." A quarter of a mile passed, when, right at the side of the road, in a little ditch grown up to rank ferns and blackberry canes, Meg, who had been running on that side of the road, commenced roading along, and then came to a dead stop. Fred exclaimed:

"Well! I'll be hanged! Did you ever see the like of that?" Hal at that moment crossed the road from the other side, and catching sight of the pointing Meg, stopped as if shot. Of course, we couldn't stop long to admire the work, beautiful as it was. I walked down to the little cut, and had scarce reached Hal, when out jumped an old bird, right from under the dog's nose. Well! I confess I was a bit rattled, forgot to move back the safety, and pull as I might at the triggers there was no response. Fred, however, caught sight of the bird and tumbled it over as it crossed the road, dropping it in the ditch at the side opposite to where I stood. Meg, like all setters after months of rest, was for a while uncontrollable, for she would and did dash in to pick up that bird when she saw it fall. On the spot, followed correction, good and sharp. She whimpered a good deal, but when the grip on her collar was released, she gave herself a solid shake as does a dog when emerging from the water after a swim, and at the command and wave of the hand she was off again as if nothing had happened and it was a pleasant thing to receive a sound thrashing. Fred and myself, as we moved along, discussed the matter of finding that woodcock by the road side. It was explained by the fact that for two weeks previously rain had fallen at frequent intervals. Certainly it had rained during that time four days continuously. The low-lying spots were pools of water, while the usually dry places were wet enough to furnish the food and soft enough for the long bills to get at it without trouble. Ten minutes more of walking and we struck the spot we were looking for. Right at the edge of the Big Piece and not far from one of the little streams that help swell the stream known as Pine Brook. The cover was of birch and alder and about twenty acres in extent. The ground was a soft, black earth, well-grown to those semi-aquatic plants, the Indian turnip and the skunk cabbage, while elsewhere was a thick growth of knee-high ferns. Scarce had we got in the shade of this cover when both dogs pointed simultaneously. It was at first difficult to decide whether one dog was backing the other or whether both had birds in front of them. They were a dozen yards apart. The rigidity of both animals made us think there were two birds, so Fred said:

"Tom, you go behind Meg, take that bird whether it flies to right or left. I'll go behind Hal, and flush the bird that gets up there." No sooner said than done. As I moved forward, up jumped Meg's bird. It was going fast, but I secured it by a quick snap shot. It was a slobbering shot, for I only broke a wing. At the report of my gun, out from almost under Hal's nose sprang a brace of birds. Fred is a good shot, as I have already mentioned, and the masterly way he cut down these two birds with a neat right and left was a sight to see. So pleased was I to see the work that I tossed my old hat in the air and fairly shouted in glee, "Beautiful, b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l, old man." My praise was not appreciated, for Fred said:

"You old idiot, what are you shouting for? You'd scare up every bird within a mile of us by your confounded noise. Keep your feelings to yourself until we are out of this."

I acknowledge I chafed a little under the reprimand, but the feeling was over by the time the dogs had brought in the birds. Moving on through the cover, Meg on the right and Hal on the left, but some distance off, I flushed a bird which flew upon getting up, directly behind me. Then occurred a singular thing. The leaves of the alders made a dense cover about a dozen feet above the ground; so intent was I upon getting that bird before it topped the foliage, that when I turned to follow the flight it required the quickest of snap shots to get it before it could get out of sight. I felt that I had stopped it, I did not see it fall, I did not see it go on, yet I knew that I had stopped it, just as much as if I had then had it in the pocket of my hunting coat. Hal was called in to retrieve. He came quickly and upon the command to "seek dead," nosed around carefully. All at once he came to a stiff point. I was dumfounded, I had passed within a yard of the spot where he stood, before I had called him to me, and I could not understand how a bird could be at that spot either alive or dead, without my knowing it. Then I systematically trod out every foot of the ground in front of him. Fred came over at my request, and he, too, thrashed out the spot for some yards ahead of the dog, but without result. Meg was called in, but upon nearing us she caught sight of the pointing Hal and immediately backed him. Neither Fred or myself knew what to do. At last, happening to cast an upward glance, I was startled. There hanging in a forked branch of one of the alders hung my bird. In falling it had caught in this crotch of the little tree, and there hung suspended. How on earth Hal ever got scent of that bird was then and has been a puzzle to me. Before moving from where I stood, I called to Fred and pointed to the hanging bird. Fred followed the direction, and seeing the woodcock hanging there, uttered the euphonious exclamation of:

"Well! I'm d——d! Did you ever see anything like that?"

The bird was secured, but being some ten feet high, the alder had to be bent down before I could reach it. It was shown to Hal, who gently snuffed about it, and then on we moved again. But, why go on with this narrative. The morning was insufferably hot, and down in that alder swamp the heat was stifling, for not a breath of air reached us. The dogs felt it as much as we did, and time and time again dropped in the little pools of water and lay there panting, with their tongues hanging

out, and dripping perspiration fast from their tips. By eleven o'clock we had secured ten birds and were ready to quit. Almost in unison, Fred and myself exclaimed: "I've had enough of this." We gave up the shooting and walked back to the hotel. Reaching there, the birds were handed to the darkey to draw, while we went indoors to have a wash-up. After that, while awaiting the getting ready of the team, we had each a milk punch and a cracker. By noon we were on our way back home. It took us longer to reach home than it did going out, for the sun shone with the heat of a furnace in its beams. Nellie was at the gate when we drove up. She says she can tell the sound of Fred's horse and wagon at any time. The birds were equally divided. Nellie and myself urged Fred to remain and take luncheon with us, but he declined. When that luncheon had been discussed by Nellie and myself, I went to my study, determined to go to work and make up for the time I had lost. A cigar was lighted, my papers placed upon the table ready to begin, when I decided to finish my smoke before beginning. I sat down in my easy chair, and was thinking over whether woodcock shooting in summer was wrong or not, when down dropped my head, and Nellie says I was asleep long before that cigar was finished. She said never a word until about half-past six, when she awoke me with the words:

"Tom, if I were in your place, I think I would dress up a bit for dinner. It will be on the table in half an hour."

I was disgusted about the work, but, after that dinner, I felt like a new man. Hot as had been the day, hard as had been the work, the exercise in the open air, the change in my surroundings, had made a new man of me, at least for the time being. Summer shooting may be all wrong, but it did me good. Of that I am sure.

THE CLEVELAND MEETING.

Since the last issue of this journal, two important shooting meetings have been held, one at Cleveland, Ohio, under the management of the Chamberlain Cartridge Company, and the other at Pittsburg, Penn., under the management of three of Pittsburg's best known shooting men, Elmer E. Shaner, Chas. M. Hostetter and Dr. J. W. Dickson, the two last named men being far better known by their *nomme des guerre* of "Old Hoss" and "Jim Crow." Each appellation is a fitting one, the equine one especially applied to Hostetter on account of his colty friskiness, and Dickson's on account of his swarthiness, he being black eyed, black haired, and with a skin as dark as a Spaniard's who is not of the *sangre azule*. The Cleveland affair called out over a hundred contestants, and was remarkable on two accounts. The first surprise was in the magnificent shooting done by some of the men taking part in the events. Naturally, this phenomenal work was done by the great shooting cracks of this country, and at that manner of contest, inanimate target events, there are no men in the world that can equal them. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, this state, led all others in the three days' work. Shooting in all the events, with the targets shot at numbering 330, he broke 304, obtaining an average for the whole shooting of 92.12 per cent. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, was the closest of seconds, for he was but a single break behind the New York crack, and breaking 303 out of the 330 shot at, and an average of 91.81 per cent. The third man was Sim Glover, also of the Empire State, his home being at Rochester. Glover was a single break behind Heikes, his record being 302 smashes out of the 330. The fourth man was of the Buckeye State, Worthington, of Cleveland, better known by his shooting name of "Redwing" than by his more correct appellation. His score was 291, and his average 88.18. Charlie Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, was fifth, with 287 breaks, and an average of 86.21. Then followed in quick succession but in slow descending scale, but each with an average of over 80 per cent.: Dennis Upson, "Edmonds," Alkire, Grimm, Rike, Vail, McDonald; Neaf Apgar, the well known trap shot of Evona, N. J.; Frank Parmlee, of Omaha, Neb.; Sheldon; Flick, of Ravenna, Ohio, the one-armed crack of the state; Snow, Fleischer, Sargeant, Raymond, Cicotte, Trimble, Powers, Wood, Parker, Grant; Fanning, representative of the Gold Dust Powder of San Francisco, Cal.; Graham, of Sault St. Marie; Seth Clover, of Erie, Penn., and G. E. W. When one stops to think of the work done by these men, it grows more wonderful the more the record is considered. Thus, outside of the five men whose work is mentioned in detail, we have no fewer than twenty-five others with records running from 86.21 down to 80. If our's is not a country of shooting men, the writer knows not where to look for one.

THE PITTSBURG AFFAIR.

The other tournament referred to—the Pittsburg affair—came off as announced, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 23, 24 and 25. There was $500.00 in cash added by the Pittsburg Gun Club, under the auspices of which club the meeting was held, and

this naturally attracted quite a delegation of the highest shooting cracks. Among these were such men as E. D. Fulford, Rolla A. Heikes, Charlie Grimm, Fred Gilbert, Frank Parmlee, Neaf Apgar, and Charlie Budd. The affair of the greatest interest was the annual handicap target race of the club, which was for $50.00 in cash, beside the entrance money, and for a handsome silver trophy, presented by the E. C. Powder Company. The conditions were a hundred singles a man, with an extra number of targets allowed the weaker men. This allowance, made by competent handicappers, by the way, was not made known to the contestants either before or during the shooting. The contestant shot right along until his hundred was finished, and then shot up his allowance. When the allotment was reached, the command "Out" advised him that, in-so-far as he was personally concerned, the race was over. The event found a half hundred men ready and willing to shoot under the conditions named. The race was won by one of the most popular sportsmen of Pittsburg, John H. Schaffer. Having an allowance of but a half dozen targets, he made the handsome score of 98 breaks out of the 106 shot at. John Winston, of Washington, Indiana, was second—42; had an allowance of six, the same as Schaffer's, and broke 97 out of the 106. Neaf Apgar, starting in as scratch man, that is, without allowance of any kind, was third, with 95 out of the 100. A remarkable bit of shooting is that of Apgar's. 95 per cent. is seldom reached by even the best of the men in this sort of shooting.

THE MAGAUTRAP.

At the Cleveland tournament, under the management of that well-known sportsman, Paul North, was shown this automatic revolving trap. Every man that the writer has met who was present at the shooting refers in terms of the highest praise. Its work was really phenomenal in its excellence, so much so, that the shooting men say that it is going to revolutionize trap shooting in the United States. The writer understands that this Magautrap is not to be placed upon the market for sale, but is only to be leased from year to year. The price for its use the first year being $50.00, this cost including the putting it in position and the little building that houses it from the weather, and which is large enough to hold in comfort the man who operates it.

THE AMERICANS ABROAD.

A little allusion to the work of that little coterie of American shooting men taking part in the different events now going on in England and on the Continent may not be out of place in this monthly record of shooting matters. Their work has been of the best. When one considers that many of these contests have a good deal over a hundred entries, the superiority of our marksmen becomes apparent; for the United States, at the most, has not yet had, at any one time, a half dozen representatives to shoot in these contests as Americans. George Work, the well-known sportsman, of this city, led off at Hurlingham by running out 20 straight kills, a phenomenal feat, seldom equalled and never surpassed. He captured first money, amounting to close on $700.00, and won, in addition, a breech-loading gun, worth some $200.00 more. Being a very popular man, both at home and abroad, the victory was accentuated by a loud outburst of applause. It may well be imagined the American contingent was not silent when their companion cap-

tured the cash and the trophy that went with it. Clarence Dolan, of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, passed a larger part of last Winter in Europe, during his stay shooting regularly at Paris and Monte Carlo. He was uniformly successful in the different engagements, and gained such reputation by his shooting skill as to be thought the coming crack of the American contingent. Another of the winning men at Hurlingham Club grounds, London, was P. H. Morris, of the Carteret Gun Club, this city. He shot in such form as to more than astonish those of his club who were with him. In one event he ran along, side by side, with one of England's best shooting men—Captain Shelley — they finally dividing first money, after shooting out all others in one of the more important sweepstake shootings of the day.

WHY IS THIS THUS?

The record of the shooting above mentioned causes a great deal of curiosity. Every American, who goes abroad to take part in shooting meetings, tells upon his return of the wonderful speed of the pigeons furnished at the different clubs for these contests. Each says that we have no birds here that can compare with those of England and Belgium. The fact remains, however, that when our men go abroad to take part in these affairs, they are uniformly successful. The fact is remarkable and true as it is strange. Still more is it a matter of thought when one considers that these few Americans meet the very pick of the shooting men of Great Britain, of Germany, of France, of Italy, of Austria, and of Russia. This little band of Americans are outnumbered twenty to one. The percentages are all against their winning, yet, despite the paucity of their numbers, they invariably give good account of themselves. *Au contraire*, when visitors come to us they do not seem to be able to repeat their home records.

THE EXPLANATION GOES.

And now let us look back a little and try and find the reason of this. Unanimity of opinion must be respected, so we will grant at the outset that the Blue-rock pigeon is infinitely more speedy in its flight than the common pigeon of our country breeders. Once in a while at shooting meetings, one hears, when a very fast straight-a-way-in-flight bird leaves the trap, "Ah! That fellow is as fast as a Blue-rock!" So it may be, but, no matter how fast such a bird may be, the question may be asked, "Is an out-goer the most difficult bird to stop?" In the writer's opinion, by no manner of means. If all are out-goers, the contestant gets into a sort of swing, and knowing the flight direction of the coming bird, is positively prepared for the shot that is to follow. As I heard remarked once by one of the best shots of the country, and one who had shot much abroad:

"Shoot quickly, aim high, and you're bound to score."

As the writer has never seen the work at Hurlingham or Monte Carlo, he does not know how much truth there is in that speech, but it certainly seems teaching that it might be well to follow by those intending to shoot at London, Paris, in Belgium, or at the celebrated pigeon shooting resort which overlooks the waters of the tideless sea, the Mediterranean. Possibly the practice in this country, arising from the character of the birds provided at our different clubs, may have a good deal to do with the success of our shooting men abroad. This is the demand

made upon brain, eye and finger, all at the same time and all at the single bird then leaving the trap. The flights of our pigeons differ not alone in their direction, but they vary as much in speed as they do in flight direction. A judgment has to be formed at the instant the trap is opened. The pigeon may be as speedy as a cyclone. It may be as tardy on wing as the climbing movement of the South American sloth. The eye must take in the movement, the brain must answer the eye in judging of the correct spot "to hold," and the fingers must answer at once the brain's command. Each and all must work in unison and in the quickest manner. Given a pigeon whirling down wind at a speed of sixty miles an hour, or eighty-eight feet a second, and one has but little opportunity to cogitate over the matter. Long and continued practice will ever make a good shot, but the great cracks at the work are born, not made. With them, shooting becomes instinctive. There is apparently no judgment required. The three senses work absolutely in unison—eye, touch and mind move with the precision of machinery, and this makes the victors of the sport of pigeon shooting, or, for that matter, in field shooting as well. Celerity and accuracy are the twin gifts that lead to positive success. These are gifts and not to be acquired.

A GENIAL COMPANION.

Captain B. A. Bartlett, the genial representative of the Winchester Arms Company, has been sojourning for some time on the California coast. As all at the East are aware, the Captain is one of the best exponents of the repeating shot gun now living. Besides being one of the best of marksmen with a smooth bore, he is so rapid in his handling of his favorite weapon, that, when he gives an exhibition of what can be done with the arm in question, he well nigh breaks up all other shooting that may be going on. During the shooting tournament recently held at Stockton, California, he did some shooting that, to those who had never seen the Captain, seemed bordering upon the incredible. One of the most interesting of these feats of quickness and correctness was the balancing, upon his right foot, of the loaded Winchester. Holding two targets in his hand, he throws both in the air, lifting the gun up with a quick movement of the foot at the same moment. The gun is caught by the hands, put to the shoulder, and both targets are shot at and broken in air before they near the ground. This is a feat that is ever greeted with a round of applause. Another captivating bit of work is when he places his gun on the ground, then, throwing two targets in the air, he turns a somersault. Upon striking an upright position, after the hand-spring, he seizes his gun and breaks both of the whirling discs before they are anywhere near the earth. One of the most successful bits of the Captain's work is when he throws in air five targets, as rapidly as the work can be done by hand, and then breaks the whole five before any one of them touches the sod. The Captain's most pleased spectators at these performances are, perhaps, the ladies and children; the boys especially outdoing themselves in loud applause.

THE TRADE PROSPECT.

In recent visits to the gun dealers, the policy of the Republican party regarding the tariff was frequent subject of discussion. Are duties to be enhanced upon the installing of the new administration, or are things to run

along in the same old groove for the next four years after the election of November? Politics are, of course, a taboed thing for a journal of this character; but when things political may change the whole system of sales, a word or so in reference to the matter may not be out of place. Everyone knows of the depression that has existed in the gun trade for some years past. All sorts of opinions have been put forth as to the reasons of this depression. Some mention one thing as the cause; others, apparently as well informed, advance other arguments as to the reason of it. When doctors disagree, what right has a layman to advance an opinion? Wherever one goes, he hears—bicycle! bicycle! To that manufacture is given the dulness of other trades. True, the sales of wheels have been simply astounding in their number. In Buffalo, it is stated there are 44,000 wheels in active use. That city has a population of a little over 300,000 inhabitants. The cost of these wheels will average, without doubt, $60.00 each. This gives us, as a locked-up capital, the enormous aggregate of $2,640,000.00, a sum so great as to almost stagger belief; and a very large part of this amount has been expended within the last five years. On this same basis of wheels to population, New York and Brooklyn, with their three millions of people, should own 440,000 wheels, whose value in cash is the astounding sum of $26,440,000.00! This estimate seems far too great to be true; but, even if only approximate, it seems to give some idea of the terrific outlay that has been incurred during the five years mentioned. That the demand is not yet over, I would mention the following incident: A few days ago, the writer's watch gave out—the most usual cause, a snapped main spring. It was taken to an old jeweller, whom the writer has known for years. Asking how business was, the reply came, without a moment's hesitation: "Absolutely rotten; bicycles have about ruined me, let me tell you. An old customer of mine came to me the other day and ordered two gold watches and chains, as birthday presents for his twin daughters. I procured them for him, and he took them home to show them to his wife. While she admired them, she said at once: 'If you wish to please the girls, take those watches back and buy them bicycles; each is crazy to have a wheel.' So back those timepieces came to me. I lost two sales and the wheel dealers made two. I am disgusted through and through." There you are. The whole trouble in a nut-shell. When the prevailing hobby is gratified to the fullest extent, then will trade go back to the old channels; but not for some time to come. At the present moment, all and everything is sacrificed in order to obtain a wheel. The desire must be gratified, and the wish will hold until everyone that can buy, beg, borrow or steal, is provided with what they most covet of all things on earth.

A QUESTION IN ORNITHOLOGY.

A discussion has recently come up regarding the good or harm done by the thousands of hawks and owls which are to be found in every part of the country. The arguments are both for and against, one side contending that the birds do far more good than harm, the other side taking a directly opposite position. It is matter of common belief that either the hawk or owl prefers the eggs and young of other birds, to any other sort of provender.

This idea has been instilled into the mind of every lad, whether brought up in the country or city. Yet the present feeling seems to be that these predatory birds are far more sinned against than sinning. A pamphlet has been issued this season, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammology, in the Department of Agriculture, in regard to his division of opinion. This pamphlet is a complete description of the birds in question, and by far the most exhaustive one that has yet appeared on the subject. Probably it will be best to quote the Doctor's own words as to the result of his examinations in the matter:

"The statements contained in Bulletin No. 3, respecting the food of the various hawks and owls, are based on the critical examination, by scientific experts, of the actual contents of about 2,700 stomachs of these birds, and consequently may be fairly regarded as a truthful showing of the normal food of each species. The result proves that a class of birds commonly looked upon as enemies to the farmer, and indiscriminately destroyed whenever occasion offers, really rank among his best friends, and, with few exceptions, should be preserved and encouraged to take up their abode in the neighborhood of his home. Only six of the seventy-three species and subspecies of hawks and owls of the United States are injurious. Of these, three are so extremely rare they need hardly be considered, and another (the fish hawk) is only indirectly injurious, leaving but two (the Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks) that really need to be taken into account as enemies to agriculture. Omitting the six species that feed largely on poultry and game, 2,212 stomachs were examined, of which 56 per cent. contained mice and other small mammals, 27 per cent. insects, and only 3½ per cent. poultry or game birds. In view of these facts, the folly of offering bounties for the destruction of hawks and owls, as has been done by several States, becomes apparent, and the importance of an accurate knowledge of the economic status of our common birds and mammals is overwhelmingly demonstrated."

* * *

The writer is disappointed in Dr. Merriam's conclusions. He states that his deductions are made, after omitting six of those which he acknowledges are birds of prey, simply and purely. Of these six, he writes that three of them are so rare as to amount to but little in forming an opinion on the subject. He includes the osprey—great fishing hawk—as one of the six, and the other two as destructive ones, the Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks. The writer acknowledges that the matter has never been the subject of close study on his part, but, as one somewhat familiar with the habits of our birds, it comes to his mind that the shrike or butcher bird is as much of a savage, delighting in blood for blood's sake, as ever was Bengal tiger in the bamboo thickets of India. Not a few, but in a great number of instances, during my shooting outings, have I run across the smaller fly catchers as also the American sparrows impaled upon a short, sharp bit of twig. So often did this occur that it led me to investigation, with the result that I learned that this impalement was the result of the action of the butcher bird, as the shrike was locally designated. I am aware that the shrike is also an insect feeder, but that he loves to catch and kill, even when not

in famishing condition, is shown by this hanging up of slaughtered birds. That these were not all destroyed for food I am positive, for I have met these little impaled fellows in all stages of decomposition, yet showing no sign of having been even partially eaten.

* * *

A new club has recently been formed at Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., and duly incorporated according to the laws of the State. The club has purchased a new sloop, 30 feet length of keel, in which to enjoy their piscatorial outings. This boat has been built on purpose for blue fishing excursions, and Captain Arthur Pearsall has been placed in command of the new craft. The following will constitute the governing board of the club: George Lewis, B. A. Fowler, Edwin Oliver, John B. Schmelzel, Charles Hicks, and H. Carpenter. At the last meeting of the club, held on June 6, the following men were elected as members of the club: George W. Saxe, County Judge Garret, J. Garretson, Judge Luke, J. Connorton, County Treasurer Joseph Sykes, E. L. Montgomery, Alonzo Pettit and Village Trustee John Hepburn.

* * *

Weak-fish have been running for some two weeks past in the waters of Raritan Bay. They are of fine size, and, being in large numbers, rare sport has been had by the few anglers who were aware of the fact of their coming. Just below the railroad bridge, spanning the Bay, the waters are fairly alive with boats, each one containing from one to four disciples of the gentle art. Fishermen are, without doubt, a dissatisfied lot of men. Good as the fishing has been, and is now, they unite in saying that the pound nets have spoiled it. The pound net men, in turn, growl about the big steamers, with their mile long nets, ostensibly catching menhaden, but include in that catch every fish that swims within the circumference of the lengthy meshes of their nets. Each quarrels with the other, but as for the weak-fish, they have no word in the argument.

* * *

In a previous paragraph reference is made to the predatory habits of hawks and owls. Since that writing a circumstance has occurred to the writer which seems to bear directly upon the subject. This circumstance is the annual flight of hawks, which follows the migration of the bay snipe, both in the spring and fall. The fact may be only a coincidence, but it is a truth, nevertheless. The snipe fly in immense numbers and in their wake follow a host of hawks. Along the New Jersey coast this flight of the birds of prey is so well known as to attract no comment. It comes each year as regular as the season, and a few of the old sportsmen of Jersey enjoy a day or two's shooting when the flight is on.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Personal.

The personal correspondents of Mr. Wm. C. Harris, our editor, are informed that he is now on an extended trip to Northern Idaho, Puget Sound and Lower California, returning to New York via Corpus Christi, Texas, where, in October of each year, the tarpon are said to swarm as minnows do in a rivulet. Mr. Harris is accompanied by Mr. John L. Petrie, the artist, and their intention is to paint, for reproduction in "The Fishes of North America," a complete series of oil portraits of the fishes of the sections named. Mr. Harris will not return until November, but all letters directed to him personally will be duly and promptly forwarded.

A Fish That Enjoys a Yawn.

It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer to the *Spectator* saw a turbot yawn twice, and a cod once—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size.

The yawn of turbot, being something not commonly seen, deserves more particular description. A turbot's mouth is twisted on one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which some one had accidently trodden on and squashed half flat.

The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real genuine submarine fish's yawn.

But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.

The above is on a line with the repeated statement that a black bass shakes its head when frantically jumping into the air in its efforts to void the steel from its jaws. He can't do it. His physical formation prevents. As in the case of the turbot described, we see the movement, and mix up the cause with the effect. The turbot stretches his jaws involuntarily. As it goes through the death struggles the jaws open and shut again and again until life is exhausted.

A Conscientious Railroad Man.

On a recent visit to the Chicago and Northwestern Railway home office, I met the General Passenger Agent, Mr. W. B. Knistern, who, at the moment I entered his office, was reading some proof slips from the printer. Laying them down, he at once said:

"Glad you have dropped in. I have before me proofs of an article on trout fishing, but it is concerned mainly with fishing at night, and I have been debating in my mind if I would be justified in publishing, even for advertising purposes, an article on catching the brook trout *at night.* What shall I do? Is trout fishing at night considered legitimate sport?" I replied:

"Among anglers who follow trout fishing for the ethical pleasures it affords and not for the pounds of fish, cruelly fishing for trout at night, especially with natural bait, is not considered legitimate. At that time the trout are oblivious to danger, and if hungry, the merest tyro can catch them. But the great body of fishermen do not recognize this law of angling ethics, and you will not be reflected upon for publishing the article, which I see is not only beautifully illustrated but graphically written."

I send the above simply to draw out the opinions of the members of our fraternity, many of whom, no doubt, will disagree with me.

W. C. H.

The Fall River Line commenced their Double Service for the Summer season on June 29th, when the great steamboats, Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim, went into commission together. The leaving time from New York will be 5:30 and 6:30 p. m. Boats leaving at the former hour will run direct to Fall River, the latter touching at Newport en-route. On Sundays there will be but one steamer, 5:30 p. m. from New York.

The advertising matter issued by the Fall River Line is always interesting; a folder containing full time table and list of Summer literature will be mailed for two cent stamp, enclosed to P. O. Box 452, New York City.

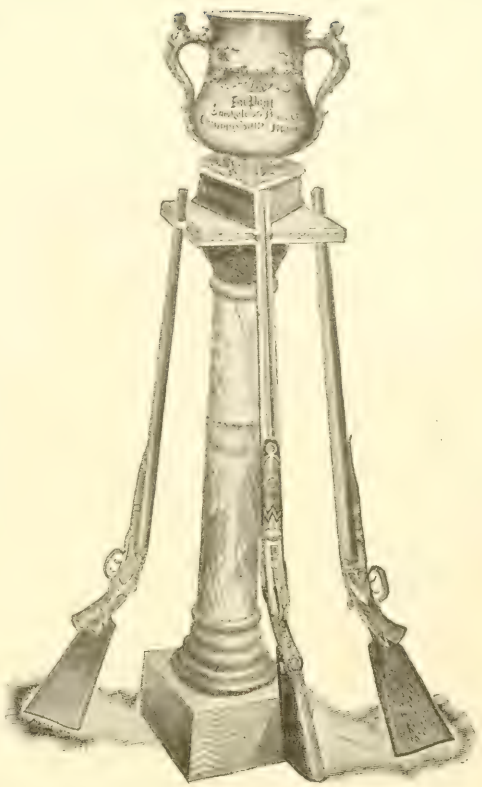
What to Do to Increase Attendance at Club Shoots.

There has been a general falling off of attendance at club shoots, and the question has been bothering the directors and club officers as how to overcome this trouble. We notice at Dexter Park that some of the shoots have had only four entries, which is a large falling off in numbers. Why? Hard times? No, because the average shooter is a man of moderate means and can easily afford to shoot once a week at clay birds, at least. Is the sport losing interest? No, to the contrary, because the tournaments this season have shown that the sport is more popular than ever, by the large list of entries and number of tournaments. It is one of two reasons. Professionalism or live bird shooting, both of which are distasteful to the average club member, no doubt, keep a good many away. There is one other reason that no doubt has its effect, that is the location of the club grounds. Some grounds are situated so far away that a business man cannot afford the time to go, while other grounds are too difficult to reach; members have either to walk or drive, which, in the latter case, means an extra expense. If the different clubs would only give out their plans, so that others would be benefitted by them, there is no doubt that a good many of the clubs would be in better shape. Certainly the more shooters, the better for all clubs. It's true that one plan will not be suitable for all clubs, but "two heads are better than one," and your plan may help some other club, if not all. This does not appeal to the "expert," as we know what he wants, "added money," but that does not suit the ordinary shooter, as he is not able to get a small share of any purse. Several ideas have been talked of, large dues and no charge for clay birds. Let the club buy shells, etc., at cost, for members, offer money prizes in a handicap or class shoot each week, or make a stock corporation of each club and declare a dividend every three months. All ideas are subject to discussion. Let us hear from you.

Salmon Fishing.

To lease for the season, the river Carneil, Mingan Seigniory, Lower St. Lawrence. Good fishing for two rods. Communication by steamer, sailing fortnightly from Quebec. For full particulars apply to

W. W. WATSON,
39 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.



The above is a cut of the Dupont championship trophy and is an exceptionally handsome piece of work. This was won last year by Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, also winner of the E. C. Powder cup, and this year by Rollo Heickes, of Dayton, Ohio. If the different powder companies keep on offering such prizes as they have been doing, other sports will be left in the shade. This cup is shot for each year at Cincinnati, Ohio, and becomes the property of winner for one year. We hear of other parties going to offer cups and if such is the case there will be soon enough for each shooter to have one. However, all this goes to encourage shooting among the better shots, but what we need is something that will bring out and develop new material. A new face among the shooters at any tournament is a rare sight, and sometimes sets the "old boys" a-guessing.

Salmon Fishing

To Let, from July 1st, for two rods, on Grand Cascapedia River, Quebec. The most famous and accessible river in all Canada. The sport this season has been superb. Largest run of fish for years.

CASCAPEDIA, this Office.

Is It Right or Wrong to Shoot Live Birds from Traps?

The question has often been asked, "Is it right to shoot live pigeons?" The writer has taken the trouble to talk with different ones in regard to the matter and finds that eight out of every ten shooters advocate the use of clay birds only. Stop to think for a moment just what the sport consists of, taking a bird which is of no mean beauty and in no sense objectionable and putting it in a trap, then giving a shooter about thirty yards distance to stand; after the shooter is ready, with his gun at his shoulder, he calls out "pull," and the bird is set at liberty; then, at the instant the bird leaves the ground, if only for a second, the shooter fires, and if he does not kill with the first barrel he has the right to use the second. What show has the bird? About three birds out of ten are killed instantly, the rest are wounded and have to have their necks wrung. Why not take such a bird as the crow, which is better dead than alive, and use them in place of pigeons. Then there is no closed season in shooting birds from the traps, which is certainly wrong. Why should that be allowed by the state authorities?

The question has been asked, "What is the difference between field shooting and trap shooting?" The difference is this: In field shooting the bird has a better chance for his life than the shooter has chances of killing it, while in trap shooting the bird has really no chance at all. Live bird shooting can really be classed with bull fights and is more brutal than a dog fight. When a man with modern and improved weapons starts out to kill a dumb animal or bird he is the stronger, while the animal or bird has only its wits to defend itself with.

Now, there is another question about live bird shooting in connection with clubs. It is admitted by all that a club shooting live birds is very apt to have its shooting membership fall off. Why? Because it is so very expensive that the ordinary shooter can't afford to keep it up. It costs a shooter as much in one hour to shoot live birds as it does for an all day's shooting at clay birds. Clubs in smaller cities feel this probably more than those in the larger ones. This fact has shown itself very strongly since the hard times have been with us, and a good many clubs have brought this matter up before their meetings, and we hope they will one and all decide to do away with it. If anyone wants to shoot live birds and can afford it let him stock the woods and fields and shoot according to law and in a true sportsmanlike manner. The American Angler and Field Sportsman would be glad to have this matter discussed through its columns.

Toledo as an Angling Resort.

In referring to an article written for the American Angler by Mr. John E. Gunckel, of Toledo, the *Commercial*, of that city, states that anglers at all seasons of the year may enjoy as fine sport in the vicinity of Toledo as in any other reasonably accessible locality of this country. People go to Florida to catch tarpon, and are rewarded with one mammoth fish for the expenses and the labor of a month. They visit the lakes of Northern Michigan or Minnesota, and if they have a week of leisure they may get one day of good sport. Or, following their usual capricious freaks in those inland lakes, the fish may sulk for weeks and never reward the angler with a single bite.

The waters of the vicinity of Toledo once abounded with all kinds of game fish. They were more abundant here than elsewhere on the American continent. After a careful examination of these waters, including the Maumee River, Maumee Bay, Ten-Mile Creek, and the marshes adjacent to the bay, an expert of the fisheries department of the national government at Washington pronounces the opinion that they are the most superior in the world for the abundant propagation of all manner of food and game fishes.

Toledo may be made one of the most attractive angling resorts in the country, and, thanks to the efforts of Commodore Gunckel and other writers, the fame of the waters of this vicinity for that kind of sport is beginning to extend all over the country. A writer who has fished in all the accessible waters of the continent, after a week of variated angling on the Maumee Rapids, in Ten-Mile Creek and Maumee Bay, says, that for all-around sport; that for the exciting pleasure of always catching something, and not knowing just what you are going to catch; for being constantly employed in taking a string of a dozen kinds of fish; for the ever-changing scenery of land and water, of green islands, of forest-clad mainlands, of marshes like floating gardens, in which is blooming the most beautiful flowers ever seen;

of pure air that gives life and health and the appetite of a horse, the angling waters of the vicinity of Toledo lead the world.

Favored by the ice, which prevented the fishermen from getting in their nets early in the Spring, and by the currents of surface water flowing down the streams, as much as the enforcement of the laws in Michigan, the fish of Lake Erie have again come back to their old summer haunts at this end of the lake. They are more numerous in the waters and the catches of the angler larger than they have been before for the past eighteen years. With a reasonable enforcement of the laws that already exist, and better ones in the future, with the destructive gill nets driven from Maumee Bay, as they are now and will be in the future; with all inland streams kept clear of nets, the waters of the vicinity of Toledo will become famous angling resorts, drawing to this city thousands of people who spend their money freely.

Fixtures.

[Secretaries of clubs are requested to send in notices of meetings and shoots.]

JULY.

July 1—FORT GARRY, Man.—Annual Manitoba championship tournament.

July 2-4—SHREVEPORT, La.—Shreveport Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

July 3-4—DALLAS, Tex.—North Texas Gun Club League tournament.

July 3-4—ELMWOOD, Ind.—Elmwood Gun Club tournament.

July 4—BURLINGTON, Io.—American Field Handicap Trophy contest and tournament.

July 4—MT. KISCO, N. Y.—Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

July 4.—HUDSON, Wis.—McGinnis-Hawkeye live bird match, at 10 o'clock a. m.

July 4—WEEPING WATER, Neb.—Weeping Water Gun Club tournament.

July 4—LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's third annual championship contest.

July 4—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4—GREGORY'S POINT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Taromake Gun Club targets. W. E. S. Capron, secretary.

July 4—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, secretary.

July 4-5—WANWATOSA, Wis.—Wisconsin Gun Club tournament.

July 4-7—CINCINNATI, Ohio—Tournament of the Shooters' Federation of Ohio, at Oakley Park. Inanimate targets, open to all.

July 8—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Deiter-Gilbert match, for the Du Pont smokeless powder championship trophy, National Park, 11 o'clock a. m.

July 10-11—BRAINERD, Minn.—Brainerd Gun Club's tournament.

July 11 and 18—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

July 20—AUGT-SPA, Belgium—International pigeon matches. 1,800 francs in prizes. Shooters may enter by becoming members of the club, at no expense.

July 21-22—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsman's Association. $165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. J. J. Sumple, secretary.

July 22-23—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 22-24—LAFAYETTE, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club tournament.

July 25-26—HOLLAND, Mich.—Michigan Trap Shooters' League tournament.

July 29-30—CORTON, Ill.—Corton Shooting Club's annual tournament.

July 29-30—WORCESTER, Mass.—A. W. Wall's tournament.

July 30-31—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

AUGUST.

Aug. 1, 15, 29—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

Aug. 4-6—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Manager.

Aug. 11-14—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details.

Aug. 19-20—WARSAW, Ind.—Third annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 2-4—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Auduborn Park; targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager,

Sept. 7—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, secretary.

Sept. 8-11—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 12, 26—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

Sept. 15-17—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s tournament. $750 added money.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 6-8—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club, for amateurs only; pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, secretary.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

Oct. (second week)—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, secretary.

1897.

March 23-25—NEW YORK CITY—The Interstate Association's fifth annual grand American handicap at live birds.

June (third week)—CLEVELAND, Ohio—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company.

Summer Time Table on the West Shore Railroad.

The West Shore Railroad Summer schedule went into effect Sunday, June 28th. There will be many important changes and additions. The through car service between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Jersey City and Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and Lake George, will go into effect on that date.

There will be many improvements in the local service, and the time of several through trains has been greatly reduced.

The Catskill Mountain Express, which leaves New York at 10:45 a. m., will hereafter be known as the "Rip Van Winkle Flyer." Both the time and service of this train has been greatly improved.

The Saturday Half-Holiday Express will leave New York at 1:00 p. m., and reaches the principal Catskill Mountain points in time for supper.

There has also been added a sleeping car, which will leave New York on the 3:15 a. m. train, reaching the Catskill Mountains in time for breakfast Sunday morning; the sleeper can be entered at 9:00 p. m. Saturday night.

A return train will leave Catskill Mountain points late Sunday night, arriving in New York early Monday morning in time for business. This train will be appreciated and considered a great accommodation by business men who cannot leave New York early on Saturday afternoon, permitting them to spend Sunday with their families in the Catskill Mountains.

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SUMMER HOMES AND TOURS. A beautifully illustrated book, containing a list of over 3,000 hotels and boarding houses along the Hudson, in the Catskill Mountains and Northern New York. Send eight cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, General Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore Railroad, 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.

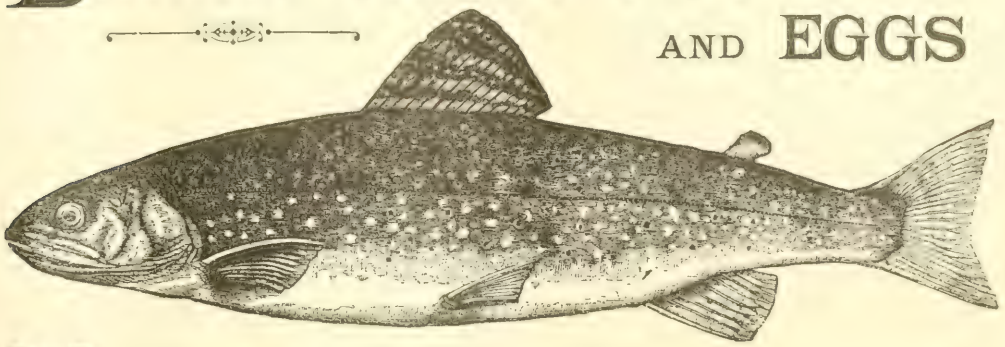
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A delightful and breezy account of this celebrated artist's trip to the "Land of the Midnight Sun." The book is not only an invaluable guide to those contemplating a trip to Norway, but is so full of life studies of the country and its people that with its vivid illustrations affords an afternoon or evening of enjoyment next only to the trip itself. Most books of travel are rather dry, and the illustrations commonplace; in this case, however, the author has overcome both objections. The reading matter is entertaining, and the illustrations much superior to those ordinarily found in such works.

BROOK TROUT FRY AND EGGS



We have for sale in their season Brook Trout Eggs and Young Fry, also yearlings and half-pound trout for stocking streams and ponds. We have been unable to fill all our orders for yearlings this season, but having now increased our facilities we expect to be able to furnish yearlings in quantities to suit customers.

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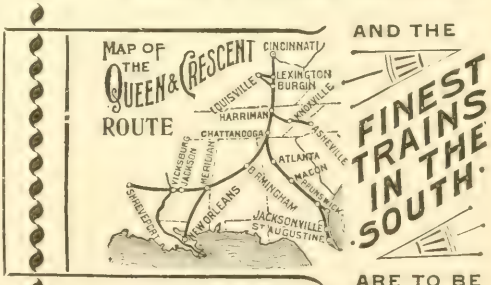
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF FISHING AND SHOOTING.

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

FRONTISPIECE—FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI. 252
FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI. Illustrated. *F. C. Richl* 253
EXPERIENCES OF CHICAGO SPORTSMEN IN A NEW HUNTER'S PARADISE. Illustrated. *E. Granville* 257
THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA. Illustrated. . . . *Wm. C. Harris* 260
A WEEK IN THE CORNWALL MOUNTAINS. Illustrated. . . *Lyon* 264
AT COTTAM'S MILL. Verse *J. T. Hopkins* 266
FISH AND FISHING IN LAKE CHATAUQUA, N.Y. . *F. W. Chency* 268
FISHING IN TEXAS. 271
THE ANGLER'S GRAVE. *Thomas D. Stoddard* 276
AFTER THE WOODCHUCK. 277
CURRENT TOPICS. 284
ROSE SYSTEM IN TRAP SHOOTING. 286
SHADOWS. Verse. 287

NOTES AND QUERIES. 288
Lake Winnebago, Michigan—A Large Black Bass Score—Fishing at Barnegat Bay, N. J.—Big Salmon Score—Fishing and Shooting Fixtures.

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FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI—See page 254.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. AUGUST, 1896. No. 8.

FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY F. C. RIEHL.

It is all very nice and fascinating for us here in the Mississippi Valley to read in the AMERICAN ANGLER the stories of wonderful catches with fancy flies in the trout streams of the mountains, and delightful sport in the famous lakes or upon the Atlantic coast; but, to many, if not most of us, this comes as a far-off echo, or dreams, that may never be realized. We dwell in a region where we have only the fish of slow, sluggish waters, that are always more or less polluted from the alluvial deposits of the vast basin that they drain, and from the great cities, which, at frequent intervals, stud the banks of these rivers. We are ignorant of the pleasures of fly-fishing, because none of the finny denizens of these waters are sufficiently impetuous or hungry to go for such a lure. When we make our bravest effort, we supply a pail of live minnows, but oftener catch the festive grasshopper upon the bank, or impale the wriggling angle worm. And yet, oh ye of the trout pool and salmon spray, we manage to while away many a pleasant hour in sports piscatorial, and the votaries of this royal pastime are perhaps as numerous here as in most any other part of the civilized world. This may seem ludicrous, if not impossible, to you, but if you will listen, and accompany me for a little while, I will try to prove my assertion.

Let us, first of all, enter into the spirit of the thing, and to be able to do this you must understand our situation and surroundings. We are in the city of Alton, the oldest city of importance West of the Ohio Line. We are employed in one of the local professions, and our vacations are limited to a very few days in the year, principally the national holidays. It is the eve of May 30. To-morrow is Memorial Day, and we are free for thirty-six hours.

One of the finest fleets of power yachts in the land has its home here, and we are so fortunate as to be of a party which is to go in one of these, eight miles up the Mississippi to the rendezvous of the Nessmuk Club, an island of over 300 acres that is still covered with the primæval forest and which this club of local sportsmen has taken precaution to save from the devastion of civilization. We are to leave at 6 o'clock. The larder has been stocked for four meals in the woods. It includes a little coffee, sugar, highland cream, two pounds of butter, six loaves of bread, two pounds of lard, a peck of onions, and the same measure of potatoes, some breakfast bacon, two dozen lemons, 100 pounds of ice, a pint of corn meal, salt and pepper, and one fry of fresh steak. All other fare must be foraged for. Fastidious individuals may add something to this list, but it is not allowed to go in with the club outfit, and they

must be responsible for it. There are eight men in the party, tired, world-worn like ourselves, but all jolly good fellows and happy as dogs in anticipation of their outing. The equipment includes two ordinary tents, two bales of good straw for bedding, half a dozen light rifles, a trap and blue rocks and breech-loading shot guns, one or more fishing outfits for each man, and perhaps three hundred live minnows.

The word is given, the man at the wheel rings for power, and the trim little craft first backs gently out from the levee and glides off up the river, past and out of the dust and smoke of the city, into the silver and gold sheen of sunset and the green of the shores ahead. The soft river breeze springs up with the motion of the boat, and like a fairy hand smoothes the wrinkle from the brow. The world and its cares are forgotten, and the man of affairs is, to all intents and purposes, the glad, free being that he aspires to imitate in the name that he has chosen to be called by for the nonce. With a current running four miles per hour, we arrive at our destination, just as the sun disappears behind the western shore-line. The engines are stopped, the boat made fast, and the chief gives the command for all hands to fall in and make camp. Each brave goes to his appointed duty, and in what would seem, to the novice, an incredible short time, the tents are pitched, and one equipped for sleeping accommodations and the other for eating and living during the day, while two bright fires, springing up in front, drive back the dews and insect pests of these low lands in summer. I will add that, right here is where the mettle of the new-comer to these outings is tested. The man who has been favored with his first invitation to one of these expeditions is mercilessly, though silently scrutinized, by the old veteran during the making and breaking of camp, and if he is inclined to shirk any duty or display, by any of the little things that it is impossible to describe, his unfitness to mix with and become thoroughly identified with the spirit of the occasion, this will probably be his last trip of the kind. His feelings will not be hurt by criticism, he will be made to feel as much at home as possible, but his name will be quietly scratched from the probationary list, and he may subsequently wonder why his invitation has not been renewed. This he will never learn from any member of the club.

But omitting such an unpleasant possibility, the appointed cook at once begins the preparation of supper. Potatoes are baked in a hole in the ground, coffee is prepared, and the fresh meat fried, and within half-an-hour the forest echoes the lusty call to table, the latter consisting of two light pine boards upon trusses, and weighing altogether not ten pounds. It is not necessary for me to tell to any sportsman the profound satisfaction derivable from a meal of this kind in camp. The frugal fare seems more delicious than the most epicurean banquet in a festal hall, and the strong coffee that washes it down is more pleasant to the palate than Cook's Imperial at the city club.

The meal over, dishes, what few there are, are washed, and an evening of mediæval, not to say savage, pleasures, is in order. Pipes are lit and cards introduced, and in the contemplation of the game—just for fun—and the glowing bowl, the subtle train of reminiscent thought is fired, and the Chief tells the first and latest



OUR CAMP.

story he has heard, or invented. Each tale suggests another, and the trumps are turned, and pipes re-lit, and fires poked up, while the waves ripple on the shore, and the far-off labor of the steamboats comes faintly to the ears, until an owl, hooting overhead, inspires some one to look at his watch, and discover it is midnight. Then all roll in, the owl hoots on, and the frogs croak, and the next minute someone awakes to find the sun streaming in from the top of the eastern hill, and all the life of a new day singing its song about him. The commisary goes to the river to "run his line," and shortly returns with two fine channel cat-fish, ready for the frying-pan. He has taken them overnight, without rod or reel, and he knew not when they came to his bait, but there are seven hungry men awaiting breakfast, and not inclined to ask qustions.

At eight o'clock, one or perhaps two, for company, are left to tend camp, while the others man the small boats, take up the submerged minnow buckets and start, one crew for the dike above, and one for the tributary stream on the Illinois shore. The first expect a catch of striped bass, "fiddlers," catfish, jack salmon, and perhaps, an occasional black bass. The latter are going in among the still pools to lure out the wily bass, croppie and sunfish. These may be said to comprise the fish termed game in the waters of this locality. They take the hook often sluggishly, and sometimes, with considerable spirit, but never as the trout or cold water lake-fish do. Nevertheless, their capture is enough gamy to give zest to the pastime, and when the ever-present gar is not too attentive, and the water at the right stage, they may, generally, be taken. We have been fairly successful, and go in at noon with what we consider a fine string, only to find ourselves out-done, both as to numbers and size, by the fellows on the dike. And, but, we will excuse this beat, the stay-at-homes have surprised a couple of dozen of big greenhead croakers back in the lake, and the pan is already wriggling with the gyrations of fresh frogs' legs as we come up. The mid-day feast follows, and is disposed of with a zest and gusto that it is not necessary to describe. After an hour's rest another trip is made to the fishing places, and the morning's catch duplicated. Had the fish failed to bite we should probably have gone foraging in some rural barnyard, and the guns at trap and target would have afforded ample pastime ; but they were not needed, and will be ready for another time. After a sun-down supper the camp is broken up, repacked on board the yacht, and the start made for home in the cool of a perfect evening. It has been, by common consent, a royal outing ; not expensive nor stylish, but like unto the life of the races who flourished and grew to marvellous old age in these regions, and whose bones repose in the furrowed fields that furnish the produce to support the busy, buzzing mart of trade of which we are a part. We shall go soon again. Would you like to accompany us, reader? You are welcome to come and undergo the woodsman's test of fitness. The river is big and deep, and there are plenty of fish uncaught, and room enough for all.

EXPERIENCES OF CHICAGO SPORTSMEN IN A NEW HUNTER'S PARADISE.

BY E. GRANVILLE.

In the pine woods of Michigan, 360 miles northwest of Chicago, on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, is the small village called Watersmeet. And it is justly so named, for it is completely surrounded by waters alive with game fish. Each season the fishing seems to improve, and is ample proof that the Fish Commissioners of Michigan are doing a great work, as the fish food supply not only affords fine sport and recreation for many anglers, but also supplies many farmers with delicious food. Brook-trout fishing can be enjoyed to the heart's content, as a dozen trout streams flow near the village.

The Ontonagon River is within ten minutes' walk of town, and for three miles it affords sport enough to suit any angler. We camped on this stream, about two miles from Watersmeet, and the cook caught enough trout from two pools ten yards from camp to supply four hungry anglers. The trout run from six to fourteen inches in length, but that applies to day fishing. At night, when the largest trout feed, trout weighing from one to two pounds can be caught, and, although I have met many anglers for trout who considered themselves experts, very few of them seemed to know anything about the habits of large trout.

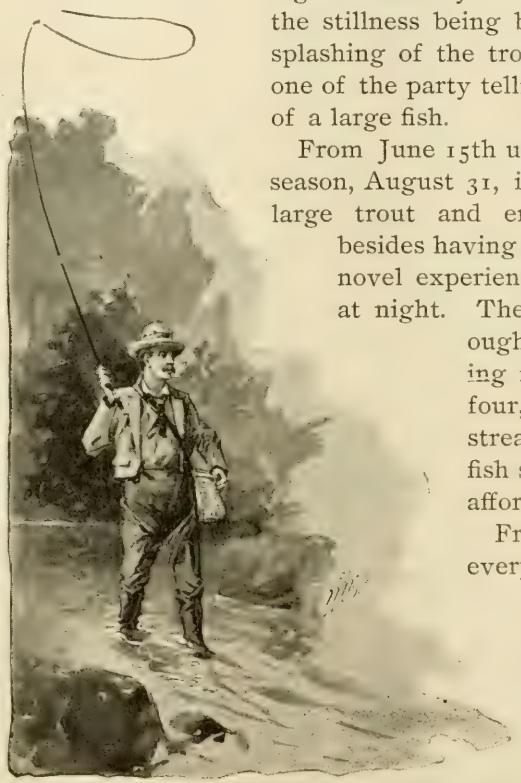
During the day, when the sun shines bright, the largest trout do very little feeding, but are content to hide, and if you will approach the river cautiously and watch the deepest pools carefully hundreds of large trout can be seen close to the bottom of the stream, yet no bait will tempt them to bite, unless the day is very dark and cloudy. But as the daylight fades, and darkness steals over the waters, these large trout commence to stir about, and they swim out of the deep pools and from under sheltering logs and projecting banks of the stream and hunt for their supper. Under cover of darkness they move swiftly about, swimming up on to the shallow rapids, where they capture the small chubs and trout. A trout weighing one-half pound is a great destroyer of small trout, and should be taken from any stream.

During the day, when the shining sun casts shadows, the small trout were captured by using a small fly, and a six-inch trout is just right to fry, but the fly caster for trout would prefer to hook and fight one large trout than a dozen small ones. So we took a long nap during the afternoon, and with a lunch and lantern, started out at 7 p. m. for a night with the large trout.

Each man selects a spot at the head of a long reach of rapid running water, which culminates in a deep pool, and if the pool has fallen trees and thick foliage hanging over it, so much the better, as the more dense the foliage the better shelter is afforded, and more trout will gather in the pools. In one long, deep pool, where several large trees had fallen across the stream, affording a great hiding place for these cunning fishes, we cast our flies repeatedly over the pool, without a sign of a fish appearing, but it being about two o'clock in the afternoon the sun cast a shadow even from the thinnest leaders,

and the large trout would not respond to our efforts. But we had great sport after dark, and took many large trout, often hooking them within ten feet of where we stood.

Standing at the head of the riffles, just where the water begins to turn deep, we cast our flies gently down stream, using a small white miller fly, tied to an eight-foot leader. Allowing the fly to settle gently upon the water, we held the rod at an angle of about thirty degrees and drew the fly slowly over the surface of the water toward us. The largest trout would take the fly very gently, an almost imperceptible tug at the hook notifying us that we had a bite, but as soon as this slight tug is felt one must give a quick jerk at the wrist, thus holding the fish. However gently a large trout takes the fly at night, the instant he feels the prick of the hook fights desperately, and must be played very carefully and patiently, or he will escape.



I took twenty-one large trout from one riffle and never moved from my tracks, some of the largest trout taking the fly within five feet of where I stood. After dark the mosquitos stop biting and a moonlight night is best; if the moon shines, wait until it is almost out of sight behind trees or a high bank, when the fish begin to feed again.

Last night, at eight o'clock, just as the darkness set in, the trout commenced to jump, and it was a great experience; the moon was partly hidden behind clouds, and yet a peculiar light shone upon the water, reflected from the sky. The tall pines cast shadows upon the surface of the stream, and the night was very calm and beautiful, the stillness being broken only by the splashing of the trout or a shout from one of the party telling of the hooking of a large fish.

From June 15th until the end of the season, August 31, if one would catch large trout and enjoy great sport, besides having an interesting and novel experience, go trout fishing at night. The best way to thoroughly enjoy trout fishing is to get a party of four, tent on some good stream, and two can fish side by side, which affords good company.

From Watersmeet, in every direction the country is broken up and actually crowded with lakes and trout streams. The east branch of the Ontonagon River flows from Crooked Lake, and crosses the railroad track three times between Crooked Lake and Watersmeet, and one can run out of town about fourteen miles by the morning train, fish all day, and return to town by the evening train. The river is about thirty feet wide, and affords bait or fly fishing, but always fish with flies if possible, as it is more artistic and is the acme of

trout fishing. I have fished this stream often by taking the early train from Watersmeet, getting off three miles from the station, and waded the stream all day, never being out of sight of the railroad. Duck Creek flows through the town, and we fished this stream for six miles, with better success than we expected to have, as it was fished more than any other stream, being so near the town.

Fourteen miles from Watersmeet is Tamarack River, which flows in and out at Tamarack Lake, and we took some trout from this stream that puzzled us, as they were a very light color, like silver, with purple spots running almost down to the tails. Paint River is fourteen miles from Watersmeet, and the ten hours we put in on this stream gave us twenty pounds of trout. Crooked Lake is six miles from town, and the water is cold and deep, and we took bass and brook trout from its waters. The beach of this lake is very beautiful in places, being wide and composed of hard, white sand, and in the morning many deer tracks cut up the smooth, sloping beach.

One hundred bass in two days' fishing was our catch in Crooked Lake. Clark Lake lies about twenty rods southwest of Crooked Lake, and the beach is even more beautiful than that of Crooked Lake. A short distance beyond Clark Lake is the Lake of a Thousand Islands, and from this lake a number of lakes can be reached by boat, which afford good fishing for bass, muskalonge, pike, salmon and brook trout. The best branch of the Paint River flows near the railroad track at Elmwood, not far from Watersmeet, and we found the fishing very good at this point. At Stager, a small station on the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, the Brule River can be reached, and good camping is afforded by using a lumber camp near the river, which flows near the station. No hotels or boarding places exist here, and we took one hundred pounds of trout in four days' fishing on the Brule River.



THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 230.)

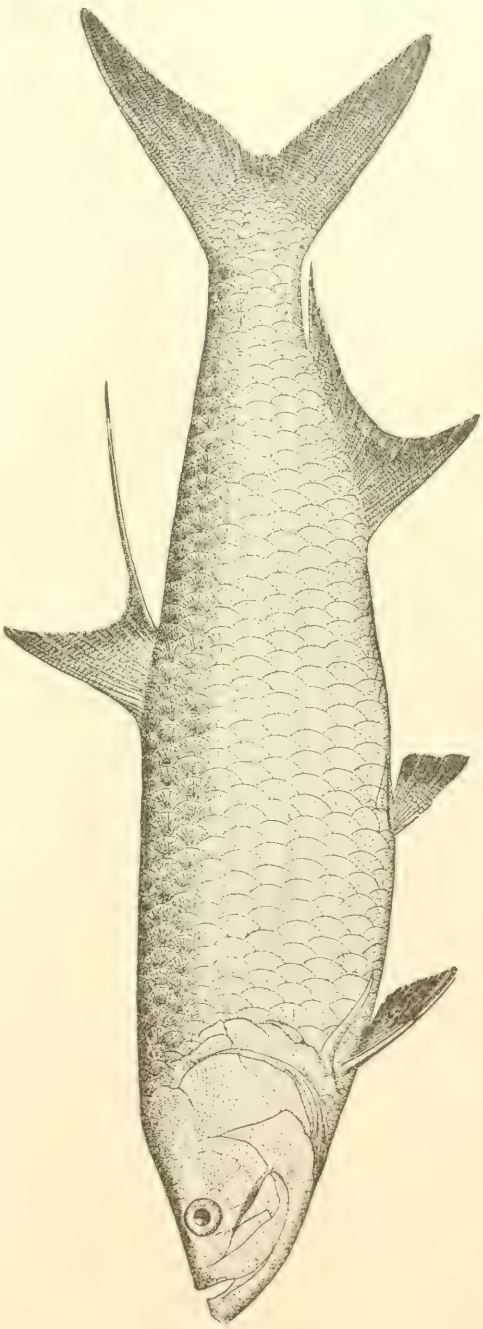
In this family, *Elopidæ—Elops*, a Greek word, signifying the "name of some sea-fish"—are included the tarpons and the big-eyed herring, *Elops saurus*, to which reference has been made under the chapter-caption of "The Bonefish or Ladyfish," accompanied by a drawing of the same. It will be seen that one of the most characteristic features in this fish is its large and brilliant eye. It has an elongated body, the caudal peduncle being unusually long, and the tail-fin deeply forked; the rays number twenty in the dorsal and thirteen in the anal fin. The scales are very small, none on the head, and the number along the lateral line (120) will serve, on sight, to distinguish it from the true bonefish, *Albula vulpes* (see illustration, page 226), which has an average of only seventy scales on the lateral line. Another peculiar formation serves to distinguish *E. saurus* from the last-named fish—a series of membranous sheaths developed at bases of fins and on other parts of the body. It will also be seen that the gular plate (a bony plate situated on the upper fore neck) is very long and narrow, about three times as long as it is broad. This fish has a very wide distribution, being found in all warm seas, and is very abundant in the gulf of Mexico, along the east cost of Florida and Texas, and in all tropical waters. It is a straggler north of the Chesapeke, and only found there in the depths of summer.

The big-eyed herring has a wealth of popular names—ten-pounder, John Mariggle, ladyfish, bonyfish, Matajuelo Real, chiro, Lisa Francisca, silverfish, silver-shuttle, and horse-mackerel. It is a bottom as well as surface feeder, and when land-breezes prevail, causing the shore-water to be free from floating sand, they come into the inlets or passes of the Florida coast in immense shoals, and at such times will take a surface-lure, artificial or natural, with ferocious greed. I caught, some Winters ago, seventy-five on Jock Scott flies tied on No. 4 hooks, during the last half of a flood-tide, and could have doubled the score had I been so inclined. From my own experience, it affords more sport than any other fish of its size on the Florida coasts. No sooner is it hooked than it begins to throw itself from the water in successive and lofty leaps, then darting round and round the boat, under it and over it until exhausted, or until it escapes by casting out the hook, or cutting the line with its sharp labials. In fact, it seems to do most of its acrobatic feats on the tip of its tail. No Reynard of the field ever doubled, leaped and skipped to the dogs in better fashion.

The big-eyed herring is esteemed as a table-fish in Bermuda, and in some sections of Florida; the quantity of small bones in its body has created a prejudice, as they do toward all other fishes except the shad, as to its edible qualities, but when cooked fresh from the water, it has a pleasant taste, superior, I think, to the pond-pickerel of our northern waters. It is said to grow to a weight of ten pounds, but I have

never seen one that was over five pounds, and the average of those caught on the coasts of Florida will certainly not exceed two pounds.

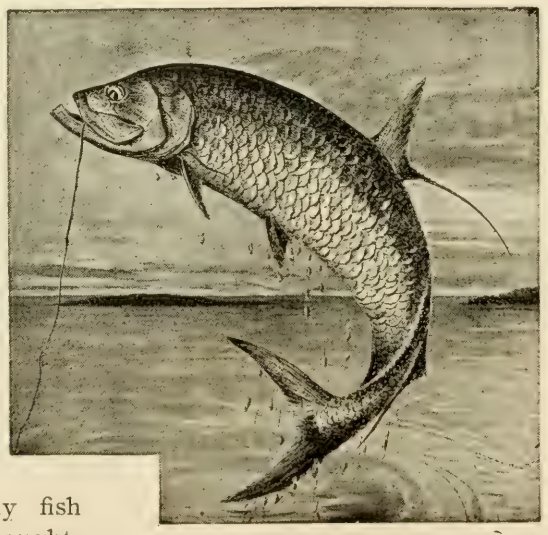
The tarpon or tarpum, *Tarpon atlanticus*, is the typical representative of the big-eyed herrings. It is the largest of our so-called game-fishes taken on rod and line, and, with the exception of the jewfish, or warsaw, and the sawfish, the heaviest fish ever killed on the rod. The angler will find no difficulty in identifying this fish, as there exists no other of its size in sub-tropical waters with which it might be confused. The long filamentous last ray of the dorsal fin will serve as a signal mark at once, as this formation does not exist in any other fishes except the gizzard-shad or hickory-shad, and in the thread-herring, which, although sometimes found in the same waters as the tarpon, seldom exceed a length of twelve inches. The scale upon the tarpon is another distinguishing mark; it is very large, and I have one in my possession which is nearly three inches in breadth. The outer or exposed portion of each scale is covered with a rich, silvery epidermis, and they are highly prized for fancy-work by the curiosity-shop keepers in Florida, who, it is said, pay about fifty cents per dozen for them, and retail them for twenty-five cents a-piece. Little is known of the habits of the tarpon. In the St. John's river, Florida, they appear in June and leave in October, and it is thought they follow the coast-line southward and winter in the lower Florida Keys. In many of the streams of southwest Florida they are said, by the natives and others, to be residents, and do not visit the lower or briny portions of the streams. I observed them frequently in March, 1895, entering the waters of the passes



THE TARPON (*Tarpon atlanticus*).

on the first of the flood-tide, returning to the Gulf during the ebb. At such times it is difficult to capture them on the rod, particularly at or near the mouths of passes, for when hooked they persistently rush for the deeper waters of the Gulf, which must be smooth to tempt the angler to venture far from the beach. Mr. Chas. A. Dean, an observant and accomplished angler, wrote me in 1892:

"The theory has prevailed in Florida that in cold weather, when the temperature of the water is lowered, the tarpon go out into deep Gulf waters, but my experience this January (1892), convinces me to the contrary. When no fish could be seen or found near the Gulf, it was in deep pools of brackish water, where the fresh water from the river mixes with the tide, that my fish were mostly caught. The water in the rivers is warmer than in the salt bays or passes. Florida rivers run between banks covered with trees and high grass; the sun heats the water and the cold winds do not reach it. My theory is that the tarpon stay in these places, near salt water, until the latter gets warm, and then they run out and scatter. Some, at least, stay in the large rivers all winter, to my knowledge, and if any winter in the Gulf, it cannot be verified by the tarpon-angler."

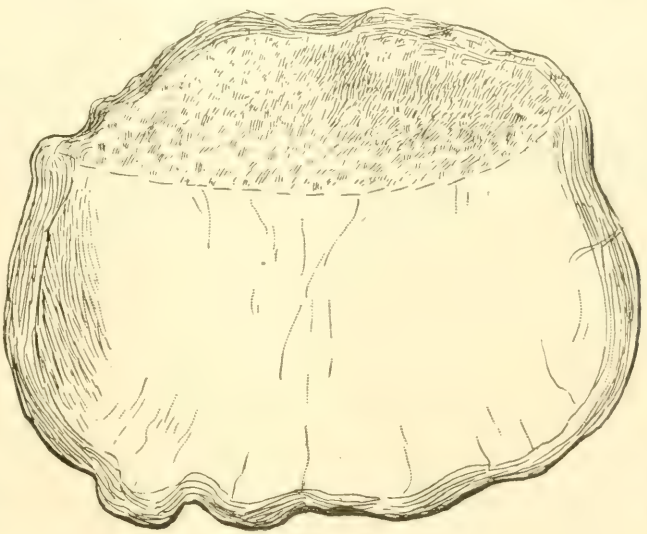


THE LEAP OF THE TARPON.

The tarpon, true to the purer instincts of the nobler game-fishes, delights in the sparkling spring-waters whence many of the rivers of Florida have their sources, and I have been told that many of these fish remain in the springs during the entire winter. The range of the tarpon is from the West Indies northward, occasionally straggling to the New England coast, several specimens having been taken by nets in Long Island Sound and from the ocean at or near Coney Island.

In some of the streams of the southwest coast of Florida there are broad and shallow reaches of water, the bottom being covered with a dense growth of grass. The tarpon enter the grass and approach the shore as closely as possible without exposing their backs, their object being apparently to bask in the sunshine. If a boat should approach close enough to disturb them, they rush for the deep water with lightning-like rapidity. When in deeper water they do not take fright easily, as I have stood on the beach at Gordon's Pass and observed them feeding within twenty feet of my position, rolling out of the water much like a porpoise when leisurely feeding. At other times I have observed the tarpon sportively leaping into the air as if in play, very similar to the actions of a shoal of black bass, who appear now and then to take

an outing unto themselves when the gloaming comes on. At such times these fish are indifferent to lures of any kind. Should one of either species, however, be hooked and held, others of their ilk seem to be attracted, the tarpon rising to the surface and showing their resplendent backs. A black bass will seize the disengaged fly, particularly if it be the end one, and the angler is always sure of making a double catch of bronze-backers, if the one that is first hooked is allowed to surge around for a brief period. The above-described trait of the tarpon has been observed by many anglers at Fort Myers, Fla.



TARPON SCALE (NATURAL SIZE).
Taken from a fish weighing 168 lbs.

The tarpon is said to spawn in the latter part of May, and to continue in the act until June 15th, but we have no definite knowledge of its habits in this respect. Baby tarpon of one and a half pounds have been taken with the artificial fly, but their age, when of this size, is only conjectural. At certain seasons this fish is more resplendent in coloration than at others, which analogically would indicate the approach of the spawning season, were it not that the tarpon, when "fresh-run" from the ocean, like the salmon in more northern seas, has a brilliancy of color-tints which fade when the fish reaches the shallows of the bays and the fresh water of the spring-fed streams. In June they sometimes gather in great shoals, often numbering two to three hundred, and are then seen sculling leisurely around and around with their high top-gallant dorsal rays sticking out of the water. When thus acting they present every appearance of a shoal of fishes in the act of spawning; the mullet of Florida and doubtless other species when spawning, swim in concentric circles.

The sailor's name for this fish, by which it is also known at Key West, Bermuda, Brunswick, Georgia and elsewhere, is tarpum. In Georgia and in some parts of Florida, it is called the jewfish, a confusing local name which is duplicated in the case of the big perch-like "jewfish," found in the same waters as the tarpon. It is the *grande-ecaille* (large-scale) or "gran-dy-kye," as it is sometimes spelled and pronounced, and the "savanilla" of Texas. Mr. S. C. Clarke, of Marietta, Ga., claims that this fish should be called the "tarpom," and gave his reasons therefor in a letter to the AMERICAN ANGLER, in 1884. He wrote:

"I write the name of this fish with a final 'm,' 'tarpom,' because the earliest writers on the fishes of Florida, Romans, for instance, so spelled the name."



A WEEK IN THE CORNWALL MOUNTAINS.

BY LYON.

All Winter we had been talking about going camping in the Summer. At last the opportunity came, and, after a month's preparation, we started on Monday morning, June 29th, at 5 o'clock, from Cornwall. There were nine in the party, all ready for a week's "roughing it" in the Cornwall Mountains. We drove up the mountain in a large open wagon, and as we ascended, looking back, the view was beautiful. We could see the Catskill and Fishkill Mountains and Newburgh Bay. It was a glorious sight, at that time in the morning. After getting to the top of the road, we passed around old "Storm King" and "Cro' Nest," and then had a view of West Point from the mountain top. At the Point everything was hustle, as the commencement exercises were to begin the next day. The weather was delightful, but hot. We continued on until we reached camp, about twelve o'clock. The only excitement was a snake, which was killed by "Dec." On the arrival at camp, we were met by "Dick" and "Little Billie," who had gone ahead the day before to get the camp ready. The first thing was a raid on the wagon for "grub," as the ride had given most of us a pretty good appetite. We tackled this meal without much ceremony. After this was over, then the fun commenced getting camp ready, the boys putting up tents and getting wood, digging trenches, etc., the girls making beds, unpacking dishes, provisions,

and doing little odd jobs that only girls can do. Many hands made light work, and the camp was put in order in a very short time. Then we all rested until time for supper, after which the boys hustled for wood and water and the girls got out the provisions, and we had our second meal in camp. After the dishes were washed and we had cleaned up, then came an evening of fun around a large camp-fire, which you will see by the photo: "On the Lake." "Dick" had his cornet and "Dec" had brought his banjo, and songs and laughter rang on the lake. It had been many a long day since old "Popolopen's Pond" has seen such a merry party. Chick and Grimsey being sisters, and Eva and Mable being sisters, Pudge had her hands full looking after the crowd, as no one knew what was going to happen. Tuesday we awoke in our tents, and the first thing we thought of was to find water and wood. After this was done, and the girls were busy preparing breakfast, the boys took a plunge in the lake, and then Pudge announced breakfast. The girls were evidently old hands at cooking. The coffee was "out of sight." In a very short time after breakfast was over, and dishes washed, beds made and camp cleaned up, we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, which we did. Rowing, swinging, walking and shooting were the main enjoyments. This we kept up all the time we had to spare when camp duties did not interfere with us. Each evening we would start the camp-fire going, and, long after we had gone to bed, the reflection of the light would shine through the tents. As to sleep, we got very little, as the girls had so much to talk about after they had gone to bed that the whole camp was kept awake. Even our chaperon, Pudge, could not stop their talk. On Thursday our party was reduced, as "Ella," "Chick" and "Grimsey" had to leave. We had a big lay-out for lunch—lobster, cold tongue, and everything that you usually find at



a camp. We rowed the girls across the lake, and there the wagon met them and drove them back to Cornwall. This was the first break we had. Friday afternoon we varied the sport by having a little combat in the water between "Dec" and "Dick." As yet, it has not been decided who won. The next morning was spent in "knocking" tents and packing up to go home. As we had lost three of the girls on Thursday, it made just so much more work for the rest. We had our last dinner, and got rid of all the provisions that were left. We started by wagon for home, and reached there in a reasonable time, after having spent one of the best kind of times for a week. "Little Billie's" sisters having to go on Thursday, he went home by himself. "Dec," having no relative, looked around for some other fellow's sister to go with him, but finally took shelter under "Pudge's" motherly wings. "Dick" took his sisters, Eva and Mable, home all sun-burnt and tired. The whole party looked better and felt better for their outing, and are already talking about another trip next June.

AT COTTAM'S MILL.

BY J. T. HOPKINS.

There is a road through Kempff,
A lonely by-way, seldom sought.
One which the fathers toiled to make;
For good or bad not changed a whit
Since, long ago, they trod it last.
So rough it is, and tortuous,
That scarce a vehicle may move
Along its jagged, rocky course,
And stand the trying strain.

If on the map one looks—
Will scan it over, thoroughly,
In seeking out that village, old—
No end of dots for towns he'll find,
But never inky speck for Kempff.
Men tell that he the tracing made—
The skillful, deft topographer—
Found life too short to note the spot
Before he aged had died.

But that's not here nor there;
For Kempff is but the turning point
Where forks the wild, laborious trail
That brings anon to Cottam's mill
On Clearing Creek. A sinuous stream
That leaves the feet of craggy cliffs,
And flows from shadowy pool to pool—
Deep down between the widened shoals
Whose fissured beds are stone.

Of fancy's dreamy cloth
Are many filmy stories made
To charm the eager-hearing ear
Of willing listeners slow to doubt.
Those cunning tales that disappoint.
But he who reaches Cottam's mill,
The tedious pilgrimage will make
To Clearing Creek; a glimpse will have
Of earth's best loveliness.

A nook where quiet reigns,
Where recreation quickly heals.
A place whose tame environment
Repels the gayer multitude;
Attracts and satisfies the few
Whose preference and choice would be
To shun the haunts where folly reigns—
Where hollowness and mimicry
Prevail but to deceive.

The angler there may note
Those signs which make it plain to him
When first he views the charming spot,
That he had not his jaunt in vain.
And when the eddying swirl he whips,
From shielding bush, with luring fly;
He feels the quick responsive strike—
A fight begun to fiercely wage,
The weaker one to yield.

No respite need there be,
Satiety may not impose;
No tiresome waits to disconcert—
The fisher's patience fret and try.
A pure, unbroken pleasure holds
To satisfy the sanguine wish
So often unfulfilled before.
Seek ye the angler's paradise!
Look not elsewhere to find.

But go not there in spring,
When freshets bring a turbid flood—
The early rains their volume pour.
Go when the autumn paints the wood—
When late October chills the air;
The crispy frost its whiteness shows,
And shedding trees a carpet spread
Of multi-colored, wasted leaves;
Go then to Cottam's mill.

FISH AND FISHING IN LAKE CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

BY F. W. CHENEY.

It has been some time since anything pertaining to the fish and fishing in Chautauqua Lake has appeared in THE ANGLER. It always interests me to read of the fishing in other localities than our own, and it may interest some reader of THE ANGLER to hear once more from Chautauqua. The fish hatchery here was carried on by the commission again this Spring, but what success they have had the newspaper correspondents have been unable to get any definite idea of, as the men in charge are silent in regard to the work.

The bass fishing did not open up very favorably. The 30th and 31st days of May there was a gale on the lake, and fishing was almost impossible. However, there were a few bass taken on those days. Since then, there has been less caught than in former years, on account of the weather being so warm that the bass have left the bars; that is, most of the large ones. There have been more one-pound fish taken this season than I have ever seen caught in the same length of time.

I was out three days, and caught thirty-nine fish, most of them running from one and a half to two pounds. I captured two that weighed five and a half, and one five pounds respectively. Quite a number of muscalonge have been caught trolling with spoon, but not as many large ones as last June. One was brought into this city yesterday from the lake, and weighed thirty-five pounds, and another of twenty-nine pounds.

There is something strange this Spring about the large mascalonge that have been washed up on the beach, dead. One day, while I was bass fishing, I counted fifteen that were strewn along the shore a distance of about a mile, and not one of them would weigh less than twenty pounds and on up to thirty-five pounds. I measured one that was four feet seven inches. There were no marks on them, no fungus in their gills. They had lain on the shore for some days, in the hot sun, before I saw them. A farmer, who lived near by, saw some of them when they were first washed up, and he informed me that the skin was worn off their noses, and their fins and tails split. This would indicate that they had been in the nets at the hatchery, and had been confined too long. What surprises me is that, after the experience the parties in charge of the hatchery have had in trying to keep muscalonge till they ripened, would not teach them that it can't be done. If you can't get the eggs as soon as you get the fish, you might as well let them go, for they can't be kept in the net over one day without injuring them, for they are not quiet a moment after they are in the pound, but swim around and around the pound, with their noses against the netting, and inside of twenty-four hours they are a raw sore. I learned this by experience the first year the experiment of hatching these fish was tried.

A number were found that Spring on the shore in the same condition as those this Spring, but not near as many, as there was not the number caught. I know it to be a fact that those that were on the shore the first Spring I speak of,

came from the net. They can not be handled too carefully or let go too quickly, after they get into the net, for the health of the fish. I had charge of the hatchery three years, and in that time not a half-dozen fish found dead on the shore came from the net, although people that were skeptical kept watch for them, but were disappointed. This year, people living along the lake, in the vicinity of the nets, tell me that upwards of fifty of these large lunge have floated ashore, and people attribute it to their being squeezed too hard in taking the eggs. One thing certain; they were all large, female fish, no males appearing among the dead. Whether this is the cause of so many dead lunge, I could not say; but it looks like it. The trouble is, some new man is appointed to take charge of the hatchery every season, and they have different ideas, and, among other experiments, try to confine them till they spawn, a thing that can't be done, as they dry up. The only thing that can be done, is to wait until it is time for them to spawn; then put in the nets, catch the fish, and, when a spawner is found, take what eggs come easy, not squeezing them to see how many thousand you can get; but, when one is found that is not ripe, carefully place it outside the pound, and at liberty.

During the last three years, the nets have been set from two to three weeks too early, and a lot of fish caught and handled that is needless, causing them to leave the spawning ground, and, when the proper time comes, they are not there. If they are caught in the net once they seldom, if ever, come back again that season. There is no getting around the fact that, as far as increasing them, the hatchery has been a success; but setting the nets too early, and trying to confine them, is a useless piece of business. Last Fall, there were more lunge taken with live bait than any fall since I can remember. There were in our market, one day last Fall, over seven hundred pounds of muscalonge, and among them were twelve that would weigh from twenty-five to thirty-seven pounds. Nearly every day some amateur or local fisherman would bring in one of these mammoths, and they are just as good eating as the small ones. The dealers dress them now and steak them up, the same as they do halibut. I don't fish as much as I used to, but had a little fun last Fall, catching, in all, about one hundred lunge. Last Fall, one cold, sour day, that no one but a fisherman would have picked out as being a good day, I boarded a trolley car, at 1 p. m., and rode up to Lakewood, where I keep my boat, bait and tackle. I rowed out on to the lake at 1.45, and I cast my bait. Inside of half an hour I landed a ten-pound lunge, and in another hour one of five and a half pounds. It was cold and disagreeable, and I was satisfied with my catch and started back to the dock. When within fifty yards of the dock, I had a strike and saw a swirl, that I knew was made by a big fish. He gorged the minnow at once, and started for deep water. I struck and hooked him. There was a circus for the next fifteen minutes, but he gave in, and I led him up to the boat and knocked him on the head. This one weighed thirty-five pounds. I rowed ashore, and took the street car for home, arriving in the city, after an absence of three hours and fifteen minutes, with three fish, weighing fifty and a half pounds. The next day I fished about the same length of time, and caught two—one of thirty

and a half pounds, and one of eight pounds. But this was uncommon good luck, as far as large ones are concerned. I used to go up nearly every afternoon, and there were but one or two days that I failed to get from one to six muscalonge.

Everybody caught them last Fall. There were a large number caught around the docks at Lakewood. A gentleman from Pittsburg caught one that weighed twenty-seven pounds, near where I caught the thirty-five pound lunge. It was his first fish, and he would not have sold it for $5.00 a pound. In the bay, above Lakewood, thirteen boats were fishing one day, and they caught, in all, sixty-one muscalonge. They would run five to six pounds a-piece. Lakewood is a good place for a stranger to go to fish, as you are sure of getting good boats and the right kind of bait.



A bright August morning, with a soft Gulf breeze rippling the clear water. An unused railway trestle spanning a narrow channel. Four gay fishermen, with plenty of bait. A goodly school of redfish or channel bass in a biting mood beneath. What more could we ask? Yet we were not satisfied. The perch were plentiful, and as adept as usual in stealing bait. Already we had thirty-one spotted fish on the string, so when John McShirley drew out his bare hook and for the fourth time impaled thereon a fat, wriggling, little porgy, only to make food for the ravenous little pests, this discontent broke forth in words:

"Boys, let's go to Cedar bayou, and do some real fishing."

That settled us. We quickly reeled up our lines and clambered into the hard boiled eggs and, headed for the pavilion.

The Iola was ready, so that all we had to do was to notify Fermin and pack up our duds ready to start the next morning. The "we" included Will B——, tender of the jib on our last cruise; Frank, his brother; John McShirley (Mac, for short), and the writer.

Cedar bayou is located at the northern end of St. Joseph's Island, separating it from Matagorda Island. It is a pass similar to Corpus Christi, but about eighty miles further north.

The next morning, escorted by the usual small boy, we all made our way to the pavilion, and took the cat-boat for the Iola's moorings, which were soon reached. Everything went well, and we made an auspicious start, a light, beam wind sending the Iola up the narrow channel at a good rate of speed. As we turned, at the end of the embankment, and headed for Shell Banks, looking back we could see the white sails of two excursion boats, bound for the pass, following us. Fermin carefully examined the sky, looked at the sails, and then remarked:

"Too bad; no more wind until afternoon. Them boats don't get to the pass to-day!"

This prediction gave us some uneasiness, especially as the light wind had shifted and was getting almost dead ahead. However, we reached Shell Banks, a cosy little island at the head of Aransas Bay, rounded it, and pointed our bows at some point so far away over the blue waters of the bay that we could not see it.

Alas and alack! Fermin's prediction was too true. The wind began to fall, and soon died away entirely. We were fortunate in having got out into the bay before the wind failed, for, looking back, we could see the tide carrying the boats behind us back the way they had come.

O, but it was hot; the hottest day I ever experienced on the Texas coast. For two hours the sun poured down upon us as we sweltered on the deck, and not a single flutter of the sails broke the monotony of the calm. We improved the opportunity to get our dinner, and the heat did not in the least affect our appetites. The dishes were washed and stowed away before there was a change. The boats over in the channel were now almost out of sight, for, while they had drifted back, we had drifted on our course. We were

watching them lazily, between the blue curls of our tobacco smoke, when Mac remarked that they had got a breeze. Sure enough, and it was not long before it reached us and we were gliding along, the water rippling and dashing from the Iola's square bows. To increase our speed, we hove to and hauled the skiff on board. After a little the wind began to freshen, and by the time we were opposite the beautiful little city of Rockport we had a fresh breeze from the south, and the Iola was smashing into the waves and sending the spray flying along the deck. About this time we sighted two fishing boats from Rockport, evidently bound for the bayou. Fermin declared that he knew them, and that we would catch them before they reached the bayou.

But "Man proposes and God disposes." The skipper's estimate of the relative speed of the boats was evidently correct, for we were rapidly gaining on them both as we neared Long Reef. This reef extends from St. Joseph's Island almost to the mainland across the bay, and is above the water only in spots. It is covered with oyster shells, and looks as though countless generations of oysters had built up the reef from the bottom. We were congratulating Fermin on his skill and the speed of the boat, when Will Bickenbaugh's hat, with a derisive twist, gently raised itself from his head, evaded his frantic clutches, and landed softly on the crest of a whitecap. To a tenderfoot this might seem an ordinary matter, but it was not; it was a catastrophy. Of course, we had extra hats, but not broad-brimmed ones, and although this particular hat might have been worth "cinco centavo," as Fermin put it, still it was invaluable to Will, for, although the temperature is delightful, the glare of the sun is sure to blister the unprotected face before its unfortunate owner is aware of it.

That hat floated there on the green water, so near, and yet—well, we didn't get it so easy, after all.

The Iola was brought about, and with everyone but the helmsman on the "low side," reaching for that headgear, we sailed by it, just missing it. Again the manœuvre was repeated, and this time, as I reached for it with the gaff, that old hat stuck up its nose at me and dodged out of the way. Twice more we attempted it, but at the fifth trial it was gathered in and restored to its anxious owner.

Fermin afterward declared that that hat was "one bad luck," and we agreed with him, for we had occasion to before many hours.

As we watched the reef, it seemed as though it would be impossible to pass it, but the Iola only draws twenty inches, and she slipped across without once touching bottom, except with her center-board.

After we had passed the reef, the bay seemed filled with islands, and a beautiful scene they made. The wild Spanish dagger and salt cedar, mingled with the bright green of the coral berry bushes, made handsome bits of color, with the blue sky and green water for a background. These islands were so close together, and the channels so narrow, that, as the Iola flew through them, the suction created by her passage drew the water away from their beaches, and left many a flounder and mullet high and dry for a moment where before he was covered with a foot of water. Just as we left the last of these channels, Fermin told us that we were near the oyster reefs, and, of course, we could not pass them without

levying toll upon their banks. The Iola was brought up into the wind, the anchor dropped and the jib lowered. The skiff was then launched and the five of us crowded into her, cast off and pulled for shallow water. It was fine, paddling around in the water, even if we did have to wear shoes to protect our feet, and it was not long before we had fished up as many oysters as we thought we wanted and were back in the sloop.

Frank and I grabbed the anchor rope, Fermin hoisted the jib, while Will ran back to mind the tiller. But he did not find it. In our hurry after oysters we had failed to remove the tiller from the rudder post, and it was too plainly evident that the main sheet ropes had jerked it overboard. We dropped the anchor immediately, but the stiff breeze now blowing had drifted us too far even in that short time to stand any chance of recovering it. The lost tiller was of iron and as the bottom was soft a short search showed the utter hopelessness of finding it.

A pretty fix, wasn't it? Twenty miles from nowhere and nothing to get there with.

We were in a quandary, but after Fermin had relieved himself with a few Spanish cuss words he pulled off the hatches and in a few moments brought forth a tiller that was evidently made for the Great Eastern. Ten minutes work with hatchet and knife fitted us out after a fashion, but we didn't feel exactly easy until the cruise was over for that tiller wasn't exactly the best in the world.

By the time we again hoisted anchor it was getting well along in the afternoon and we had given up all idea of reaching our destination before dark. As it was the sun was just awaking when we entered the bayou or pass. The islands here presented an entirely different appearance from those at Corpus Christi pass. Here they were mere prairie like, and in the soft evening light were beautiful. Their edges were lined with the green waving sea grass, while from a distance the islands themselves looked like well kept lawns with here and there a small cedar spread gracefully over the ground.

The principal difference between the two places, however, was in the absence of bird life at Cedar bayou. Not that there were no birds, but after the sights at Corpus pass it seemed as though there were none. There was, however, an exception to this, for we saw a flock of flamingoes, and handsome they were, their bright pink showing against the dark green background. This was the first flock of these beautiful birds that I had seen this Summer.

As soon as we entered the bayou we started supper, and by the time we had finished we could see the breakers on the Gulf side of the island, and had reached our destination so tired that we were only too glad to turn in for the night.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and after a dip in the salt water and a hearty breakfast were ready for business. The cast nets were brought out and a hunt for bait inaugurated. The hunt didn't last long for mullet were plentiful, and we soon had enough. Will and I were the only ambitious ones, while Frank, Mac and Fermin took the skiff and rowed over to St. Joseph's Island. We fished along the channel from Matagorda Island with indifferent success. We put in a very pleasant morning, and although we did not catch many fish we concluded that there were lots of

them there. We did not return to the Iola until we saw the towel fluttering from the mast head, when we knew that dinner was ready.

Our midday meal disposed of, we lounged around under the awning, enjoying our siesta, until the sun had crawled around into the west, when we again started out. As before, Will and I, accompanied by Mac, carrying the cast net, started along the beach toward the Gulf. As we were passing a large pool of water left by the falling tide, Mac spied a fish therein. He did not know what it was, but, with commendable enterprise, he proceeded to gather it into the net. Did you ever see a little fat man throw a six-foot net? We did; but our laughing didn't discourage him, for finally he drew out the net with a four-foot sawfish entangled in its meshes. (Any other kind of fish would have escaped.)

Heretofore we had been wading through pools waist deep, but after this we were more careful. This sawfish represented the sum total of our catch, and Frank and Fermin did no better. From some cause hard to explain, the tide at times brought in muddy water, while in a few hours after it might be perfectly clear. Fermin explained this by saying that the fish were so numerous they stirred up the sand on the bottom, but, we took that with at least two grains of salt. We had no fish for supper that night, but a half hour's work with a lantern and flounder gig gave us enough for breakfast, and so we all turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

With the advent of daylight, Frank routed us out, and we soon had our breakfast. This morning Frank and Mac determined to further explore St. Joseph's Island, and so with Fermin at the oars, started across the channel, leaving Will and I to hustle our own bait. This we soon did and started for the beach, determined to have at least one good fish in the surf. When we reached the beach, we found it somewhat different from what we had expected. The smooth, white sand was worn into little channels from two to three feet in depth, separated by strips of sand. In the first channel we came to, we saw a sawfish, the next contained two, and the third held a blue shark, a huge stingaree and another sawfish. Right then and there, we concluded that we did not care about surf fishing anyway and retired to the beach, where, seated on an old log, we composed sensations and mutually agreed that we had good and sufficient cause for exterminating such varmint. While thus deliberating, we witnessed a beautiful yet aggravating spectacle. Out just beyond the breakers, in the undulating lines of shaded green, a school of fish were disporting, when their happiness was rudely broken by the appearance of several larger fish. We were unable to tell what variety either victim or victimizer were, but we could see the smaller ones jump from the water in fright, often followed clear into the air by their pursuers.

So near and yet so far. We could wade out and reach those fish with a long cast, but, there were these channels and things, so we didn't try. Instead, we sat and watched them for awhile and then turned back to the Iola in a revengeful mood. We got even with two sawfish anyway, for we were soon back with an old fish spear and succeeded in bringing a couple of them out on the beach. While holding a council of war on the advisability of going after the shark, Will noticed the

white flag at the Iola's mast head, and as that meant dinner, we allowed his lordship a new lease of life.

During our midday meal we were sorrowfully told of another accident. The boys on the other side of the channel had noticed a huge tarpon leaping frequently in the channel close to Matagorda Island, and of course wanted him. Seating themselves in the boat Mac took the oars. A swift current was running out of the pass, and so Mac, to make things safe, took a long, strong pull, so strong that one of the oars snapped short off. This accident delayed them so much that when they did cross they decided to get dinner first and then try for the tarpon.

We tried. We cast our bait all around him. We threw it above and allowed the current to sweep the mullet under his very nose. All in vain. Only about forty feet away he leaped and surged in the water, his silvery sides glistening tantalizingly in the sun. We had given up his capture as a hopeless task, and were sitting on the sand watching him enviously when our attention was drawn to the presence of other fish in goodly numbers. They could be seen darting through the water like streaks of light, occasionally shooting into the air in their eager quest of food. Suddenly there was an exclamation from Frank and looking around we saw him engaged in a frantic struggle to keep one of these fish from getting back into the water. It was a Spanish mackeral which had made a miscalculation and leaped almost into his lap. The sight of this beautiful fish filled us with animation, and in a very short time we had changed our lines and were hauling them in almost as fast as we could bait our hooks. About ten minutes of such fishing and the school had passed in. We secured 23 of them, almost all of the same size.

Fried and boiled mackerel were in our bill of fare that night, and we felt well satisfied. After the dishes were washed we held a council of war, and, as the morrow was Saturday, we concluded that we had better start for home.

It would seem as though the chapter of accidents was surely closed this morning; the wind was fair and the sun hidden under a cloud. The tide had just turned, and we were making good time down the channel, when, almost without warning, a squall broke out of the north, slammed us around and up against the bank before we knew where we were. Not satisfied with this, the jib tore loose, just to finish up the job. This delayed us an hour, and, to add to our inconvenience, it began to rain. We were finally started again, and shortly the rain ceased and everything was lovely once more. As we entered the bay from the channel, Fermin pointed out a blue strip, which showed the presence of a channel, and told us that a few years ago that channel made a short cut of three miles to long reef, and wanted to know if we should take it, at the same time telling us that it might be filled up now. We took the chances, to our sorrow. The channel twisted and turned around for nearly a mile, and then wound up in a pocket. There was nothing to do but come about and beat our way out, and this was the hardest blow Fate dealt us (we laid it to Fate, of course).

The channel was so narrow that it was almost impossible to beat our way against the wind, and so semi-occasionally Fermin leaped overboard, and,

with his shoulder at the stern, assisted us out of the *cul de sac* (I guess that's right). This was the last accident of the trip. From then on, with a brisk beam wind, we bounded over the waves of Aransas Bay, and just about dark rounded the embankment and headed down the channel for the Iola's moorings.

We ate supper on the boat and then started for town, tired, but happy, tho' still undecided as to who had been the hoodoo of the cruise.

THE ANGLER'S GRAVE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS D. STODDARD.

Sorrow, sorrow, bring it green !
 True tears make the grass to grow,
And the grief of a friend, I ween,
 Is grateful to him that sleeps below.
Strew sweet flowers, free of blight—
 Blossoms gathered in the dew,
Should they wither before night,
 Flowers and blossoms bring anew.

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
 To our angler's quiet mound;
With the old pilgrim twilight gray
 Enter thou on the holy ground.
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
 With wild stream and wandering burn,
Wooer of the western wind!
 Watcher of the April morn.

Sorrow at the poor man's hearth!
 Sorrow in the hall of pride!
Honor waits at the grave of worth,
 And high and low stand side by side.
Brother angler! slumber on,
 Haply thou shalt wave the wand,
When the tide of Time is gone,
 In some far and happier land.

AFTER THE WOODCHUCK.

Now is the season when these lazy fellows, living but to eat and enjoy themselves are in the pink of condition. The lucious and rank growth of the red clover furnishes the diet which encloses the ribs, first with a handsome coating of meat and after that a coating of fat. Talk of a muskrat being a clean feeder and exceedingly careful as to the substance of his meals! Why he is not to be compared with this fellow of the hillside. The juices of the sweetest clover, the blades of the early corn, with the bite of an apple now and again as a sweet morsel and you have the food of this most cleanly of quadrupeds. Where is he to be found? Let me tell of it. Down east, not far to be sure, for it is just outside the boundaries of the Empire State, one finds a broken country. The grounds are a succession of broken hills with short valleys between them. Little brooks course through these valleys, murmuring sweet songs as they ripple over pebbly bottoms or rush with louder noise over the larger stones which obstruct their passage. The streams are usually at the foot of hills which rise for some height above the level of the valley. Their sides are well grown with young sprouts or thrifty young trees. Rocks from the size of stones which one could throw a long distance to others which it would take an ox to move, line these hills from base to summit.

Your woodchuck is a quiet fellow in his tastes. He wants to be by himself and it is seldom that two are to be found in close proximity. He is fond of solitude. Along in the spring-time when the family breaks apart, a new home has to be selected. The hillsides are carefully traversed and each stone or a place where three or four large ones are bunched together are all carefully inspected. Finally a spot is found where two have come together, their tops lapping. It is earth between them. Some instinct tells the woodchuck that between these lapping stones he can make his home. He begins to dig and scrape and quickly has a small cave, just large enough to hold him comfortably, and at the same time shield him from sun and storm. The size of the opening remains the same but each day sees the passage lengthening in the earth until quite a gallery is formed. At the end of this is his sleeping apartment, and as eating and sleeping are the sum and substance of his life, he has a delightful time of it. At the mouth of his home a heap of earth is formed, in fact it is a little hillock right at the mouth of my woodchuck's home. His constant going in and out keeps the grass from growing, so that the ever fresh brown color of the earth tells plainly that here the animal has his abode. A short space from where the brook leaves the woodland it opens into some rich pasture, or a low lying meadow rich with grasses of early summer.

Here is where this gourmet of the country side takes his meals. Scarce has the sun risen above the horizon flashing the globules of dew to the sight when my friend is on the move. It is the time of his matutinal meal and he has no idea of foregoing it.

Watch him. He is suspicious to a degree. He runs along the ground in a succession of clumsy jumps. A rod or so has been traversed. Then he rises in the air, squats upon his haunches, thrusts his head forward and slowly scans the surrounding country. Cautiously he moves his head from one side to the other. Those eyes although small in size are keen. After glinting over all, down go his front feet to the ground and a run of another rod or so is made. Up in the air goes that head again. The examination is satisfactory for he soon moves forward once more. In this manner he reaches the spot he has selected to breakfast. He is a grass feeder, for the farmers' proverb tells us that it costs as much to sustain a well grown woodchuck as it does to feed a sheep. Hence, the country lads wage continual war upon the animal, harmless as it is.

The time for hunting him is short. It takes many "breaths" of spring to lure him from his Winter's sleep, while the early frosts of Autumn send him shivering to his burrow, despite his warm coat. How is he to be sought for? Let me tell you. Some prefer a small bore rifle, say carrying a 32 bullet, others say that there is nothing like a Winchester repeating gun, a 44, carrying a ball of 200 grains of lead, impelled by a charge of 40 grains of powder. It is simply a matter of taste. True, the larger ball tears the skin to tatters, and makes a very comfortable hole in the chuck's body. It may not be as clean work as that done by the 32 but while you hurt the skin, you don't lose many by their dodging back in their holes and thus are lost to you. When that 200 grains strikes one, it stops incontinently then and there, for there is never a dodge left in him. You needn't hurry to go after him if he was hit, he will stay right there, and you'll have plenty of time to go after him without running to pick him up, he simply stays where he was put.

Not so long ago a friend of mine, Harry Fissenden, of this city, journeyed to New Hampshire for a week's 'chuck shooting. He is an ardent admirer of the 44-200 load and his success is ordinarily great. Let me tell of one of his latest. Starting early one morning, he carried, besides his regular impedimenta, a field glass. Reaching the meadow some distance from where he knew of a woodchuck's home, he carefully scans the landscape, slowly but surely the glass moves around the horizon. At last he stops the movement and gazes intently at one particular spot. Taking the glasses down from his eyes, he carefully cleans the lenses from the slightest atom of dust and then once again looks long and earnestly at a spot all of 250 yards away. It moves at last and certainty follows doubt. The glasses are put down, the rifle taken up and loaded. The little dark spot away off in the distance is seen to move, then it assumes larger proportions. The rifle is rested against a convenient stone, the sight is found. Presto! A puff, and the brown spot drops out of veiw as the rifle is taken from the shoulder. A wait of a moment or so is had before the advance is made. Then the intervening distance is slowly passed; within two rods of its home lies the animal, dead as any woodchuck that ever lipped a four leafed clover stem. The woodchuck was an old one. Its hair on the back was as gray in color as that of a badger. On the belly it was a rich red, as bright in hue as the rufous

red of an old dog fox in early winter time. The hunt begins again, for the sun is but just rising in the horizon. What is done with the dead fellow? Why, we place him in the shade on the top of a big boulder and there he remains until our return. Moving cautiously along we come to another favorite spot for my four-footed friend. Once again the glass is raised and close scrutiny is had of the surrounding fields. In a few moments one is located. He is suspicious of his surroundings for he rises often to scan with keen vision whatever may be on the move. When he drops down we move forward, a matter of 200 yards separates us. We step on a broken branch, it cracks under foot like the explosion of a gun cap. Mr. Chuck is up in an instant, he is wary. He runs swiftly to the entrance of his burrow. Up he rises on his haunches and through the glass we perceive that he is uneasy. He moves up and down, and finding nothing to disturb him, moves a short distance from his home and resumes his feeding. Then is our chance, we run forward quickly. Confound the luck this morning! We step on a loose stone, not bigger than your fist. It gives to the pressure and as the weight is removed by a step forward, it rolls out of its bed and goes crashing down to the bottom of the ravine. In that still air, the noise can be heard a quarter of a mile. But how our friend scampers for cover. He reaches it in a trice and disappears over the earth that is at the mouth of his home. We move up to within a hundred yards and there sit down.

We know that as he has not yet had his full meal he will shortly appear again. Not a sound is heard save the chirping of the crickets and the rat-a-tap of the woodpecker searching for his breakfast. Fifteen minutes passes. Then with cautious movement, that we know from the fact of the length of time it takes that almost speck to increase in size. First comes the nose in sight, then by degrees the whole head. It moves from side to side. The shoulders follow. Shall we shoot? We know that if our aim is true, that, that 200 grains of lead will drop him in his tracks without a flutter. The rifle goes to the shoulder. The bullet sings p-i-n-g as it whistles through the air. A puff of dust rises from the loose earth upon which the woodchuck rests. Then follows the mental excitement of the doubt as to whether our aim has been correct and the shot successful. The fact is soon ascertained, for we run at good pace to the spot. There reposes woodchuck. The ball struck him at the shoulder. Of course, it went through and through. Where it entered the body the hole was small, but where it came out—Oh! my! that is another thing altogether. This one was not in so fine coat as the first.

We look at our watch. Goodness! gracious! it is near seven o'clock. We started at five, and are at least five miles from home and breakfast. The game is slung over our shoulders, and we are off in a jiffy. Picking up the other fellow on the way, we move along at a brisk pace. Phew! the weight begins to tell. It is great fun hunting woodchucks, but getting them home is another thing altogether.

Thank the stars, our journey is almost over. The perspiration is running in streams before we reach the lane that runs to the house where I am stopping. At last, the distance is covered. The game is thrown on the

porch, while I strip off my hunting coat and vest and make ready for the cleaning up. Oh! isn't that delicious. Deck, the colored boy, looks out for my wants. There stands the big tin basin, here the soap, and on the rack heavy linen towels. Then the scrub. Long before it is over, the fatigue has gone and the hunger of the hunter manifests itself.

I have come for several seasons to this same place for this same purpose. I am one of the family, as well as the honored guest. The two positions combined make the life up here in these New England pastures one of continual delight. What do we do with our "birds?" Why, the farmer's son has the hides off before my meal is finished. The inner side is plentifully sprinkled with a coating of salt and black pepper. Then we nail them to the barn door, the inner side outside, and stretching the skins to their utmost limit before the nails are hammered in. The meal? Why, the carcass of the older animal is chopped up and fed to the poultry. The smaller one is dressed nicely, and, when the time comes, is placed in a pan, with any quantity of peeled potatoes surrounding the meat. Into the oven goes that pan, and when it comes out, done to a turn, brown as the pigment called Van Dyke, it is served for dinner. Is the meal of a woodchuck good to eat? Why not? It is as good as any bit of lamb that ever titilated a potato.

If you want proof, why, just write to Uncle Billy Taylor, of Sufferns, Orange County, N. Y. He will answer your inquiry by telling you that, when properly cooked, there is no meat on earth so sweet, so tender, as that of a woodchuck when it is young in years and in good condition physically. You doubt it? Why, evidence can refute your misgivings. The late Colonel Fred G. Skinner was wont to say that two good things in the edible line were greatly neglected, and that had these things been found in France, they would have long ago ranked with the canvas-back duck of Chesapeke waters and the true diamond-back terrapin of Maryland waters as things of gustatory delight; and these two things were the musquash, or muskrat, of our ponds and streams, and this same woodchuck we are telling of.

You ask Uncle Jake Pentz about the capabilities of the woodchuck as an article of food, and his gorge rises at once. He has cause for his opinion. As he tells the story, it runs as follows: To premise, let me state Uncle Jake has been, from his early years, an ardent sportsman. This happening we propose to tell of took place along in his 'teens. He was then residing each Summer, and until late in the Fall, in Fairfield County, Connecticut, just over the New York State line. The country was a great game one, and, owing to its rolling character and rocky conditions, woodchucks were especially numerous. His temporary home was at a farm house, situated at the edge of a stream, known as the Byram River. Then came meadows, pastures, woodlands and cultivated fields. East of the house was a low-lying meadow, through which coursed a little rivulet, not over a couple of feet wide at any place, although quite a foot deep. At the stone fence which bounded this meadow, and at the point where the small stream left the ravine, grew a hickory tree (American walnut). This tree had the peculiarity of bearing, each season, any number of twin nuts, that is, two per-

fect hickory nuts, joined at the sides, so that they were like the Siamese twins. These twin nuts were much sought after, for the fact was known far and near, and with that regard to luck following the finding of a four-leafed clover, so good fortune was supposed to follow the finding of all of these double hickory nuts. In those days, Uncle Jake was seldom without a gun when he was away from the house, and this led to all the trouble that followed. One night, in early October, a sharp frost followed the storm, and with the frost came a stiff north-west wind. Throughout the night, the branches of the trees crackled as they struck each other in handsome fashion. At least, so thought Uncle Jake, as he lay snuggled up under the bed clothes, while visions of fast-falling hickory nuts floated through his mind all the night. Long before "sun-up" he was up and out, his gun, of course, in his hands. Reaching the hickory tree, he found a wealth of nuts on the ground. He was soon busy gathering them. Pausing for a moment, he happened to look toward the rising sun, when he saw something which caused him to give up gathering the "mast" and grab his gun. In that direction the meadow was bounded by a huge pile of rock—broken, seamed, cracked in every direction—but rising some twenty feet above the level of the sward. The interstices in this pile of rocks were grown to a dense mass of foliage. There were grape vines, blackberry canes, and clumps of the poison ivy, while at the top a couple of butternut trees stood out prominently. In that clump of rock and verdure a woodchuck had its home. Uncle Jake had hunted for him a good many times, but the 'chuck had given him the slip. And right now was what Uncle Jake saw. Far out in the meadow was this same woodchuck, getting his breakfast. He was rods and rods away from his burrow, and the opportunity seemed to have come at last. When that woodchuck rose to inspect his surroundings, down went Uncle Jake to earth. When within sixty yards of each other, the animal caught sight of the biped. He started on a mad run for his burrow. Now, old fellow, I've got you, at last, thought Uncle Jake. Up went the gun to the shoulder. Out on the frosty air rang the report, and, at the noise, over rolled the woodchuck on his back, each leg beating a tattoo in the air. Some ground had been covered by the 'chuck before the shot came, so that his position was within a few rods of the burrow. Uncle Jake took a step forward, and then stopped. Confound you, he thought, you may be playing 'possum. I'll give you the other barrel, anyhow. Again came the shot. Before the powder smoke had fairly cleared away, Uncle Jake saw that woodchuck make for his hole at a great rate. Then came a race. Uncle Jake was last in it. The woodchuck beat him out, and had disappeared within his burrow. The ground was examined, and blood was found in many spots. The animal had been hit. How hard, was but matter of guess work. There was no prospect of getting him out, for the burrow was between the rocks, and it was an impossible thing to do, for him. Was Uncle Jake disgusted? That doesn't express his state of feeling. Now comes the sequel.

The next Summer, along in early August, Uncle Jake was out blackberrying. His dog, Riley, a nondescript in blood, but a great rabbit dog, for all that, was with him. It was

high noon, the sun blazing gloriously, and the heat waves crinkling like bits of satin as they rose from the ground. The grass of the meadow had been cut, and the dried products stored in hay-cocks over the sward. Along the little rivulet and around the big stones, little bunches of red clover and of red top grass had escaped the scythe of the mowers. Uncle Jake was whistling on his way home, with his pail well filled with that delicious berry of the running blackberry vine, known as the "dew" berry. Riley was walking sedately by his side. All at once, as the pair were passing that ledge of rocks where the woodchuck had had his home the year before, Riley pricked up his ears, gave a short bark, leaped the stone wall, and once over it, was making speed toward a big brown ball down by one of the bunches of tall grass spoken of above. Uncle Jake gave a yell of delight. In a trice he was over the wall, spilling half of the berries in his anxiety to get over quickly. This time conditions were reversed. The first saw the woodchuck between his burrow and Uncle Jake. This second occasion found the hunter and his dog between the hole and the woodchuck. With loud shouts from Uncle Jake, and louder barks from Riley, the hunt began. The woodchuck was at the end of his rope at last. He started on a run, but was met by the dog. He started in the other direction, and found Uncle Jake with a big stick in his hand, ready to administer the *coup de grace* as soon as he was within reach. Despite the alertness of the dog, the animal dodged quickly—the movement of a hare when closely pushed. Shorter and shorter became these turns, until, at last, 'chuck's wind gave out. After that, the end soon came. What with dog and club, he soon became of history. Proud as a monarch did Uncle Jake carry his prize homeward. Berries and pail were alike forgotten. Upon reaching the house, the prize was shown to an admiring audience. Then came a discussion as to whether this was the same fellow that had been shot the year before, and had gotten away after being bowled over and thought dead. "We'll soon find that out," said farmer Uncle Peter. Out came his jack-knife from his pocket, and opened. The woodchuck was placed upon his back. The sharp blade soon cut a long slit down the belly, from chin to tail. In a trice the pelt was off. There was seen a curious sight. Right between the skin and the meat was found almost a full third of a charge of shot. Over a hundred pellets were counted lying along the left side, from haunch to shoulder. How on earth that 'chuck ever lived after that hurt is something astounding! "Now," said Uncle Peter, "this fellow is fat as a chunk of lard. We'll have him for dinner to-day. Sal, you go down to Billy's (his son), and tell him and Nance (Bill's wife) to come up to dinner to-day." Sal put a big sun bonnet on her head, and was off in a jiffy. Uncle Peter soon had the carcass dressed and cleaned. It was carefully washed in good strong brine from the pork barrel, and then placed in the iron pan, which, as soon as the brick oven was hot enough, was to be placed within it. Potatoes were placed around it. At half past twelve dinner was served. I forgot to state that the woodchuck turned the scale at a little over twenty pounds before it was made ready for the pan. On the table it looked almost like a whole lamb. It was browned to a turn. Fat, well! When that pan was

taken from the oven it looked as if someone had been melting a few pounds of butter in it. The meal commenced. Uncle Jake liked it. It was rich to be sure, but the meat was sweet, tender, delicious to the taste. He was hungry. His hosts were hospitable. As a consequence like many another young fellow he didn't know where to stop. In a couple of hours that woodchuck had his revenge. No storm-tossed passenger on an Atlantic liner was ever more ill than he. It took days for him to recover.

Years afterward he was on a shooting expedition to Orange County and was putting up at Uncle Bill Taylor's hostelry. Before starting one morning after the ruffled grouse, Taylor said, "I am going to have something extra good for dinner to-night." What is it? "You'll know when you come in this evening." After a long day's tramp and a good deal of hard work the hotel was reached at a somewhat late hour. A bath and general clean-up followed. Then dinner was announced as ready. Into the dining room went the party. Uncle Jake was scarce in when he as the children say, "made a face." He gave a sniff and remarking "woodchuck by all thats holy," left the dining room. Years before he had had his fill of that kind of meat and wanted no more of it. Is it not singular how long early impressions last? That the odor of woodchuck from the meat simply resting on a platter should bring up at once the illness of the long years before shows strongly how physical conditions react upon the mind even after the lapse of a long period of years. While Uncle Jake is ever ready even now to hunt the grass-feeding rodent, the eating of the game has not a particle of charm for him.

CURRENT TOPICS.

BY OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

Since the time that the last issue of the AMERICAN ANGLER was presented to its readers but little if any news has to be recorded in this department. It is apparently a case of midsummer inactivity. Possibly it may be owing to the state of doubt among business men regarding the course of affairs both politically and pecuniarily. Reputable concerns in the handling of guns and fishing tackle appear to have agreed upon a policy of "do nothing" until the "Ides" of November are passed. No orders have gone forward to either Birmingham, England, or Liege, Belgium, for arms, either of low or high grade to replenish almost exhausted stocks. It seems to be a time of uncertainty everywhere.

THE SHOOTING HOBBY.

Notwithstanding the unusual depression in business matters, never in the remembrance of the writer has there been so much or so long continued shooting meetings as in the month just closed, and August opens with no diminution of these shooting events. The first week saw advertised at Chicago a meeting for the capture of the handsome, as well as valuable silver trophy presented by the Du Pont de Nemones Smokeless Powder Company. It was arranged that the tournament should be one of three days. Instead of that it ran the full week and with but one exception not a tie in a single event was shot out to a finish. To give some idea of the extent of this affair it is only necessary to mention that nearly every State in the Union had its representative among the contending men present. The number of these taking part in one of the contests was 175, the largest, with one exception, that has ever been seen in this country. The single exception, if memory serve me correctly, was in 1880 or 1881 when the Chicago Board of Trade presented a magnificent emblem to be shot for at John Watson's Burnside Park. In that affair between 180 and 190 men took part, but it was not exclusively a gathering of shooting men. Members of the Board of Trade, in fact many of them took part in the race, men who never before had had a gun in their hands and never have had since. It was lots of fun, and a happy-go-lucky affair from beginning to end. This last affair given, by-the-way, by E. C. Rice, manager of the western end of the Du Pont de Nemones Smokeless Powder Company's business, was composed of an aggregation of shooting men entirely. The week was started on Monday and was continued without intermission until Saturday night.

ARE THE TIMES HARD?

Now the attendance at that shooting meeting demanding as it did the expenditure of thousands of dollars would lead one to think that this cry of hard times and no business must be grossly exaggerated or it would be utterly impossible to gather together for a week's shooting an average of 145 men daily. Let us consider this cost of shooting a little. Some good birds

were shot at during the meeting there costing those taking part in the affair 25 cents each. The ammunition used at the lowest price must have cost $300. The hotel bill of each man for six days would average $3.00 per day, transportation to and from home $20.00 on the average. Thus we find:

Good birds at 25c.	$2,250
Ammunition	300
Hotel for 145 men, 6 days—870 days, at $3.00	2,670
Travelling expenses for 145 men at $15.00 each	2,175
Total	$7,395

And that large amount does not include the incidental expenses of each man. This of course being according to his desires and tastes. With many it would be large, with others small. Is it not pertinent to ask where does the money come from to allow of such an expenditure? It was not saved up for the occasion for the time was far too short, a matter of a few weeks only, from the first announcement that such tournament would be held until it was in full swing. Possibly individuals may find money always to gratify a hobby, and no hobby in the world is ridden at a faster gait than this same one of shooting. However, my dear reader, the above are the facts and you must draw your own conclusions.

A BLUE AND WEAK FISH WAR.

Competition in business matters assumes at times the most ludicrous phases.

ROSE SYSTEM IN TRAP SHOOTING.

One of the great drawbacks to trap shooting is the habit the "experts" have of "dropping" for a place, and several schemes have been tried to stop this unfair method. One of the latest schemes is to divide the shooters into two classes — experts and amateurs. The expert, to win any money, has got to be in either first or second place, while the others are allowed to take their share of the five or four monies, as the case may be. This is a good scheme, with one exception, and that is: Where is the line to be drawn between "expert" and "amateur?" Managers of tournaments will find this question a difficult one to handle.

Some scheme must be adopted where every shooter is placed on an equal footing, or else kept in separate classes. Shooting is the only sport that does not have two classes—"professional" and "amateur." Really, every shooter is a professional, according to the meaning of the word as adopted by other sports. Last April, at Newburgh, N. Y., this dropping caused some trouble, and has taught the Newburgh boys a lesson, and they are now looking for another scheme, and will probably try the "Rose system." At the E. C. tournament, at Guttenburg, N. J., the "dropping" was done, and no steps were taken to prevent it; but in the last few tournaments, especially in the west, there seems to have been a strong movement against this sort of thing, and rightly, too. Some of the shooters argue that it is all right to "drop" for a place, as they are shooting for money and want to get all they can, and are willing that everyone should know that they do. That is a very weak argument. It is like pulling a horse in a race. The American Angler is in favor of a scheme, and we understand that it is to be tried at several tournaments in the near future. Mr. Ed. Banks, of *Forest and Stream*, is a strong advocate of it, and has told of its merits at nearly every tournament. The scheme is a simple one, and is as follows: Instead of the percentage system, it is worked on points. Every point has a value, more or less, which is determined by the number of shooters getting a place. We will say that first place is worth eight points, second place is worth five points, third place is worth three points, fourth place is worth one point. Now, there are twenty entries—$2.00 entrance money, and twenty targets. The total purse would be $40.00. We will have $25.00 added money, making, in all, $65,00, to be divided, less 2c. for each bird, which will be $8.00, leaving $57.00 for the shooters. Now, there are three men tied for first place, four men tied for second place, six men tied for third place, and two men tied for fourth place.

Three men at 8 points each	24
Four men at 5 points each	20
Six men at 3 points each	18
Two men at 1 point each	2
Total of points	64

Now, the total of money ($57.00) divided by 64 would be 89 cents per point, leaving four (4) cents, which would go to the club. Therefore, we find that first place is worth to each shooter $7.12; second place is worth $4.45; third place is worth $2.67; and fourth place is worth 89 cents. At no time is fourth place worth more than third, or third worth more than second;

consequently, it is to each man's advantage to do his best, and the object is accomplished. In the percentage system, first money would be worth $10.26, second money would be $4.27, third money would be $1.90, and fourth money would be $2.85, which is more than the third place men get. The number of points to be given each place is optional, and any series may be taken, such as 4-3-2-1, 8-3-5-1, 7-5-3-1, or 8-4-2-1. Of course, large numbers can be taken, but there is no option in doing so, and this applies to five monies or three monies, as well as to four. It would be well for all clubs to give this matter their attention, as it is certainly becoming a serious question to the life of shooting.

SHADOWS.

Airily swing the willows over,
Airily to and fro;
Dreamily flows the quiet water,
Over the rocks below;
Flows in many a sunny ripple,
In and out in curve and dimple,
Round about the rocks below,
Where the light lies on the river,
Where the willows bend and quiver,
Long dark shadows shift and shiver,
Shiver to and fro;
Gray beard Time, his scythe forgetting,
Toys with rosy June,
Loth to part, with step unwilling,
Slowly toward noon.
But the willows tossing, blowing,
O'er the waters smoothly flowing,
Evermore their shadows throwing,
Break the lull of noon.
Twilight gathering in the valley,
Sunset on the height;
Clouds above the mountain breaking
Into rifts of light.
Darkness now upon the meadows,
Higher, higher climb the shadows,
Nearer comes the night.
Curving, dimpling flows the river,
With the willows drooping over
But no shadow's fitful quiver
Stirs the hush of night.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Lake Winnebago, Michigan.

"On Wednesday a party composed of Adolph Mehlmann, H. Lindner, Otto Noss, Robert Voss, Will Wilkinson, and several others chartered the steam yacht Cora, and went to the east shore of Lake Winnebago, where they spent the day fishing. One hundred and thirty black bass, weighing about four hundred pounds were caught, besides a number of pike and other varieties. About two hundred sheepshead were taken and thrown away."

A Large Black Bass Score.

I send you by this mail samples of some of the pictures I took while in the vicinity of Camp Franklin, Wisconsin. My trip from Chicago via the Northwestern to Woodruff; thence by wagon twelve miles to Camp Franklin was thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. I went up there this year for bass, black bass, and like the lake trout fishing the last time I was there, I beat all previous records. There are lots of lakes in the vicinity of Camp Franklin that are filled with black bass to overflowing. I fished four days on Palette Lake (or you might call it a pond), about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and caught nearly five hundred black bass in that time, but I let most of them go as I was too far away to take them out of the woods. If any of your friends are fond of that kind of fishing and want to get at the sport quick and have lots of it while they are at it, send them to Camp Franklin and have them get one of the guides that I had, either Judd Blaisdell or Alexander Gillies, and have him take them to Palette Lake and they will forget, for the time being, everything except the genuine pleasure that is incident to black bass fishing on the beautiful sheet of water. In order to be certain of securing accommodations and guides they should write in advance to Mr. C. J. Coon, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, Wisconsin."

Fishing at Barnegat Bay, N. J.

A correspondent of the *Newark Sunday Call* sends the following very practical information about this old time fishing resort. The scenes at Barnegat the past week have been better than ever and a most pleasant day can be spent there.

Barnegat bay will never lose prestige as a fishing resort. The only drawback is the distance, and distance suggests expense and waste of time. The trip occupies nearly four hours, and the cost is over $3.45 for an excursion ticket, but there is nearly always an assurance of good fishing, and the uncertainty at other resorts nearer at hand offsets the difference in the price, especially when it is taken into consideration that the fishing arrangements at Barnegat bay are reduced to a science which approaches luxury.

At other resorts one day a party may get as many fish as its members can conveniently carry, and on the next day there will not be a weakfish on the grounds. The expense goes on just the same, however, and there is just as much or more hard work attached to getting to and returning from the fishing grounds when the fish are not to be found as when they are plentiful. It is different at Barnegat bay. When the fishing is good there on Monday it is likely to be good all the week. Barnegat bay is like a big fish pound. The fish get in through the narrow inlet and have difficulty in finding their way out, even if they want to go. The bay is thirty miles in length, and the inlet is only a mile in width and guarded by fierce breakers on the numerous bars. Sharks and savage bluefish guard the entrance to the bay and drive the timid weakfish into shallow water, where they stay throughout the season. There is another entrance to the bay at the extreme lower end, through New Inlet and Egg Harbor, but this is still more of a trap, and few fish get out that way after entering the land-locked water.

There are several ways of getting a day's fishing at Barnegat bay, but none more satisfactory than going direct to Forked River where there are four well kept hotels and thirty-five or forty yachts maintained for the accommodation of anglers. Forked River is on the line of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, eighty miles from Newark by way of the Central road. It is a quaint old town and has many attractions for those who do not care for fishing, but desire a restful place to spend a few weeks in Summer, and not the least of these attractions are the meals served at the hotels, each of which vies with all of the others in trying to give a great variety of delicacies which are unusual and consequently attractive to dwellers in cities. The hotel keepers have no monopoly and as a consequence must strive with each other to get and keep their share of the patronage. As a consequence the visitor will find four or five stages drawn up at the station when the train stops at Forked River station. Three of the hotels are within a quarter of a mile of the railroad, and the fourth is down at the landing, a mile and a half from the station, and the same distance from the bay. This is the Riverside Hotel, kept for many years by B. E. Eno. Everybody must come to this landing to take a boat for a day on the bay. It is a double landing, and outside of Mr. Eno's enclosure is another line of wharves, to which patrons of the other hotels have access. The Lafayette House is the oldest in the village, and was kept for many years by ex-Sheriff Joseph Parker, who died suddenly three years ago and left it to his son-in-law, Asa Tilton, who is trying to keep up the traditions of the place by strict attention to the table. His son, John B. Tilton, helps him most intelligently. Mr. Eno has two sons, Harry and Russell, to aid him in taking care of the guests. The Parker House is operated by two daughters of ex-Sheriff Parker, and is as attractive as the old place was under their father's management.

Lots of people who would like to go to Forked River or Barnegat, do not go because they think that it is at least a two days' trip, and an extremely expensive one. The fact is that it can be made easily in a day if one will get up early enough for the start on any day of the week except Sunday. It is necessary to be at the foot of Liberty street, New York, in time for the 4.30 A.M. train to Red Bank. The Long Branch train connects with one on the Southern Railroad at Red Bank at 6.45, which is rather slow for a distance which other trains cover easily in an hour and a quarter, but at this hour in the morning it does not make so much difference. At Manchester another change is quickly made to a train in waiting which leaves at 7.52 and reaches Forked River at 8.31. While the captain of your boat is getting ready, you can get a most substantial breakfast at one of the hotels for fifty cents and have a big basket of lunch made up to take out upon the boat, for once you start you do not get on land again for eight hours or more. The lunch which the Barnegat bay hotel keepers provide for each boat is one of the institutions of the bay. It usually consists of two or three kinds of cut meat, including fried or boiled chickens. Then there are boiled eggs, sardines, pickles, fruit cakes and pie, together with a liberal supply of home-made bread and butter. If it was only half as good it would be welcome by the time the sun was directly overhead. The meal is spread upon a hinged shelf attached to the centre-board trunk under the half cabin of the typical Barnegat catboat. There is ice water and ice-cold beer aboard if you have taken the precaution to provide the latter, and if you desire it the captain can make a cup of hot coffee for you over his little oil stove. One of the things in the favor of the Barnegat boats is that they are all well found. The equipment is the result of experience in the wants of patrons and a healthy desire to keep up with all rivals. The boats are safe and comfortable, and the owners are thoroughly capable sailors. The uniform charge is $4 a day. The captain cuts bait, baits hooks, removes and cleans the fish, and a man in a suit of white flannels might catch fifty or one hundred weak fish in a day without getting a spot on his clothes or a scent of fish on his fingers. He hooks the fish and the captain does the rest. The fish are biting well just now aud it is not much of a feat to catch eighty or one hundred in a day. The fish are of fair size, too. They run from one to two and one-half pounds and it is a fair average when a basket of twenty-five fish weights forty pounds.

Now let us see what it costs for a party of four to spend one day at Barnegat and return to Newark by 9 o'clock in the evening. The fares will be $3.45 each. Then there will be $2 for breakfasts and $4 for the boat with perhaps $1.50 for shedder crabs for bait, and $2 for lunch, making the whole cost less than $6 each for the day. What the excursionist gets

for his money is a splendid sail, a long railroad ride, a big basket of weak fish, a lively time catching them, and a good living while under way. Ordinarily there is no risk of seasickness and absolutely no danger.

The captains are all safe men, and a stranger may go out with them without making a bargain beforehand. Among the best known and most thorough sailors are Edward Parker, George Haring, David Chamberlain and Joel Barcalow.

Big Salmon Score.

A prominent Western angler writes as follows: I cannot help crowing a little bit, but I think I had the satisfaction of making a record on salmon fishing this year on the Grand Cascapedia, viz., the landing of four salmon with an 8 ounce trout rod. I used my trout line and reel, which carried about sixty yards; put on a salmon adder, however, and a small dusty miller. One of these fish weighed 37 pounds, and I killed it in thirty-five minutes. Another weighed 20 pounds and the other two 25 pounds and 26 pounds. They fought better than I have seen a salmon fight for years; they were all lively jumpers, and it was great fun to handle them with the little rod. My average on the Cascapedia was heavy. While I did not take a great number of salmon, yet, the first thirteen taken averaged 30⅔ pounds each. The three largest weighed 43, 41 and 42 pounds.

To-night we are going to run our car up on the F. and P. M. west of here, and take two or three days on the Little Manistee, where we ought to get some very nice trout fishing. It is a beautiful stream. Michigan's fishing has been superb this year. At Baldwin and the Pere Marquette river some very large rainbow trout have been taken, the largest one weighing 8¼ pounds, but I have heard of a number weighing 3½ to 4½. On the Au Sable river the fishing, too, has been superb. There also the rainbow trout are found.

Fixtures.

[Secretaries of clubs are requested to send in notices of meetings and shoots.]

AUGUST.

Aug. 1—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Trap-shooting in connection with Caledonian Club games at Washington. Open to gun clubs of Philadelphia and suburbs. Handsome prizes. Team shooting and sweepstakes. Entrance fee.

Aug. 1, 15, 29—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

Aug 4-5—AUBURN, N. Y.—Tournament of Auburn Gun Club, blue rocks thrown from the Magan trap.

Aug 4-5—WORTHINGTON, Minn.—Amateur tournament of the Worthington Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Manager.

Aug. 5—SANDUSKY, O.—Tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club. Merchandise prizes; added money.

Aug. 5-6—GREENVILLE, Tex.—Tournament of the South Texas Gun Club League. Inanimate targets.

Aug. 5-6—LOUISIANA, Mo.—Amateur tournament of the Louisiana Gun Club.

Aug. 8—DEDHAM, Mass.—First annual tournament of the Dedham Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 8-9—SHEBOYGAN, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Sheboygan Rod and Gun Club. Clay and live birds.

Aug. 11—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets.

Aug. 11-13—MANITO, Ill.—Pekin and Spring Lake Hunting and Fishing Club's tournament.

Aug. 11-14—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details.

Aug. 12-13—RENSSALER, Ind.—Iroquois Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-13—DULUTH, Minn.—Fourth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. Targets.

Aug. 13—FAIRBANK, Iowa.—Shoot of the Fairbank Gun Club. Inanimate targets and live birds.

Aug. 15-16—MENOMINEE, Mich.—Menominee Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 18-19—MARSHALL, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Marshall Gun Club.

Aug. 19-20—WARSAW, Ind.—Third annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club.

Aug. 19-22—MONROE, La.—Second annual tournament of the Monroe Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club.

Aug 31-Sept 2—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club at the State Fair grounds.

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 2-4—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Auduborn Park; targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager,

Sept. 7—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling. secretary.

Sept. 8-10—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club. $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 12, 26—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

Sept. 15-17—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s tournament. $750 added money.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 6-8—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club, for amateurs only; pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, secretary.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

Oct. (second week)—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, secretary.

Oct. 14-15—GREENSBUY, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensbuy Gun Club.

1897.

March 23-25—NEW YORK CITY—The Interstate Association's fifth annual grand American handicap at live birds.

June (third week)—CLEVELAND, Ohio—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company.

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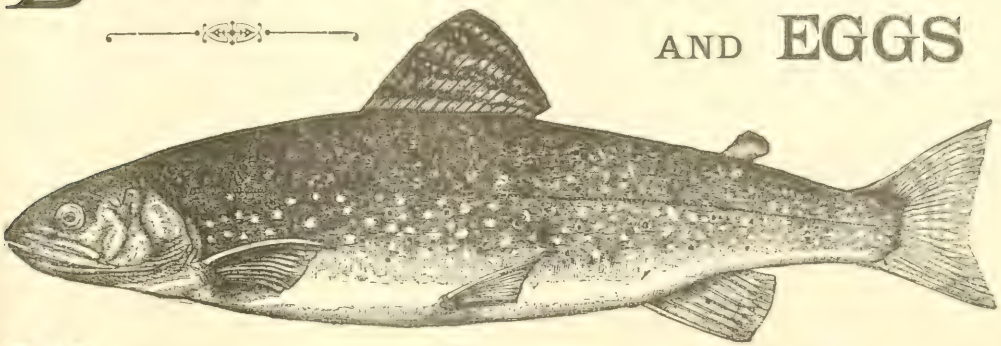
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FRONTISPIECE—"IT HAD AN INVITING LOOK"..... 292
A DAY ON THE PANUCO. Illustrated..... 293
TAMPICO—SEA FISHING AND SURF BATHING. Illustrated.... 301
A DOUBLE CREEL. Verse.....*Shannon Blaire* 307
A BIRD HUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA..... 308
CURRENT COMMENTS..... 314
A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.....*H. M. K.* 323
NOTES AND QUERIES..... 326
Fish Scales—Soft and Waterproof—A Bull Dog Pointer—A New Theory About Shad Spawning—Fishing and Shooting Fixtures.

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"IT HAD AN INVITING LOOK."—See page 296.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 9.

A DAY ON THE PANUCO.

Saint Isaac of Walton, general patron of our lazy craft: What inspiration would you not have drawn from waving trees and rolling waters if, instead of "chubs and dace, little pike" and graceful grayling, the mighty tarpon, the fierce curel and shy curbina had inspired your pen. If, instead of wandering beside the sluggish streams and placid ponds of Merrie England, catching the finny fingerlings that in quaint and curious phrase you so graphically describe, your lines had been cast in our times, you had experienced

"The stern joy that anglers feel
In playing fishes worthy of their skill."
(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott).

Then inspired indeed would have been your pen.

The Tamesi and Panuco know not your footsteps. Never beneath the shade of ceiba or higuera did you stroll. Nor have the scaly cannibals of southern waters brought your blood tingling to the finger tips as you matched pliant rod and hair-like line, backed by skill and patience, against their savage rush and desperate struggle to be free. You lived before your time. You never watched the bended rod and terse and rigid line cutting the water like a wire or slacking suddenly in limp uncertain coils or wavey loops, as the fish tug, jump, dart, plunge, or stop to rest and gather strength to renew the struggle.

"Chubs and dace and little pike" are very nice. Black bass are fine for those who know naught better, but to feel the blood tingling and the heart racing with excitement, come South and match yourself against the denizens of southern streams. Here no cold winds chill the waters; here the blood is always warm, and the muscle ever supple; here life is too sweet to be left without a struggle, and the prick of the hook and the pull of the line arouse to a desperate resistance. The speckled trout, the pike and mascalonge are gentle, well-behaved fishes, purveyors of placid excitement to the clerk and carpet knight who, in correct costume and with return trip ticket, sally from their office doors for a few hours or days of wild adventure. 'Tis not for you, ye sartorially correct anglers, that the scaly savage of the sunny South doth rush and struggle, fight and die in his native waters.

Even the wind hurried to the South to escape the drifting sleet and barren fields of Northern Winter, leaving behind only the eternal hills that cannot be moved, or people who had not sense enough to move if they could.

The "99" rolled into Tampico late in the evening. The night was clear and balmy, and the few miles run by the river bank were delightful. The houses on the further side shone dimly against the trees, the out door fires lighting with a hazy glare the various groups of Indians, whose talk and laughter came floating across the water

mingled with the sound of ripples or splash of jumping fish. The wind rustling among the palms gave the sound of falling water. The hooting, squeaking and quacking of the birds in the distant bayou made a background of sound for the nearer murmurs to contrast with. The distant lighthouse on the beach, like a star just rising, threw its tinny rays above the glare of the city, constantly growing brighter and more defined as we approached.

The train stopped on a little island; on one side the city, separated from us by a branch of the Tamesi, and on the other the placid Panuco, where great ocean steamers ride at anchor. Our tired travelers from the car platform glanced at the city in front, perched on a low cliff, whose thousand lights sparkled and danced on the water at its foot. Then a look at the river behind, where the dark mass of anchored ships cast a darker shade on the phosphorescent waves. And then, to bed.

Early morning in the tropics, when the sun comes crawling up behind a bank of crimson clouds out of a skimmering sea; it is a sin to waste it sleeping. "Get up, Judge; get up, Kid. Even the ladies are stirring. The coffee will be ready in a minute. The fish are jumping in the river, and I am dancing with impatience to be after them."

The market is at the river bank, so the canoes can unload their cargoes directly at the stalls. And what a strange gathering of merchants and merchandise: fishes and fruit, flowers and game, birds from the mountain and birds from the marsh, the Faisan Real (Royal Pheasant) and the brown plover hanging side by side, while turtles on their backs and fishes on their bellies strew the walk and fill the tables.

Here we'll hire a canoe. The chocolate-colored boatmen with shining teeth and loud voices crowd around us. "How much for the thirty-foot dugout with two paddles, till noon?" "Three dollars, señor." "You don't understand me, you coffee-colored scion of a hundred kings. I don't ask you how much you'll sell your ship for, I only want to rent it. I'll give you six bits." "No, señor, I'm a poor man and have a family to support. Your honor doesn't look like a man that would grind the faces of the poor." In view of this complaint, we compromised on a dollar and a half, with two bits for bait, and at once embarked—the Judge, the railroad man, the Kid and myself. We took the inside passage between the island and the town to enter the main river in front of the astillero, where we would anchor and catch the smaller fish. Just below the shipyard, out from that rocky point, the river bends around. Our Indian says it is the best fishing ground. A fresh shrimp is good bait. We'll begin with them.

The Judge and the Kid took hand lines and the rest of us poles. The water was about fifteen feet deep and ran about three miles an hour. We used a half-ounce sinker and three hooks, letting the lines drag behind. We anchored a short distance astern of a small river steamer that was slowly rotting in the river. For the first ten or fifteen minutes we did not have a bite, and then, suddenly the Kid jumped up and began pulling in his line hand over hand until he triumphantly threw into the boat two pargitos of about a pound and a half each. For the next quarter of an hour we



"HERE WE'LL HIRE A CANOE."—See page 294.

were all landing fish as fast as we could, until about twenty-five or thirty had been caught. Then they stopped biting. The pargito is a fish weighing from one to five pounds, of a dark lead color above and white below. In shape they are very similar to a black bass, and make a good fight when hooked.

Now we'll go up the river a bit to where that overhanging tree-covered cliff throws its shade into the water, and tie up to a snag and try our luck again. There the bottom is rock, and we may hook something large. Bait with shrimp and let the hand lines hang behind the boat in the current, while, with the poles, try your hand at casting. "Throw as far as you can, Judge, but be careful not to snap that shrimp off your hook. They are very tender. You've got him, Judge. How the reel spins. Don't try to stop him yet, or he'll smash line, rod and everything. See him break water. There are one hundred and fifty yards on the reel, so let him go a bit. Now draw him in a little." Twenty minutes of fight and he lays flapping in the boat—a fifteen pound striped pargo. After an hour of fishing, in which twenty or thirty fish of various sizes were caught, they stopped biting, and we concluded to go through the estero to Pueblo Viejo. The tide was with us and we drifted and paddled up the river and turned into the estero, about a hundred yards wide at its mouth. This must have been a great place for oysters once. You see that the banks are a mass of oyster shells. Those poles driven V-shaped are fish traps and supply Tampico market with shrimp and river fish as they come from the lake with the tide. This is one of the minor highways of commerce. Do you notice the canoes laden with corn, fruit, beans and fish that are constantly passing us? The old town and the smaller villages of this region get their supplies by water, going down with the tide and coming back with it. That canoe seems to have a family party aboard. The lady in the stern, with the sun umbrella over her head and sandal-shod feet on the gunwale, evidently considers her complexion of the first importance, even if it is chocolate-colored. I am a little hungry and thirsty. Shall we go up to that palm-leaf house and ask for their hospitality? It has an inviting look. At least, the doors are wide open, and, after this sun on the water, the shade of its roof will be comfortable.

We left our canoe on the bank and went up to the house to ask for a drink and a light lunch. The ladies of the family came to the fence to welcome us, while two of the young gentlemen stood by the gate to usher us in. The patriarch and founder of the settlement stood by himself in placid dignity, watching the arrival of the strangers. Our hosts were pleasant people, with black eyes, shining teeth, cheery smile and ample person, whose round arms and well-developed busts suggested the good things of this life taken "Otium cum dignitate." We passed a pleasant hour in their company listening to the tales of sharks, smugglers, floods and forests, sandwiched in between the courses of shrimp salad, fried bananas, and quesadillas. The old gentleman told us what he had done, and the young men what they hoped to do.

Not to lose the flood tide, we told them "adios," re-embarked and pursued the voyage up the inlet another mile, past islands and fish traps, until, rounding a point, the town and lake came into view.

Pueblo Viejo (the old town), situated at the junction of lake and river, facing the west, is a characteristic little place. Its long street parallel with the shore of the lake; the bamboo and palm houses on either side surrounded by gardens and orchards of oranges, mangoes and plantains; its pair of country stores where everything from dried shrimp to green bananas can be purchased; the canoes drawn under the sheds at the beach; the languid, lazy, loafing Indians, the small boys, whose black skin and white teeth showed to advantage under their undress uniform of broad straw hat and escapulario, emphasises the fact that this whilom hold of smugglers and beach combers is fast becoming a "has been." We'll pass a couple of hours here and then go down with the tide and troll up to the Tamesi bridge for tarpons. Let's go up to that pleasant looking house with wide verandah and adobe wall, and ask permission to sit in the shade of their trees for an hour or two. As we approached, the younger members of the family gazed at us from the end of the wall, the older sister retiring behind a flower pot, while the brother, who was acting as escort, directed a glance of challenge, mingled with curiosity, at our party. We soon made friends with them, however, and found them quite approachable, with no false prejudices as to color or social distinctions. The old folks were away from home and had left them to keep house.

Down the estero with the wind and current to the mouth of the Tamesi, into the river to paddle and sail for fish for a few hours among the many tree-covered islands that divide the river into a labyrinth of water ways, will be our afternoon's diversion, and then a moonlight ride back again with the tide. So let's be going and get the tarpon lines ready. It will take us but a few minutes to run through the estero with the wind and the current in our favor.

These fresh water sharks are gross feeders, and bite at almost everything that is moving. A white piece of cloth on a hook, a heavy trolling spoon or a small fish tied on the hook are good, and we'll run two lines with a spoon on one end and a fish on the other. Let out about fifty yards and then coil about fifty or sixty more in the bottom of the boat for slack when the fish strikes. These tarpon weigh from forty to one hundred and twenty pounds, and sometimes it is claimed even more. They are wiry built and look like a large herring. With this wind in our favor, we'll put up a sail and you'll see what fine sea craft these canoes are. That schooner-rigged affair that is overhauling us so fast is loaded with a family, their goods and chattels, homeward bound. You notice they have hoisted a red blanket as a foresail; the sheets from the same bed, no doubt, make a very fair mainsail. It has a "bone in its teeth," and at that pace will soon reach the parental roof tree. "Judge, hold your line loose in your hand, just tight enough to keep it from slipping, and don't wind it around your fingers. I have had mine cut until the blood came by the unexpected strike of a big one, and you know they always bite when one is not expecting it. Just out from that grove of palms ahead, where the farm-house stands, I've had many a bite. The Kid's got one. Look at him jump. I mean the fish, not the boy. It's a curel; there he goes again four feet, at least, into the air. He can't keep that up long. That's right, muchacho,



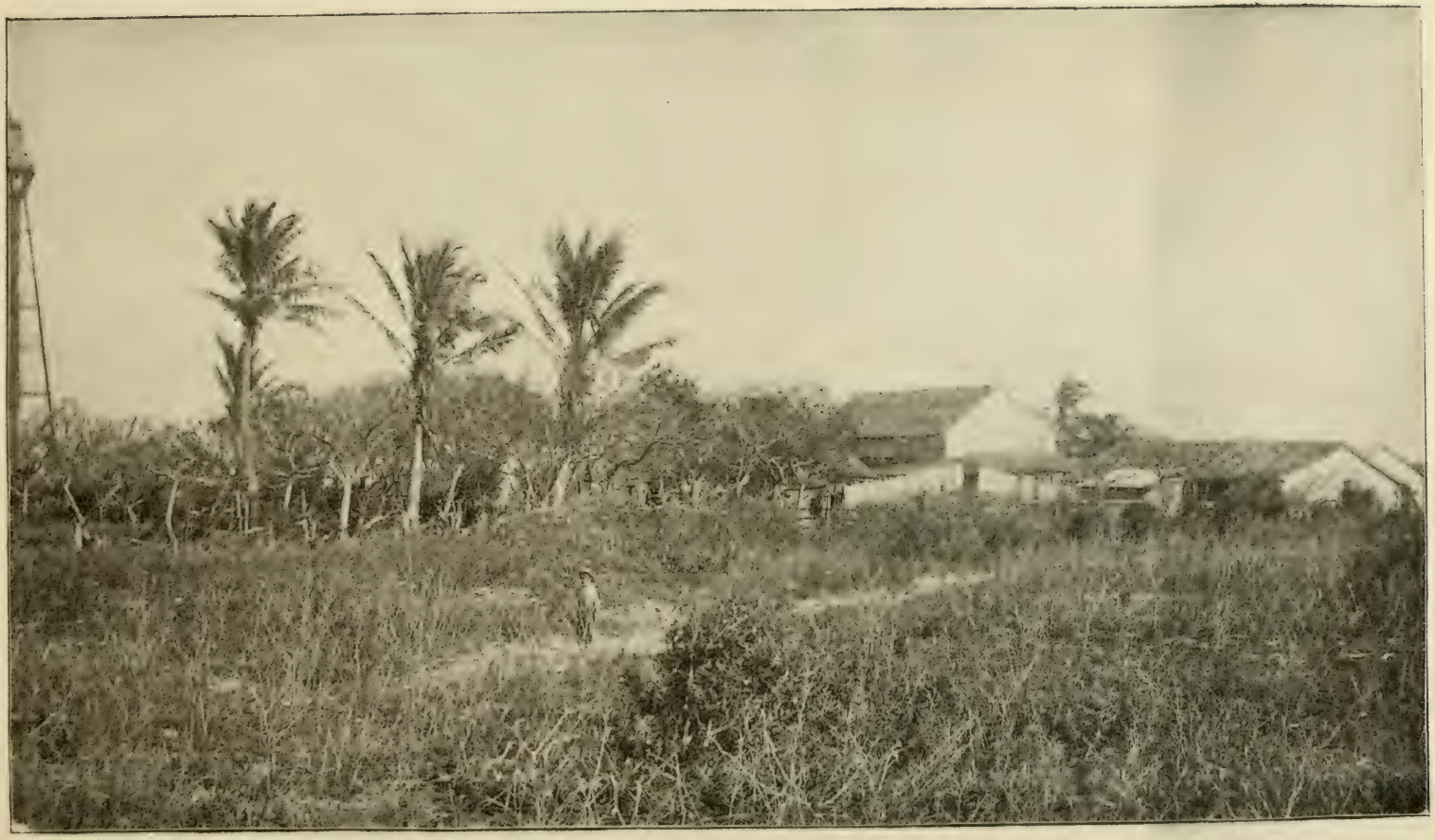
THE NORTH JETTY.—See page 302.

down with the sail, and hold her with your paddles until we get this scaly savage aboard. The line is slack, and now he's running towards us shaking his head. There he goes again. Give him line, Kid, or you'll never see him any more. Judge, you didn't have the honor of hooking him, so you shall gaff him and haul him aboard. A forty pound curel."

"Hoist the mainsail, you copper colored son of Neptune, and get her under way. This lovely afternoon must not be wasted. This isn't bad, Judge; sitting in the shade of the sail and sniffing the sea breeze tempered by the odor of the forest. There goes your line; its a sabala this time; the tarpon, king of brackish waters. Up into the air he goes; his silvery scales shining in the sun. He'll rush and jump again and keep it up until he is dead or free. 'Liberty or death' is his motto. Keep a steady strain on the line. Down with the sail boys. You alone, my learned Judge, shall have the pleasure of toying him to his death, or the disappointment of letting him escape. He is a little tired now. Pull him towards us gently, and give him slack when he makes a rush; and now Judge, if you will allow me, when you get him to the boat side, I will thrust the gaff into his shining belly, while the Indian savage ties a string through his gills to drag him along side. He is too big to take on board. Well, you have him at last. Seventy-five pounds if an ounce. A shining trophy of your skill. Forty minutes of glorious excitement spent in his execution."

We are at the bridge. Let's tie up and take a rest. The bridge is over the Tamesi, the Panuco bending away to the southwest, while the Tamesi extends to the north to lose itself in a labyrinth of lakes. There are hundreds of miles of navigation for the canoeist on these waters, where hunting and fishing are to be found in their greatest perfection. The sun is down and the moon is up. The wind has dropped to a gentle breeze. We will drift down with the tide, and call it a day's fishing.

To-morrow, the jetties, the beach and the snapper banks.



THE HOUSE BEYOND THE PALMS.

TAMPICO: SEA FISHING AND SURF BATHING.

The pleasant chill of the soft sea breeze coming through the windows, the muffled roll of the gentle surf, the morning grey chasing the darkness from the glassy ocean, the twittering of the beach birds as they flitter upon the sands, all call us from our berths. Let us get into the sea before the sun gets out of it. A plunge and then our coffee. The "99" had been run down to the beach the night before and stood at the end of the spur but a few yards from the water. In light and airy deshabille, we skipped across the sands and into the briny. A plunge through a roller, a roll on the sand, another dip in the water and then back again to our car and coffee. The rosy blush of the storm-compelling clouds whose purple masses edged with streaks of feathery silver and red gold hanging in the east promise to shade and defend us from the rays of a southern sun and glare of a shimmering sea. Give the impedi-ments to the mozo. Leave the sun umbrellas in the car, we will not need them; those clouds will serve instead, and now along the beach, past the bath houses, pavilion and cantina to the jetties. Do you notice the sand, how smooth it is? Millions and millions of shells have been ground and polished by the breakers in its fabrication. Those bluish irridescent little naviga-tors that you see sailing on the waves are "Portugese men of war," a pleasant combination of sailor and shell fish who come out to sail on days like this. Don't handle them, they are very poisonous, at times. Look at the grey alcatrasas, with long bills and short legs, as they come sailing over the waves but a few inches above the water, rising and falling with the waves. They are professional anglers, not amateurs like ourselves. Those long walls jutting far out into the sea are the jetties that have changed Tampico from an obscure port for light draft craft into the best harbor in the re-public. When the northers blow, they are a streak of white foam on a dark green sea. Millions of tons of stone and thousands of piles were used in their construction. Notice how the waves have thrown the huge blocks about. This beach where we now stand was once well out to sea, but the shifting sands have been held here by the dyke. Those sails that you see in the offing are fishing craft on their way to the snapper banks, and these near-by canoes, with Indians standing in the bow and paddler sitting at the stern, catch their fish by spearing them. The harpoon is a light affair with a bamboo shaft, the iron being tied to it. About fifty feet of strong line is attached to the shaft for use when a large fish is struck. Some of those harpooners are wonderfully skillful and sharp sighted. We will make a trip with them after trying our luck "chumming." Beyond the south jetty is a sand bar enclosing a brackish lake. There is good shooting around it. There must have been a heavy rain in the hills within a day or two as the river is full of driftwood, a good omen for our day's fishing. See the crows come sailing along on the drifting trees. They are ready to pick up all unconsidered trifles that float by. All is fish that comes to their net, from a drowned rat to an undrownable river

crab. Let us walk out on the jetties a little way to find a fishing place. Here is where the river ends and the sea begins.

Let your eye play over that scene, where man's work struggles with nature's for supremacy. To the right the ocean, to the left the river. In the background the white beach and the whiter surf, while the grey stone wall which divides the salt water from the fresh, serves to emphasize the ceaseless, restless roar of those foaming waters which it separates from the gentle ripples of our river. To the right green water, to the left brown. Those waves come curling around from the capes of Florida and the reefs of Yucatan. These brown waters fell in crystal rain drops on yonder mountains that form our western horizon, rolling through deep and gloomy cañons, over precipices, under mighty trees, past plantations of cane, orchards of oranges, forests of palm, by Indian villages, until, at last, this rocky dyke alone separates them from their final home, the sea.

Here we will fish. There is a current from the north that sweeps along the coast, and when it strikes the jetties curves out into the sea, making an eddy. A few yards beyond the surf, where the waves roll but do not break, is the place to throw your line. To suit all piscatorial tastes, bait one hook with a piece of fish and the other with two fresh shrimp. Now, with a swing of the sinker, throw the line about forty yards into the eddy. If that school of sharks will keep away we won't have long to wait for a bite. Uncoil about fifty yards of line, and have some slack in case we hook something large and have to play with him. This surf fishing is worse than buying lottery tickets. The last time I tried my luck here, my first catch was a toad fish of about six ounces, and then I had my line broken four times in succession by fish too large for it, and finally caught a curel that weighed about forty pounds, and after that six or seven yellow grunting perch in as many minutes. We'll run three lines, and I'll cut bait and be the general mentor of the party. Two lines in the sea and one in the river. Now, with a gentle swing, let her go; that's good. Coil the slack on that flat rock and, with patient expectation, await the issue. Our railroad man has got a bite I take it, and a big one, too. Don't try to hold the line. How the ridged cord cuts the water. Pull him in a little. There he goes again. That was a pretty leap, but it was his last. He's tired now, bring him in. A twenty pound robalo. And now the Judge is struggling with a monster, but he is out of luck. His line is snarled and caught around a rock and will be broken with the next rush. Now he is gone Judge, with hooks, sinkers and all. Don't mourn his loss. Be a philosophic if not a scientific angler. But it is an aggravation when the victim marked for sacrifice bids us adieu after showing his fan-like tail and burly shoulders above the water that we may know what we have lost. However, there are a few more of the same sort in the gulf. Excuse me, Kid, but let me throw your line out for you, otherwise the ampler portion of your nether garments are in danger of being hooked. You haven't "got on to this" sling shot fishing yet. What is the matter Kid? Have you got something? "Yes sir, it pulls hard, but don't swim fast. It just came to the top of the water, and looked like a big mouse



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

colored cow's liver." Well, tire him out boy, and we'll examine him at our leisure. Pull him up carefully on that little piece of sandy beach between those two rocks. What did you say Judge? "That's a devil of a fish!" You are wrong, it's a devil fish, they grow very large in these waters, sometimes yards across from tip to tip of flippers. Look at his tail; like a bull terrier's, and his eyes stand out like "devils darning needles," except larger. You see his mouth is under his chin, almost in the center of his belly. This is a small one and won't weigh over 50 pounds. Shall we go now? We have been fishing about ninety minutes and have caught about a hundred pounds of fish of all kinds and sizes. I'll hail one of those canoes, and see if they will take us aboard to see them harpoon fish. They say they are afraid they can't do much with us aboard, but that if we will give them twenty-five cents apiece as a recompense for their possible loss, they will take us along to see how it is done. There are over two hundred pounds of fish in the boat now, pargos, tarpons and curbinas. Sit in the bottom of the canoe. Now he is raising his spear for a cast. What a posture; ease, enery and grace combined. An adonis in black rubber. He has made his throw and missed it. It was too far, over thirty feet. He was trying to quedar bien (put on a little style) for our benefit. He looks a little ashamed of himself, doesn't he? Que sucedio amigo. Puss, no se puede siempre, patron. (What was the trouble my boy? You can't do it every pop, boss). Now he's getting ready for another throw, and I'll bet he gets him. Swish; how it went. I'd hate to have that man jab at me with a spear. He hit him and there go fish, harpoon and all. It must be a big one to go off that way with an eight foot harpoon sticking in him. Now you see what the line is attached to the spear for. Well, he's along side at last, a four feet robalo.

Let's go ashore and take a lunch at that house beyond the palms, while we wait for the Orinda to take us to the snapper banks. It is very comfortable here on this shaded porch. These tile roofs are cool and picturesque. Shall we try a native drink? Native in all its ingredients, brew and invention. I will help the lady bar-keeper mingle the various savory constituents into one perfect whole. A bottle of lemon soda, a glass of aguardiente, the juice of half a lime, a small piece of sugar, a larger one of ice; and now open your mouths and put it down, letting the savorous essence play over your parched pallet, like the hues of a rainbow against a drouth-scorched hill.

Let's go aboard our ship; it is now at the wharf and her commander at the wharf to receive us. Captain Kendrick, ladies, Admiral of the Harbor Fleet, who first crossed the bar commander of a schooner loaded with ties, and now navigates a continually increasing squadron of tug boats and barges, which aid in carrying on the commerce of the port. It is confidently asserted that he is personally acquainted with every fish in the river and most of those on the bar. The Captain had a hand in building the jetties and now helps keep them in working order. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and his historic tales relating to the fishing in these waters add further charm to sailing on these seas and rivers. The Captain first taught me how to measure the size of a fish, for, when it is properly done there is no occasion to strain

one's conscience when describing to admiring friends its dimensions. "The average man," says the Captain, "measures from head to tail in a straight line, and then lies about the result, which is all wrong. The proper way is to begin at the upper side of the mouth, over the forehead, down the back, under the dorsal fin, behind the candal, under the ventral, and up the belly to the point of beginning, as the surveyors say. By this system, a broad fish shows to as good advantage as a long, slim one," says the Captain.

When the jetties were under construction, he invented his marine circus with aquatic acrobats. The sharks were then plenty, and those few unfortunates who fell from the piling into the sea were eagerly and promptly snapped up. The sharks became so tame that whatever was thrown to them from the tugs that could be eaten, found a ready market. The Captain heated a brick one day until almost red hot, and then wrapped it up in a piece of woolen cloth soaked in bacon grease, and threw the bundle to a fourteen-foot shark that was swimming past a pile-driver. The warm and savory morsel was quickly swallowed. When the brick had burned its way through the covering and began burning through the intestines of the shark, the circus opened. The ground and lofty tumbling that ensued was very creditable to an amateur artist. It was the shark's maiden and farewell performance all in one, and at its conclusion he retired permanently from the aquatic boards.

We are under way at last. The swell from the ocean comes rolling up this channel and outside it will make our craft pitch and toss a little. The morning breeze from land to ocean has gone down, and the afternoon breeze from ocean to land has not yet sprung up. That three-masted schooner in the offing is waiting for the post meridian gale to make the harbor, and it now lies as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, the gaff topsails and flying jibs lazily flapping with the roll of the sea.

Some of the ladies are looking a little pale. This ground swell on the shallow gulf is very fetching. I imagine that some of them will soon pay their tribute to old Neptune. See that wicked sailor grin at their distress. Those old Romans were a great people and doubtless named their mariners aright, for he must be a very "nauticus" who can laugh at the distress of a fair woman.

We're going to anchor now in about one hundred and fifty feet of water. A two-pound sinker, three hooks on a wire, and twenty-five fathoms of line are what we'll use. We'll let the sailors bait our hooks. It is not a pleasant task when chunks of raw fish are used. Did you ever see anything like that?—every one pulling in their lines as hard as they can. See the crimson beauties come aboard. That color lasts but a short time when they are out of the water, fading to a dirty red. I think the Judge must have hooked a small shark by the way he tugs at his line. He is getting him to surface, but it is a small one, hardly four feet in length. There comes a line with one snapper and the head of another. A shark bit his body off on the way to the surface. They are making a chowder in the galley that will be hard to beat. A fresh snapper is unequalled among food fishes.

It seems impossible that this balmy breeze should be a January breeze. It

comes from fair Cuba, and brings the odor of her forests drowned in the sea spray of the Gulf. Judge, in your country, the snow drifts are now piling in the corners of the snake-rail fences. There! one dropped off the hook, but he will not escape. See how he floats on the top. These deep water fish, after having been pulled to the surface cannot dive again, but drift helplessly on the top. That's the dinner bell. While we are eating, they will weigh anchor and begin the return voyage. Cats' paws from the east are streaking the rollers with a deeper blue. The schooner to the leeward is overhauling us under the constantly increasing breeze. The little whitecaps now lift their heads and the gulls are scudding shoreward. "With a wet sheet, and flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast," our voyage is concluded.

A DOUBLE CREEL.

BY SHANNON BLAIRE.

Does a man look deep into tangled wood,
 Or greet the tide of the river's flow?
Do the notes of birds move his heart in flood,
 On the murmuring breath of the morning's glow?

Do the mountains rise to his awe-struck soul,
 Does he feel the calm of the vale beneath?
Does he read the heaven's eternal scroll
 As he breathes the scent of the dewy heath?

Then his life is there on its fulness bent,
 Where Nature's hands all her glories share.
If he loves all these he's a lover sent
 To beguile the heart of a maiden fair.

It was so, thought Grace, as she looked at Jack
 With his curly head and daring eyes;
But the fear of them never held her back
 When Jack bade her come with her rod and flies.

Just below the brow of the silvery ledge,
 And into the foam of the seething swirl,
Or along the calm by the rushing edge,
 Fall the downy casts of this graceful girl.

There's a golden gleam in the lucent pool,
 "Oh, he's fastened, Jack!" "Yes, I know," he sighed.
"Does it hurt him, Jack?" "Yes, the headlong fool,"
 As he stood transfixed by the water's side.

With the trophies rare in her teeming creel,
 To her watching hand on that Summer day,
A sweet new joy Grace was fain to feel,
 While a dearer prize found its vanquished way.

"Just our luck, Theo., another rainy day. I am very much afraid the fates are against our taking the long-talked-of hunt. A few more postponements will settle it until next October. I say go, rain or shine. We can leave on the 11.45 train to-night; this will give us Sunday in Danville, a splendid opportunity to get all the points, talk dog and do various other things which ought to be done in order to make this the 'boss' hunt of the season. Dr. G— can tell us the exact location of every covey of birds in Pittsylvania and Casswell counties, and how many birds in each covey. Now let it be distinctly understood that we go to-night."

"Say, Bob, go up to the baggage-room and see if you can find Mr. Theo. Taylor; he promised to meet me here at eleven o'clock. It is now half-past and I don't see anything of him. Hold on, Bob, here comes a carriage, and I am sure it's Theo. Sure enough it's him; out come the dogs, and there is the old man."

"What are you looking so sorry about, Theo.? I have just had a talk with the conductor and he tells me it will clear off during the night and that we will have a splendid week for our hunt. No more complaints about the ground being too dry for the dogs to hunt. Of course he knows what he is talking about, so that settles the weather question. Put the dogs in a comfortable place; it's as cold as blazes and they must be snugly fixed before we turn in."

"All aboard," and we are off for the old "tar heel" State, though from the pelting on the tin roof of the car it seems that the predictions of our worthy conductor are without any foundation, and made us hope when we had no ground to do anything so thoroughly unsportsmanlike. Still we are on the train and must make the best of it. As we are not due in Danville until 5.45 in the morning think it would be sensible to turn two seats and take a little snooze.

"Get up, Theo., no time to be lost, you look after the dogs, and I'll attend to everything else; think we had better go to old man Wade's; there isn't as much style as you get at the Arlington, but the dogs can be made more comfortable."

"How do you do, Uncle Pete? Still driving for Mr. Wade, I see. Any show for the dogs inside; too muddy for them to run up?"

"'Fraid dar aint no show, boss; the bus is chuck full and lots uv baggage to cum up here wid me; howsomever dar aint no ladies inside and you mought crowd de men folks a little."

Just so, and in the dogs go; it's only a few minutes' ride to the hotel, so the "cussing" is of short duration. A big log fire in the office is decidedly cheering, though the old gentleman's predictions are anything but pleasant to listen to. He thinks it has set in for a "long rainy spell," and that we might as well make ourselves comfortable with him until it clears up. Another thing, he knew all the streams were up and we couldn't find a man in Danville who would be willing to cross "Pumpkin's" creek.

As soon as breakfast was over we borrowed two umbrellas and started

out to see whether there was a man in Danville who would be willing to attempt to ford the creek at "Walter's" crossing. We had an idea there was just such a man in the town and that we could find him. The man we struck was hanging to the stove in the stable office. We told him what we wanted and he smiled as if it was a good joke; said there wasn't money enough in the county to get him to try to cross the creek at "Walter's"; tried it last year with a pair of bays he had refused five hundred dollars for; both were drowned and he was pulled out in a half-drowned condition. "No more Pumpkin's creek for me, if you please."

This little chat had a decided tendency "to bear" our feelings, but we had left home to go to North Carolina, and we were going. At the next stable we met with about the same success, only the man said he would take us around instead of across the creek, making the distance seventeen instead of four miles. This wouldn't do, as the hack would be, in the language of uncle Pete. "chuck full" of men, dogs, guns, etc., and we preferred running the risk of getting a ducking to being put into any such close quarters for a drive of seventeen miles in a pouring rain.

A little depressed, we started for the last stable in the town, and in it we found just the man we had been gunning for all day. He not only agreed to take us out but guaranteed to land us at Travers' inside of two hours. We were too much delighted to ask anything about the danger of crossing the creek, but took a "bee-line" for the hotel, paid our bill, listened to the old gentleman about the great risk we were running, saw the young ladies crying at the thought of our never coming back alive (didn't know we were married), we promised them to be ready to jump as soon as the carriage turned over. Our "glass fronts" soon pulled up in front of the house, drawn by two noble looking greys. We were packed in like sardines, and in a few minutes were at the head of Main street. From there it was just one mile to the dreaded spot. We determined to have a talk with the driver on the bank of the stream, and if he thought the danger was very great we were to take the long route.

However, this plan was "knocked in the head" by his not waiting a second. He sent the two greys into the muddy stream as if they had been shot from a cannon, and licked it into them at every jump. The water soon got into the carriage, the dogs had to be put on the seat and the gun casings held up at arm's length. In fact, things generally assumed a serious aspect, but there was no getting out of it. We either had to stand still or go ahead. It might have been better to have stood still, as we knew just where we were, while to go ahead might have been to go into a twenty feet hole about which the driver knew nothing, as it had been washed out since the creek got up. No such thoughts as these seemed to enter the driver's head, as he was going through at about a 2.30 gait, and in less time than I can tell it, we were safely landed on the other side of "Pumpkins."

From this point to the journey's end nothing of any interest transpired. Theo. had never traveled this route before, so I had to show him where the celebrated Wise-Ayleth duel was fought. The spot is about 160 yards beyond the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. I was told about ten

years ago by Bungy Gatewood, the toll-gate keeper, who lives within sight of the spot, that Ayleth fired the first shot, Wise, not being hit, fired his pistol into the air. The matter was then adjusted and the party left for the nearest railroad station. There seems to be some sort of fascination about this locality for duelists, as just beyond this point is the spot on which a duel was fought between two North Carolina gentlemen a number of years ago.

At the toll gate we asked an old negro man if there were many birds this season. He said "he didn't pay no 'tention to the partridges, but he never seed de like uv ole hares since he was born." As we were not in that line, we concluded to ask every man, black and white, we met between this point and Travers' about the birds. I think we asked half-a-dozen and in every instance their reply was the same as that of the old man at the toll gate. This may seem strange, but Mr. Travers told us while there, that not one native huntsman in fifty ever shot at partridges or noticed them, and that he didn't know a man in the country who could kill two in ten shots on the wing. They all hunt old hares, squirrels and turkeys, and would rather kill one turkey than fifty-eight ounce birds.

In hunting turkeys they find out where a gang is feeding and flush them just before dark, so that they won't get together before that night; a blind is then built and the huntsman leaves, to return before daybreak in the morning. He gets in the blind and waits until the leader, as they call him, commences to call the flock up. Some of them can imitate the turkey so perfectly that they call them right up to the blind, where they have a double-barrel gun. They load one barrel with No. 6 and the other with No. 1 shot. The sixes are used in close quarters at the turkey's head, the one at forty or fifty yards. At this distance it is necessary to get a side shot or get them going from you, as it is almost impossible to kill them coming directly toward you, unless you strike them in the head. However, as their style of hunting has nothing to do with our getting to Travers', we will continue our journey.

"Now, Jake, we will sleep in a house to-night which was used by General Washington during the revolutionary war as his head-quarters, on two occasions. Of course they will tell you all about it, and you must say you have heard something of it and want to hear the particulars, which have been handed down from generation to generation. If he hasn't died since our last visit to the farm, you will meet old Sam; I suppose he is at least ninety-five years old; delights in talking about the General; will show you a silver coin which he claims was given him by the General; of course you must swallow this, as the old man don't like to have his veracity questioned."

As the carriage drew up in front of the house everybody turned out to welcome us. They were glad we had come at last; had heard of our coming so often, and always been disappointed, that they had concluded we would never get there; couldn't have selected a better time, but for the rain, the creeks were very much swollen and the water in the low grounds had driven all the birds up on the hill-sides. Within ten minutes after our arrival we had put the dogs, guns and baggage away and were sitting around the dining room fire discussing the weather probabilities.

From the length of time Miss Mary

had been out of the room it was safe to infer that we were to have a good supply, and that she had gone upstairs to get out some of the premium preserves and honey, which hadn't been touched since the parson's last visit. I also soon found out that the same comfortable feather bed was in the company room. This made me almost as happy as to hear of the immense number of birds on both farms; the farms in this country are all posted, and some of the farmers will not allow any man to shoot a gun on their places. However, as the writer's father owned two large farms, we didn't bother ourselves about the places in the neighborhood, which were posted.

Supper over, we went to our rooms. Before retiring we looked out once more and found it was still raining. It is useless to say we went to sleep with heavy hearts, and also unnecessary to mention that we got up at least twenty times during the night to see whether it had stopped raining. About four o'clock we both dropped into a sound sleep, and knew nothing until Abe called us at seven o'clock. Abe was decidedly black, and not at all prepossessing in his appearance, but when he announced that it had cleared off beautifully I am quite sure we could have squeezed him with a relish.

At eight o'clock we were in the field, to the right of the house, where we were assured a splendid covey would be found. The cows had been turned into the field to graze and we had not gone two hundred yards from the house before the dogs showed any signs of game. On the right of the road there was a small piece of wheat stubble about fifty yards square. In this the dogs showed very plainly that we would draw the first blood.

After a few graceful circles Fan seemed to have been transformed into a piece of statuary. King, who was to her right, was soon just behind her, in the same rigid position, making a picture which any true sportsman would give six months' wages to own if transferred to canvas. We both stood for at least three minutes, admiring what we considered the most beautiful point we had ever seen, and perhaps would have stayed there all day if King hadn't seemed a little restless, and we moved on beyond the dog, when up shot at least forty birds.

I brought down one with my right barrel, but missed one sailing off to my right with the left barrel. I knew that I had held for the bird and was not a little worried at having made a clear miss. However, Theo. had gotten his two birds, and I had no time to cry over "spilt milk." I put in two shells and started for the branch, along which the whole covey had dropped. Going down the hill I noticed what I thought was a leaf on my left-hand barrel, and I reached down to knock it off. You can imagine my feelings when I found that my *new* gun had burst about four inches from the muzzle; this was one of the Newnham's best guns and the first time it had been shot. However, the birds were so thick I concluded to shoot the right hand barrel until I could send a boy to Danville to get me another gun. The birds got up beautifully on both sides of the branch until we reached the woods. Here we concluded to let them alone and try another covey.

On comparing notes we found that I had killed seven and Theo. ten out of this flock. As soon as a boy had been sent to town for a new gun we started for the field on the left of the house.

From the time we entered this part of the farm until we returned that evening we had grand sport.

We got up twenty-three coveys, killed one hundred and ten birds and hadn't been a mile and a half from the house.

This seemed almost too good to be true and I had to pinch myself to be sure that it wasn't a repetition of the hunt I had on the train in my sleep. The birds were packed in a box and instructions given Abe to cover the box with straw and take them into town in the morning in time for the Richmond express, which passed Danville at 8.30—no partridges are allowed to be shipped out of the State of North Carolina, hence the precaution of covering the box with straw.

In telling about our day's sport at the table that night I could see something had gone wrong with Mr. Travers. None of the family took any of the birds. I caught it as quick as a flash, and promised that we would kill some old hares the next day. This seemed to put the whole family in a good humor and made it decidedly pleasanter for us, though the thought of carrying around a lot of old hares was anything but pleasant, so I determined to press into service "Dan'l," Mr. T.'s only son, a handsome strawberry blonde about fifteen years old. He was delighted when his father gave his permission for him to go. He thought with the old family piece he could kill all the "cotton tails" that got up.

The dogs were soon fed, combed and put to bed, two hundred shells loaded with three and a half drachms of powder and an eighth of No. 9 shot, the guns cleaned, and two happy men turned in for a good night's rest.

By eight o'clock next morning we were on our way to a field on the edge of the creek where Mr. T. said we would have all the shooting we wanted, as all the birds from the low grounds had been driven up into that field. We kept the dogs in until "Danl." told us we had reached the place. The field contained about three hundred acres and inside of two hours we had gotten up fourteen splendid coveys. After the first shot they would invariably go to a piece of pine woods just on the edge of the creek. After hunting the entire field we started for the pines where we knew there were at least three hundred and fifty birds.

As soon as we were in the woods we made the dogs hunt "close" and commenced an hour of as grand sport as was ever had on this continent.

At half past four o'clock we stopped shooting and counted our game; we had killed thirteen old hares and one hundred and forty-three partridges.

On the third day we commenced in the small piece of wheat stubble where we started the first covey on Monday; the birds had learned lots since we first met them and we were only able to get three of them.

We hunted during that day in the fields back of the house and bagged one hundred and three, no old hares, as the second day's work gave a week's supply.

On the fourth day we hunted over about the same ground hunted on the second day but not with the same good luck. Why, I don't know, as we certainly saw as many birds and worked just as hard. However, when we boned the birds that night to ship to our Richmond friends we couldn't make it foot up but seventy-six.

As there may be some of your readers who knew Fan when she belonged to

the "Goldsmith" Kennel Club, of Toledo, and still feel an interest in her, I will give a short account of a retrieve made by her on this hunt which will show her old acquaintances that like wine she has been improved by age.

While hunting on the second day, at the foot of a hill on the bank of the creek, a bird got up in front of me and sailed directly across the creek. The shot was too tempting to be lost so I let him have it, although I hadn't the remotest idea of ever getting him. He fell in some bushes on the opposite bank of the creek and hung there. He was still fluttering when Theo. came up with Fan.

I showed him the bird but protested against Fan's being sent after him as the current was very swift and I was afraid she might be washed under some log and drowned; however, he thought he knew best, and after he had shown the bird to Fan he sent her in. As soon as she was well in the current, it carried her down stream at least fifty yards. Still, she never seemed to lose sight of the bird.

There she was in the middle of the creek, unable to make an inch of headway.

An idea seemed to strike her; she started for the opposite bank and landed at least one hundred and fifty yards below the bird. She then ran up the bank to a point about twenty yards above the bird and plunged in.

She had made the right calculation, for as the current swept her by the bush she grabbed the bird and landed two hundred yards below us and then gracefully and proudly galloped up to us and deposited the bird in my bag.

This was too much for Theo.; he hugged and squeezed her and I am quite sure would have kissed her if no one else had been present.

On the fifth day I determined to take King and hunt on the Yanceyville side of the creek and leave Theo. with Fan on the house side. This plan worked admirably, as the birds had been shot at so often that a great many of them would go directly across the creek after the first shot. At two o'clock we met by appointment at the bridge and hunted that evening two or three fields which we hadn't touched before.

A count that night showed that we had "held right" just one hundred and thirty-seven times, besides killing ten or twelve old hares.

Our time after supper was devoted to packing up, as we had to make an early start next morning in order to catch the Richmond express. It is useless to state that we left very reluctantly, as we knew it would be some time before we would have another such hunt.

In five days we had bagged five hundred and sixty-nine partridges and twenty-five old hares.

Nothing happened between Danville and Richmond worth relating, but on Saturday night might have been seen seven or eight sportsmen sitting around the fire at the club, with their mouths open, listening attentively to all we had to say. To some of your readers this may seem a tame hunt, but in this section it was looked upon as something outside of an average week's work.

If matters, however, have been dull in a business way, those piscatorially inclined have had full opportunity to gratify their hobby to the very top of its bent. Never in the history of angling in the waters around this city have the returns been so good as within the last six weeks. Weak fish, blue fish, sea bass, have all been caught in enormous quantities. Raritan Bay, a favorite resort for those fond of weak fishing, saw a short time ago a very singular circumstance. For some two weeks the weak fish had been running in great numbers and of fine size, three and five pounders being not at all unusual. All at once, as suddenly as if some bar had been put across Raritan waters, the fish stopped running—why? who knows. It simply remained, that try as the angler might, with sand worms, with soft clams, or any other bait, not a fish was taken for about ten days. Then they came again, in fairly good supply. Nothing at all to be compared in number to what was at first the case, and, stranger still, the big ones were not among them. All were small, for a two-pounder was considered a big fellow by the lucky angler who hooked him. My young friend, Dick Hardenburgh, whom I met a few days ago on his return from a trip to Raritan Bay, was madder than a wet hen. He had been down once or twice during the first run, and had been more than successful each time, then he was there during the time they were not running, and now again when the "wee" fellows were to the front. "Drat it all!" said Dick, "I'd rather catch nothing than these pugeilings, they're worse than a five-inch trout."

They say that competition is the life of business, but once in awhile keen opposition on the part of rival dealers works harm to them, and does good as well as forms amusement to consumers. Every one knows that the Jersey Coast, from Sandy Hook Light to Cape May, is the home of thousands of fishermen. These men compose both the Atlantic Fish Association — an organization which was started about a year ago by the fishermen at Asbury Park, the majority of the members being what is known as pound-net men—and a far older concern which for years controlled the sale of the fish caught on Jersey Coast, which was known as the Fishermen's Association of New York. Naturally, the rivalry between the two companies was of the keenest, and clashing was soon had as the opposing influences trenched one upon the other. Quite a number of dealers are located at Elizabethport, and here was where the first real tussle came. The pound-net men forwarded a carload of fish to the place named. Long before it was sold out, the opposition was on hand with a big supply. Then came the fun. Prices went down by the run, as fast as a halyard cut at the mast's peak. Weak fish, the choice of the fish sold, dropped to five cents a pound, then a half cent at a time lower until the fight became so earnest and bitter that splendid fellows of four and six pounds weight each sold for a cent a pound. Naturally, as the news spread, customers hastened to the spot to avail themselves of such opportunity. The fight lasted until both carloads were sold out. It was fun to the purchasers, but death to the dealers and worse to

the skippers. It will be a good while before such a scene is witnessed again.

Charles B. Nite, of Philadelphia, has been the chief promoter in the organizing of a new fishing club in the Quaker City. Obtaining first an option on all the fishing and shooting privileges on a large island lying on the coast of Virginia, and known as Cedar Island. Having obtained this option at a rather low figure, it was a very easy matter for him to induce others to become members of the proposed club. The fishing thereabouts is said to be something superb, and the variety something wonderful. Blue fish, sea bass, striped bass, and the gigantic drum are to be found in large numbers. The option was replaced by a lease at once. Not alone does the sport consist of angling. The lease carries with it the privilege of shooting on the beaches and in the interior. Of course, bay-birds and plover are a-plenty on the sands, while the waters off shore teem with aquatic fowl, brent especially being found in large numbers in the spring flight. Altogether, the lease was a good one to have. Plans have already been drawn for the club house, which it is intended to have ready and fully equipped by the time the shooting season is at its height.

Glen Island, one of the favorite outing resorts of the city, has been in mourning for some time back. Among the other attractions provided for the pleasure of visitors was quite a big lot of the common seal, the fellow who shows himself almost every winter season in waters close to this city. By some negligence on the part of the attendants, the gates which separated the pool in which they were confined from the waters of Long Island Sound were manipulated in such careless fashion while admitting a fresh supply of sea water, that nine of the seals escaped. Among the nine was one known as Minnie. The loss of Minnie was far greater than the loss of the other eight. Minnie had been taught several little tricks—to come when she was told, to turn a somersault, back into the water when ordered—all of which was to the intense delight of the mothers and the delectation of the "kids" accompanying them. As soon as the loss became known water scouts were sent out on a hunting expedition for the missing ones, but up to this writing without success.

That reminds the writer of his first experience with a seal. He was on a duck hunting expedition in the waters of Great Peconic Bay, eastern end of Long Island, in company with a thorough bayman, Captain Ira B. Tuthill, of New Suffolk, Suffolk County, when the incident occurred. To the writer it was rather startling; to the Captain, familiar as he was with everything that relates to the sea and its occupants, it was a ludicrous incident. The wind was blowing a half gale from the north-west, the weather as cold as Greenland, for it was late December. When the spray dashed upon the decks of our little sailing craft, it froze wherever it struck. We had been sailing down upon a bunch of "whistlers," local name for the duck known to naturalists as the golden eye—had got in a shot or two with excellent result. Of course the balance of the birds got away as the shots were fired. It was too rough a wind for them to fly far, hence we marked them down, and, tacking about, were soon after them,

first picking our dead birds. The birds had flown to a little sheltered cove under the lee of a projecting bit of land known as Hog Island Point. They got up wild as we neared them, and at so far distance that a successful shot was impossible. Tacking again as we came round, I saw something that made me shudder, and at the same time have that nervous feeling known as the "creeps," that is, the succession of chills which run from the back of your neck to the os cocculus and then back again. Ugh! I haven't got over it yet. Our speed had been checked, the sail was rattling in the wind, when almost under my nose up from the water came a round bullet-shaped head covered with hair, and peering from that head a great big pair of dark colored eyes, the most mournful in expression that I have ever seen, before or since. Was it a shock? I think so. My first impulse was to grab for it, and almost got overboard in the attempt. Indeed, I should have gone over, never to come up again no doubt, had not Captain Tuthill grabbed me by the tails of my leather shooting jacket. I thought at first glance it was a baby negro girl. Of course I was horrified and didn't get over it until the captain burst into a loud guff, and saying at the same time, "You chump, don't you know a hair seal when you see it?" Well, as it was the first I had ever encountered I confess I didn't know it, but it made such impression upon me that I'm not likely ever to forget. It gives me a chill now, years afterward, when I think of my feelings when that dark head and sad looking eyes burst out to my astonished, I may say appalled sight from under the waters. Possibly the vision came so unexpectedly and so quickly that it startled me far more than it would otherwise have been the case. However, I want no more such surprises—once in a life-time is full enough.

On inland waters the fishing for both big-mouth and small-mouth black bass have been something phenomenally good ever since the close time expired last May. As usual catches have varied with different individuals. Singular it is, yet it is the case everywhere, that some men will be successful in a catch while others not two rods away never get a strike. No one has as yet that I am aware given a solution of the mixed problem. Greenwood Lake, Lake Hopatcong and Swartzwood Lake, all these in the state of New Jersey, have afforded abundance of sport. The last named lake, although the smallest of the three, is much fished. Six weeks ago two young friends of the writer ran up to Swartzwood Lake for a little fishing after the big mouths. They made arrangements to remain three days. The end of two days saw a couple of disgusted young men. They had worked the waters of the lake from one end to the other, the boat all the time in the hands of one who knew Swartzwood and its bass as well as any one that lived, yet the labor was without result. They tried live frogs, "mummies," belly bits of small fish, live worms, insects of all kinds, yet never a strike was had. Then they shifted to flies. Nothing was successful. Then they trolled with attractive lures, metal and quill, and heaven knows what all. It was useless. The young man remarked when he heard their discussion about going home that night he knew them well, for each year for several past had seen the young fellows spend their Summer outing at Swartzwood.

"Don't go. I know where there is a thing that we can catch these shy fellows with. Last Summer John N— of Newark, was here, and he caught bass when everybody else was skunked. He used a 'go devil.'"

"A what!" shouted both young fellows at once.

"Yes! I said 'go devil,' that's what John called it. He always stops over at my cousin's, and when he left he gave this thing to young Bill. I'll go over there to-night and get it. It's just over the lake from our house."

The curiosity of the young fellows was aroused, and having in reality no where else specially to spend that third day, they made up their minds to remain over and try their new contrivance. That night over the lake rowed the guide, and upon his return had with him this most successful fish delusion, at least for the big-mouth bass of Swartzwood Lake.

What was it? One of the young fellows described it to me. Here it is. A cigar-shaped bit of wood, stumpy for its length, which was 3½ inches. The blunt end of the wood was separated from the other part and revolved upon an iron pin which held the two pieces together. This revolving end was a scant inch in length. On each side was a bit of galvanized iron. These bits of iron were placed where the two pieces of wood joined. At the small end of the cigar-shaped wood was a bit of gut, to which was fastened a triple-pointed hook, or rather three hooks with a single eye. Then at the spot of the two bits of wood coming together and on the longer bit of wood was placed on either side a hook of the same kind. All the work was done by casting. A cast being made, the "go devil" was reeled in quickly. The two little wire projectives whirled around rapidly, creating quite a churning of the water. Was it successful? Ask those two young fellows. They only fished in early morning and just as the light began to dim a little in the evening. Such sport was never seen. The bass were (at that time) feeding in the shallows or along the stony shore where the depth of the water was not much over, if any, a foot. Swish through the air would swing the "go devil." When the reel began to sing and the "go devil" splash, a rush would come, and then a strike. The work became on that day simply murder. They came back with fourteen bass that weighed in the aggregate 37 pounds. Were they handsome? The writer can truly note that they were. He saw them the next day on their arrival from Swartzwood in a box packed with ice and long fresh grass, at the home of one of the young fellows. But right on the top of the fish lay that murderous device which had proved so terribly destructive to the big-mouth bass, the "go devil."

A few days ago visitors to the beach at Coney Island were treated to an event out of the common, and one that caused no end of excitement. At the same time it was a source of profit as well as of pleasure to those who happened to be present at the time. Every one who knows anything about salt water fishing is aware what a bloodthirsty pirate is the bluefish. Not being satisfied to eat to satiety, it will, even after the appetite is satisfied, just bite and bite at smaller fish, seemingly to gratify simply the taste for blood. The occasion referred to was one of this kind where the fierce desires of the murderous bluefish drove shoals of the smaller ones right up to the sands,

where they were picked up by the hundreds. Every spectator turned fisherman. Men, women and children joined in the sport. The fish were mackerel. To escape the fate behind them the school of maddened fish dashed blindly up the beach, there to be picked up by as an almost deadly a foe as the one behind them. Thousands of these mackerel were so taken, and on the journey home nearly every passenger on the train had some of them. Some were strung on cords, some in baskets, some in paper parcels. The subject was one of conversation with all on the journey home. Those who happened to have been at another part of the beach were disgusted, and the expression "Oh! Why wasn't I there?" was heard on all sides.

My old friend Jake Blenderman, of Blenderman Brothers, 100 West Street, this city, is a good deal of a sportsman. He loves to shoot in the field, has a kennel of nice setters, and loves to fish as well as he does to shoot, and that is saying a good deal. Now Jake has a big farm down in South Jersey, although he never sees it until the game season is open. Then he has great fun with the woodcock, the quail and with the cotton tails, these last numbered by the hundreds. A short time ago Jake received word from his farmer that, although he had hatched out a big lot of ducklings, they had disappeared one after another until not over a dozen were left. He could not account for the loss until one Sunday, about a month ago. A short walk from the house is a lovely little sheet of water about five acres in extent. The farmer was standing at the edge of the pond watching one of his little ones splashing the water about, when he incidentally happened to raise his eyes, and at the same moment the problem was solved of how the ducklings vanished without a trace being left as to the manner of their disappearance. A couple of rods out in the pond the little group of young ducks were swimming peaceably along. Suddenly one of them went in under giving a little startled quack as it sank from view—almost before the enlarging circles of rippling water had reached the shore under went another. Ah! the mystery solved, cried the farmer. I must write to Boss Jake. As the writer happened in Blenderman's when that letter was being perused accounts for this knowledge of the affair. There were Tom Keller and Captain Cramer and one or two more. Ah! boys, turtle soup again this year. I thought I had cleared out my pond of these cussed snappers, but there they are again. Who'll get me some hooks? Snapping turtle catchers. Some said ask Jack Wright, of 8 Murray Street, he knows as much about tackle as any man in the trade. The writer knew Wright, so he promised to get them for Jake. Wright was seen. Snapping turtle hooks, what do I know about turtles, they ain't fish? Howell Wright looked over stock, and soon found a fair sized hook with an eye, and in that eye a length of stout steel wire some six inches in length. So a half dozen were sent down to Blenderman's, and ever since then the boys have been on the *qui vive* for some of that turtle soup Blenderman promised them. He has been spoken to about the matter several times, but simply says:

"Now you just wait. I have to fatten those turtles just the same as the farmer fattens his hog. How do I do it? You're asking too much, young

fellow. If you are so darned inquisitive you won't get a taste of that soup, and don't you forget it."

Mentioning the fact of the bluefish chasing the little mackerel up the sands of Coney Island's beaches, brings to the mind the fact that the run of mackerel in waters off the south side of Long Island has already this season on one or two occasions been positively phenomenal. Captain Willard W. Clock, of Islip, is a pound-net fisherman. In the early part of this month, while attending to his work, he sighted in the offing the peculiar flurry on the water made by a big school of mackerel. He was after them with his men and nets as quickly as possible. He secured thirty barrels of the fish in one haul. So great was the supply, that he had difficulty in obtaining the number of boxes necessary to ship them to this city, for the supply at the stores gave out long before that of the fish did.

Porgie fishing in Peconic Bay is now at its height. When one mentions porgies, it is usual to express dissatisfaction, if not disgust. I am aware the porgie is looked upon as a low-down fellow, is despised as a game fish, and thought a second or third rate one for edible purposes. Our colored brethren know better. So keen is their appreciation of the porgie, that it has led to the porgie being called "nigger fish." The general public is all wrong and the darkie correct in his tastes. It must be borne in mind that the porgies of Peconic Bay are no "pumpkin seeds," but fellows of generous proportions. Few will weigh less than a pound each, while a pound-and-a-half one is common. Once in a while a two-pounder comes to you. Now, take these big ones, dress properly, fry them in melted pork drippings in a hot pan over a hot fire, first slashing its sides at regular intervals from gills to tail, turn and twirl until the skin takes on a rich golden brown hue, serve hot with a pinch of Cayenne pepper and a few drops of lemon juice and salt to taste, and if your palate will not tell you that it is gustatory delight then I was never a fisherman.

Mention of Blenderman's snapping turtles reminds me of an experience of my own some years ago. It was in Connecticut, and not fifty miles from the City Hall of this city. I was passing some weeks at a farm house, rusticating in the laziest of fashions. The house was situated on an eminence, the hill sinking sharply down to end in a mass of rock and boulders. Here a river of no mean dimensions coursed along in rapid foaming fashion. Like unto all streams in hilly countries, stretches of still, silent, running water would be formed, and then a rush and a fall over a rough and stony bottom, the water foaming and roaring along until another quiet pool was formed below. It had been once a famous stream for trout, but it had been fished out so many years before my visit that the "speckled beauties" were but a memory in the minds of even the old sportsmen. Having nothing else to do, I secured some small wire and made the familiar noose known to every Yankee lad, and went day after day to that stream to noose suckers. I know the sucker as a food fish is not of the best, but what would you, an idle man, and lots of suckers in the stream, do. The fishing came as natural as the fish to the water. I had for a mentor and guide a bright, little, black boy, not

yet a dozen years of age, but who appeared to know every nook and twist of that stream as if he had been born in it rather than along side of it. One morning, he said:

"Boss! I can take you where you can see the biggest turtle that was ever looked at. He's a buster, for sure."

So, a day or so afterwards, we started with all the necessaries that I could think of in order to pot that game. Sam, the boy, was in a state of ecstacy. His bare feet and legs could hardly keep from running off with Sam, while his open lips and white even teeth were a sight to see. His happiness, that August morning, was of the degree, superlative degree. An hour's walk brought us to a low-lying meadow, the grass from which was now reposing as hay in the mows of the big barn of the homestead. At the edge of this meadow was a tumble of big boulders which, no doubt, had been placed there when that particular bit of land had been cleaned up by the pioneer farmers of a century and a half before. Between the interstices of these big stones had grown up clusters of trees—sycamores, elms, beeches, sassafras and chestnut. The trees were of huge size, the growth of many years. Here the same river flowed that I was catching my suckers in. Reaching this fringe of trees, stumps and stones, Sam commenced a by-no-means still hunt. He was continually shouting, "Here he is," but when I got there it was only to find he wasn't. A good deal of that sort of thing becomes decidedly monotonous, as I began to find it. Then came such a shout of happiness, without the call of "here he is," that I felt that particular turtle had been located. Sure enough, he was there, and, as Sam had stated, he was a buster. An uglier looking thing than that same turtle, I never saw. He was reposing in a cleft between three of the bigger stones. The way they rested on the ground gave a sort of opening, and from that opening a narrower one led directly to one of the deep pools spoken of above. I tried baited hooks with wire snells in front of him. He simply bit through wire after wire until my supply was exhausted. He was a fighter as well as biter. Several of the hooks were stuck in his jaws, and he was mad clean through. The thought of "quitting" never entered the head of that amphibian. When I took a pull on a hook, he would stretch out those scaly fore arms, spread out the strong claws of the feet, and then sag back, his jaws opening and shutting like a bit of working machinery. His head was enormous, the skin of the neck hanging in convoluted folds. The power of those jaws was simply prodigious, the ending of the mouth being a bill-like horn and shaped like a hawk's beak. After an hour's work I was in despair. The snapper still reposed in his home. If he was mad, so was I. I sent Sam to cut some pieces of wood three feet long, which he soon returned with. Then began a game of poke. Sam would stir him up on one side. Each time he punched him, Sam had something to say—it was a sort of one-sided colloquial affair, in which Sam did the talking and the turtle the listening. But the rage of that snapper grew with the punching. He would hiss and hiss continually, varying that goose-like sound by grabbing the punching stick and holding to it, like a bull dog in a fighting match with another dog. It was that frenzied rage that led to his downfall. Sam had secured a big pile

of stones and they were used as follows. A stick held to the snapper's nose, a bite, then a pull. If he gave away a bit in following the pull, a stone or two would be dropped in behind him. It was hard, steady work, but Sam and myself kept gaining little by little. He was coming forward a foot at a time, but he was coming. He was game to the core. Not once did he sulk. He would grab the stick, I would pull and so would he. When I got tired out and let go, he would do the same. He wasn't going to fight nothing. Then came another tussle. It was a good two hours before Sam and I had him in the grass of the meadow and on his back. What a war dance that little bare-footed darkey gave! He pranced around and around and so near that several times I had to drag him away. He got so close to that ugly head, the power of which I knew, that fear for the lad's toes made me grab for him as mentioned. A bit of heavy linen black fish line was got around his head, and then we dragged the fellow through that meadow to the road. How we got him home is still an enigma to me. Farmer Wilson was just coming in from the oat harvest for his dinner when he saw us moving up the road. Down he came to meet us. All he could utter at first were the words: "Well! I swear!" A big flat stone in front of the kitchen door was the place we laid him in, while, at Dad Wilson's request, Mrs. Wilson went after the "steelyards." Upon lifting him up, the snapper—not Farmer Wilson—turned up that beam to the forty-one pound notch before it dropped. He measured nineteen inches from fore end of back shell to the back. I regret that measurements were not taken with the length from out-strecthed front claw to out-stretched back ones. But, at that time, I little dreamed that I should ever have to record the size of that big snapper, or of any other, for that matter. What did we do with him? Well! the first thing we did was to get some table salt and sprinkle it on the leeches which covered the inner side of the fore legs at the shoulder. There were a good many of them too, certainly a couple of dozen. So the old fellow's life wasn't all fun anyhow. He was then washed off with a broom as a scrubbing brush, and then picked up and dropped in that receptacle for the vegetable and sour milk refuse of every farmer's home, known as the swill barrel. There he remained for two weeks and to Sam's especial delight all the time. Now comes the sequel which Farmer Wilson told me of the next year. A New York friend visited him one Sunday, driving from town, intending to drive back on Monday. His name was John Finley and he was a nephew of Farmer Wilson. Of course the big snapper was shown, and Finley bought him on the spot, intending to take him back to town with him. Sam was consoled for the loss of his "pet" by a generous tip, big enough to buy him candy for a month. I should mention that Finley had a friend with him. On Monday the snapper was taken from his new home, tied about the neck and legs with strong cord, and placed in the wagon when Finley was ready to start. Off they went, Finley telling of what a party he intended to have and how "snapper soup" would bring back to the boys visions of their old New England homes. Man proposes, God disposes. Not a mile of that ride had been traversed when that snapper got loose. How, no man

knoweth. The first thing the riders heard was a hiss and the clasp of a boot heel by those vise-like jaws. A yell, the stopping of the horse, the temporary loss of a boot, and two men standing by the roadside and a mad snapping turtle owning that particular wagon. The situation was a funny one to say the least. In some way the boot was loosened. The turtle was once again tied up, it was thought securely, and the party moved on once more. But the merest schemes of men "gang aft aglee." Mr. Snapper broke his throngs and was loose. Two madder men never lived than John Finley and his companion at that time. After discussion they came to the conclusion that "three" was mighty poor company. I should state that this second escape was made while the horse was drinking water from where the stream and road come together, the same stream from which the snapper had been taken three miles further up. A noose was slipped around that ugly head. It was lifted by main strength, carried to the water and dropped in, noose and all. Thus ends the story of that particular snapping turtle, but Finley had no party, and his friends none of that delicacy known as snapper soup.

A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

BY H. M. K.

Being a Spook Story for Fishermen.

No fisherman could ever desire a better companion on the stream than Jim. Jim was a splendid fellow in many ways—gentle, kind, generous, and good-natured as the day was long. There was only one thing I had against him, he was "so confoundedly superstitious." He went by signs and omens, believed most profoundly in "luck," and was everlastingly on the lookout for things that seemed to me weird and uncanny. Whether it was in his blood or came at his training, I know not; but if ever fisherman believed in "a fisherman's luck," it was my friend Jim.

For instance: Early one May morning, we had walked a full half mile from the farmer's house at the foot of the mountain, where we were to spend a glorious week trout-fishing. The day was just breaking, and the sun was flooding the eastern sky with glory, and we were full of anticipation and eager to beat the early fly on the waters, when all of a sudden Jim stopped stock still in his tracks, and said:

"Confound it! I've got to go back to the house."

"Why? What's up?"

"I forgot my pipe."

"Oh, well, never mind," said I. "I've got plenty of cigars along; they'll do, I reckon."

"No, sir," said Jim, "I've got to have my pipe. Cigars are no good. Besides, it's bad luck to start and forget anything."

"Bad luck, I guess, for the thing that gets forgot," said I. "Come on, man, we're losing the best hours of the day."

No, sir. Back he would go, and back he did go. But before he returned to the house, he divested himself of all his fishing equipment, basket, rod, and so on, and then looked up a stick, sharpened it, and drew a round circle in the middle of the dusty road, and carefully spat in the center of it.

I laughed at him, for I had heard of that device before, as resorted to even by eminent persons to break the charm of ill luck in being obliged to go back for a thing, but he hurried away, and only said: "You wait and see."

Well, I waited; in no very good humor, you may well believe, for by the time Jim got back, the sun was up, and all our prospects for taking the big fish at unawares were "all up" for that day, too.

I chaffed him unmercifully for his superstition, when we were at work on the stream; called him an "old woman" and all kinds o' things, but it did no good.

"No use, Harry," said he. "You can't make me give up my belief in luck, nor doubt my luck signs. I tell you I've seen too much to be laughed or argued out of my belief in them. For instance: there is an old proverb which says, 'What's twice is thrice.' You just try to light your pipe or cigar with a match. You notice, now. You

strike your match once—it doesn't catch. You strike it twice—it doesn't catch. You strike it three times—and you have your fire, all right."

Thinking to upset Jim's theory on the spot, I took out a fresh cigar and said I'd try, and I was willing to bet ten dollars that I could fetch the fire with the first sweep of the match across the seat of my trousers—but I couldn't, and I didn't. The third time, the fire came.

"There! What did I tell you," triumphantly exclaimed Jim. "You thought you could, but you couldn't. Your luck wouldn't let you. Now, its all the same with fly-casting. You just watch me. When I get up a trout at the first cast and don't hook him, I'm always sure to miss him at the second cast, but the third time he's as good as in my basket."

"Land sakes! what a fish!" For there was a tremendous splash just above us under the alders, where the shadows of night were still lingering deepest along the overhanging bank, and we both made our way as rapidly as possible to the scene. Jim got the first cast. The fish rose with a fine swirl, but Jim pulled just a little too quick. He cast again—carefully, oh! *so* carefully—and got a rise, but no fish. With the third cast, there was a mighty splash, such as makes the fisherman's heart leap and his legs tremble, and the beauty was soon in Jim's basket. "Didn't I tell you?" said he. "You laugh at luck. What are you a fisherman for? Don't you know about a 'fisherman's luck?' Oh, yes, you do, but you haven't learned how to turn it toward you and how you can turn it away from you, that's all. An' you'd better learn soon, my young friend, if you want to have any luck a fishin'."

We had a pleasant day, and when in the gathering gloom of the evening we slowly wended our way to the farmer's house at the foot of the mountain, Jim insisted that he had had good luck that day, but that if "he'd a gone back after his pipe in the morning without making a ring in the road, and so breaking the charm, he wouldn't have caught a fish."

"I believe," said I, "if I were to live with you a week I'd be as superstitious as an old woman. I'd see a spook behind every tree. I suppose you believe in spooks, too, as well as in signs. They generally go together."

"Well," said he, "I've seen some mighty queer things in that line, but I don't care about talking of them just now."

"Getting too dark for that, isn't it Jimmy? You seem to be half afraid Old Nick himself might come peeping out from behind some black stump in the woods yonder."

But Jim seemed disinclined to such conversation, and we trudged along in the narrow road that ran through a wood, each busy with his own silent thoughts, or more probably thinking of the good supper awaiting us at the farmer's house.

In the gathering darkness an owl flew from one side of the wood to the other, and Jim at once called my attention to the fact that the bird had flown "to our left."

"Very likely because the mouse he was after happened to be on that side of the road," said I.

"Well, it's a bad sign," insisted Jim.

"Bad for the mouse, no doubt," laughed I.

"All right," said he, "you just wait and see."

The ill-omened bird, albeit "wise Minerva's only fowl," had brought us

no ill-luck by the time we reached the house. At all events a good supper was awaiting us. The old owl hadn't got away with that, anyhow, nor with my appetite. He'd a had a heavy load to carry if he'd a tackled my appetite, and whether owls flew to the right or left I didn't care a snap of my finger so long as the good housewife's supply of fried chicken and glorious waffles held out.

Well, after a good supper and a good smoke we went to bed. We were put to lodge on the first floor of the house, and as the weather was warm, we left the window open. Our two split bamboo rods we did not take apart, but lay them along the wall on two convenient pegs, just as they were when we stopped fishing. On the hook attached to my leader, I remembered afterward, there was a small live bait, a minnow, with which I had been angling for a large trout when we left the stream, and which I had carelessly allowed to remain on the hook.

Jim put out the light of the tallow candle, and we were soon both sound asleep. * * * Along in the middle of the night somewhere I was awakened all of a sudden by a terrible commotion in the room. My reel was running out at a furious rate, and half awake as I at first was, and probably busy dreaming about fishing, I was about to "strike" my fish when Jim sat bolt upright in bed and said in a blood-curdling whisper:

"Wh-a-t's that?"

I didn't know, and so didn't attempt to answer.

The tallow candle and candlestick together now flew across the room and struck the wall on the other side. My reel kept on running; the chairs began to dance and spin over the bare floor; there was a *swishing* sound as of something cutting the air as with a whip; and interspersed amongst these various noises there was a constant Ph—t! Ph—t! Ph—t! The whole room was in a commotion—and Jim and I both sprang out of bed, rushed for the hall door, and got out into the hallway as quick as we could, feeling sure that Old Nick was after us.

Closing the room door carefully, so as to keep him in, if he *was* there, I asked Jim what kind of a sign he considered this. But he only muttered something with chattering teeth about "that owl that flew to the left—d'ye mind?"

The farmer now appeared on the scene, with a "What's up?" We told him his house spooked—bad; and that if he would accommodate us with a candle (ours being hopelessly in possession of "the powers of darkness") we'd be obliged to him, and that we'd then sit up and wait for daylight.

The man soon brought a candle, and saying that he had never seen or heard any spooks in *his* house, and, beg pardon, he didn't believe there were any in it. We threw open the door of our haunted chamber and marched in single file, Jim bringing up the rear.

The mystery was soon solved. The cat had got into our room by the open window, and, cats being proverbially fond of fish, she had devoured my dead minnow and hooked herself in the jaw. She then made a break for the window; the line had caught the candlestick and sent it spinning across the room; had then got tangled up amongst the chairs and the table legs, and caused all this devil's dance that had nearly scared us out of our wits.

That's all. I never go fishing with Jim any more.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Fish Scales.

[Extracts from a lecture delivered by J. W. Zaehnsdorf, before the London, Eng., Piscatorial Society.]

The roach angler fishes for roach. He knows—or should know—a roach when he sees one. Show him a roach scale, and ask him to what fish it belongs. Can he tell you? Here we have a roach scale. Unfortunately I have not a rudd scale to show; but the roach and the rudd are so nearly alike that this scarcely matters. Ask the sea fisherman to give you a few scales of the cod. Most likely he will tell you it hasn't any. Ask him for a few from the eel. He will most probably reply, "Who ever heard of 'em?" They are there, however, but under the skin, and each species of eel has a different scale. Here we have an eel skin showing the curious formation of the scales running at diverse angles, and here are a few of the scales squeezed out and stained so as to render them visible. Nevertheless, all fishes provided with electric organs (those of the eel family and the lamprey) are naked. It is very curious that these fish should be minus scales —a point which I am not at this moment prepared to explain.

Not only are different fish provided with differently shaped scales; but those scales which belong to the same fish vary in structure according as they are found on this or that part of the body. Here are the scales of the jack. I would call your particular attention to the curious lobes (if I may use the word) which are attached to these scales. Here is a scale with two lobes; here are others with three and four respectively—all from the same fish; and they are so disconnected at their points that you can easily lift one lobe from the other by means of a needle or a penknife. For the purposes of strict comparison one should take scales only from one particular spot of each fish. This, however, it has been impossible for me to do in every instance.

Fish scales are contained within the substance of the skin, and are not merely attached to it by one end, as appears to be the case. In most of our common or fresh water fish, such as the roach, etc., the scale projects beyond the level of the skin, and the projecting portion is covered by a thin layer of skin. When the scales are scraped off the body, this layer, with its beautiful pigment cells, is usually found adhering to it. In some fishes, as the cod and eel, the scales are entirely sunk below the surface. The scales of different parts of the body are of different sizes, and those down the side, forming the lateral line, are pierced through the centre with openings, or ducts, to allow the escape of a fluid which lubricates the skin beneath, without which fish will very soon die. The lateral line runs from the head to the tail, sometimes reaching the caudal fin, sometimes stopping short of it, sometimes advancing over its rays. Certain species have several lateral lines, an upper one following the dorsal, a lower one the abdominal outline whilst a third runs along the middle as usual. The scales of the lateral line are sometimes larger than the others, sometimes smaller. Occasionally there are no other scales than these, the rest of the body being naked. Therefore the lateral line scales may be viewed as the most important.

There are four denominations of scales mentioned by Agassiz—the cycloid, the stenoid, the granoid, and the placoid. This classification has been proved by living scientists to be not perfectly accurate, but for the sake of convenience I shall adopt this classification tonight, as being quite near enough for my purpose, seeing that I wished to seize upon general principles rather than detached instances. The cycloid and the stenoid include all the most common forms of scales, and are marked with circular or concentric rings. By steeping in water, the several layers, or laminæ, of which

the scales are formed, can be separated with a delicate penknife; and by means of these laminæ, according to some authorities, the age of a fish can be easily ascertained, each layer representing one year's growth. The cycloid scales are smooth, horny, bony—such scales as one finds on the herring, salmon, roach, etc. The stenoid scales are serrated or spinous at the exterior margin—such are the scales of perch. In the granoid class, the scale is regularly covered with thick angular cells, composed internally of bone and externally of enamel. Most of these species are fossil. The best known example of this class is the bony pike of North America. In the placoid class the skin is covered irregularly with layers or small plates or points of enamel. It includes all the cartilaginous fish of Cuvier except the sturgeon. Examples may be mentioned, such as sharks or rays. Some of this denomination are also fossil. Here is a piece of skin from a member of the shark family. The top portion of the skin, or rather the scales, have been ground down after staining. This is the true shagreen, used years ago for covering books, bags, etc. It is employed by the Japanese at the present day for much of their beautiful laquer work.

The structure of the spines or spur-like scales of the skate is curious. The larger of them consist of a button-like base surmounted by a sharp apex or point. The outer and lower point of the base is opaque white; the spine is hollow.

The heads of most fishes possess mucous pores and ducts, usually in greater number than on any other part of the body; and this distribution is one of the most beautiful arrangements of Nature. The mucous or slime by which the scales of fish are, as it were, varnished or water proofed, be exuded from the pores of the head, is necessarily carried backwards by the current, or, in still water, by the progressive motion of the fish, thus spreading itself over the whole surface of the body. This lubricating fluid is most abundant in fish with small scales. The mucous orifices are, as I have stated, along the whole laterel line. Occasionally the scales are covered entirely by a soft, thick cuticle, so as to be detected only by close examination. This mucous may well serve as a provision to assist in preserving life during the period of torpidity or hibernation, and, generally, to withstand the influences of water.

The scales of fish are, primarily, defensive. That is their first *raison d'etre*. Without scales they would quickly succumb to animal or vegetable parasites. And note this remarkable provision of Nature—if one scale be lost it is supplied by a new growth precisely similar to that which furnishes a second finger-nail on the human hand, when the first one has been damaged or destroyed.

In this connection I should like to mention the tench. Unfortunately, I have not a tench scale to show you to-night; but as regards this "fresh-water physician," as he is so often called, there is very strong reason to believe that a fish which has a scale torn off does, by rubbing his body against the medicinally slimy sides of the tench, heal himself during the interval which intervenes between the accident and the new growth of the scale. The tench's slime forms on the body of the wounded fish a protective film, which—when it hardens, as it quickly does—precisely resembles that gold-beaters' skin without which our human surgical dressings would be so often difficult or impossible. In the absence of mucous, whether yielded by the tench or by the injured fish itself, parasitic growths quickly commence on the ancient site of the lost scale, these being followed by malignant ulcers, and finally death. Roach about spawning time are usually rough and deficient of a plentiful supply of mucous. The roughness is caused by a loosening of the scales. Soon after the deposition of the ova, however, the roughness diminishes, and the abundance of the mucous makes it very unpleasant to handle the fish at all.

It scarcely admits of doubt that the circulation of the blood in the minute capillaries plays an important part as to the color and the change of color in fishes' scales. It is for this reason that the fish takes their hues from their surroundings. I have here the pigment scales which I have scraped from the scales of a bream. Let me call your attention to the experiment of Mr. Shaw. He puts two parrs into two earthenware vessels, one white and the other black inside. In four minutes they had gradually assumed a color nearly resembling that of the earthenware. He then exchanged the position of the two fish, and the result uniformly followed that the fish altered their tints to match their surroundings.

Beyond controversy, this mutability of color is a device of Nature whereby the fish is preserved by being rendered less visible to its lynx-eyed enemies—just as the chameleon finds pro-

tection in change of color, and just as the Russian or Siberian (in fact, also the Scotch) hare finds protection in turning white when the snow covers the ground. In this connection I could easily adduce analogies from the feathered tribe. The ptarmigan, for instance, alters his color to fit the tints of this or that particular season.

We are told by some authorities that the stickleback is without scales, but lavishly furnished with aureola, filled with a colored oil, whereby the color may be varied at will, or, rather, according to the automatic action of certain dermal nerves. I have been unable, whilst collecting my specimens, to obtain a scale of the stickleback; so I must magnanimously accept this theory as correct. But I have succeeded in getting some scales from the minnow. Here is the skin of the minnow, and there you will discover the scales. Mr. C. Pennel, in one of his interesting volumes, remarks the curious fact that age and exclusion from the light produce precisely the same effect both on fish and other animals—the skin or scales undergoing a sort of bleaching process—whether from the gradual drying up of the invigorating juices of the body, or from the want of the sun's rays, or from both causes. In the case of fish and reptiles whitened by exclusion from the light, it is almost a universal rule that the eyes are so much undeveloped as to produce total blindness.

As to the question of feeling, I can only find one reference, and this is in Mr. Pennel's book, where, on page 14, he says: "The rigid nature of this scaly covering in the generality of the fish renders it probable that they possess but little external sense of touch."

Here is a scale of the bleak. You will see how beautifully it is marked, and I should like to say a few words concerning the bleak, because we are told that one cause of the destruction of bleak (a fish which has very much diminished of late years) was the manufacture of "patent pearls," as they were called, in which bleak scales played a prominent part. On the inner surface of these scales is found a silvery pigment, to which they owe their brilliant metallic lustre, and this coloring matter was universally used by the bead trade for imparting a pearly tint to their wares. So great, at one time, was the demand for this commodity, when the wearing of imitation pearls was at its height, that the price of a quart measure of scales varied from one guinea to five. At one factory alone, in Paris, 10,000 pearls were issued per week, and when it is considered that each pint of scales cost the lives of 4,000 fish, and only produced four ounces of pigment, some estimate of the havoc caused among bleak by this traffic may be formed. The Thames fishermen gave themselves no trouble beyond stripping off these valuable appendages, throwing away the fish when scaled. Roach and dace and some other species also furnish a coloring substance, though not of uniform quality. The whitebait was laid largely under contribution for this purpose, and it was the custom amongst hawkers generally, before selling any "white fish," as they were then termed, to supply the manufacturers with their scales.

Soft and Waterproof.

If you wish to keep your shooting-boots soft and waterproof, soak them for twenty-four hours in a tub of water, let the water run out of them, and then fill them with common castor oil while the leather is still quite wet. Hang the boots up, and let the oil remain in them for three or four days; at the end of that time they will be as soft and pliable as kid, and will not harden after the longest day's shooting in the wettest weather.

A Bull Dog Pointer.

A dentist, of Norristown, is the owner of a remarkable bull dog pointer with all the instincts of a field dog and that of a bull type combined. His head has the shape and form of a thorough pointer, but somewhat broader, with a good deal of intelligence sparkling in his eyes. His chest and forearms show the bull dog in perfection. Like his pugnacious sire he walks the streets conscious of his prowess, and while he is quite gentle and kind to his master and friends, he will be master of his race, and has never been defeated in a contest.

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A New Theory about Shad Spawning.

During a talk the other day with an old gill-net fisherman, he earnestly propounded the following theory about the spawning of shad. We give it for what it is worth:

He said, that on the eastern side of the Delaware river, at Marcus Hook and Tinicum, he always caught fine, large shad, that were full of

solid roe, while directly opposite, on the western side, the shad were not in such fine condition, and seemed to be in a spawning state ; that is, the spawn of the female and the milt of the male oozed constantly from the fish.

The western bottom of the river is rocky and sandy, and the inference drawn by the old netter is that the shad spawns on these rocks in the later part of May and the early days of June. He insists that he has seen the male fish following the female among these rocks in the same manner which they use in spawning in the upper tributaries of the Delaware river.

A correspondent sends the following method of preventing rust in guns :

Rust is one of the banes of a sportsman's life if he lives in a moist, damp climate, and every true lover of a fine gun will hail any preventive of that pest with heartfelt delight. The method is as follows : Have made a cleaning-rod nearly filling the bore of the gun. Then take a strip of cotton cloth (Canton-flannel is best) from an inch wide up to three inches, according to the size of the bore, and six inches longer than the barrel of the gun. Saturate it with any good oil or vaseline, double about two inches of the end over the end of the cleaning rod, and press into the bore. The remainder of the cloth will, with a little assistance, fold itself lengthwise around the cleaning rod as it is introduced, thus filling up the vacant space entirely. By this means the air is completely excluded, and even the small quantity originally in the barrel is driven out. Where air cannot go moisture cannot, and the gun may remain untouched for months, or even be immersed in water, without injury to the bore. By this method the gun can be examined at any time or prepared for service in a few seconds by simply withdrawing the rod.

Fixtures.

[Secretaries of clubs are requested to send in notices of meetings and shoots.]

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 2-4—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Auduborn Park ; targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager,

Sept. 7—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, secretary.

Sept. 8-10—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club. $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 12, 26—CHICAGO, Ill.—Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contests, north lagoon, Garfield Park.

Sept. 15-17—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s tournament. $750 added money.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 6-8—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club, for amateurs only ; pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, secretary.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association ; targets and live birds ; added money announced later

Oct. (second week) — BALTIMORE, Md. — Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, secretary.

Oct. 14-15—GREENSBUY, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensbuy Gun Club.

1897.

March 23-25—NEW YORK CITY—The Interstate Association's fifth annual grand American handicap at live birds.

June (third week)—CLEVELAND, Ohio—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company.



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Castile, N. Y., for trout and pickerel.
Chemung, N. Y., for black bass.
Deposit, N. Y., for black bass and trout early in the season.
Greenwood Lake, N. Y., for black bass and pickerel.
Hawley, N. Y., for black bass, trout, perch and pickerel.
Highland Mills, N. Y., for black bass, trout, perch and pickerel.
Jamestown, N. Y., for mascalonge, black bass, pickerel, etc.
Lordville, N. Y., for trout and black bass.
Olean, N. Y., for black bass and perch.
Otisville, N. Y., for black bass, pickerel and trout.
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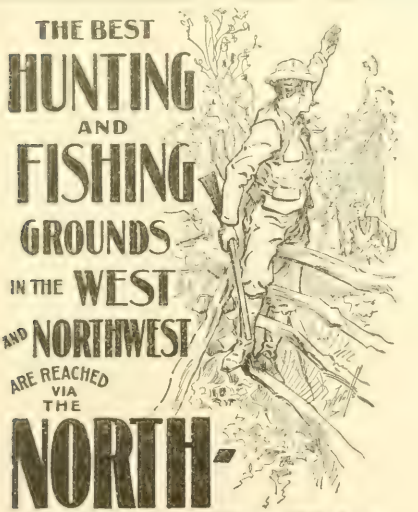
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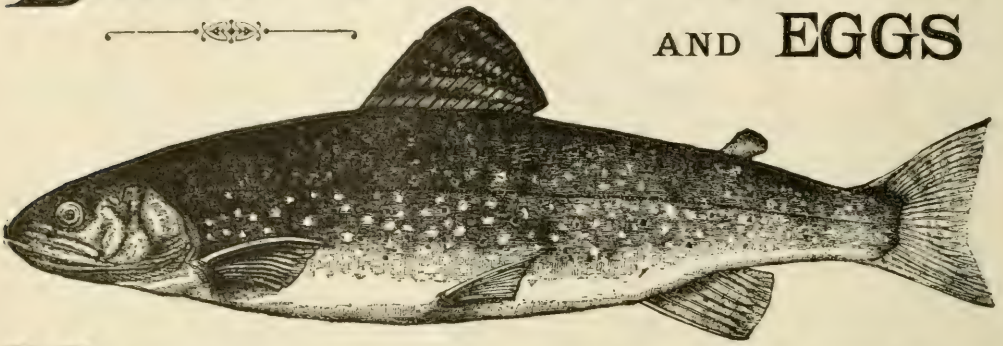
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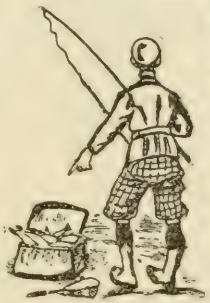
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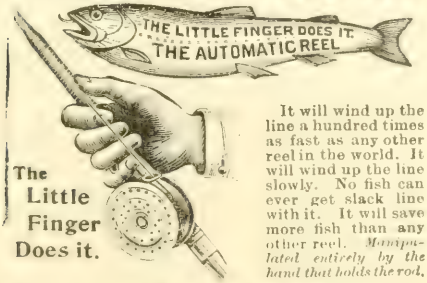
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER-NOVEMBER.

FRONTISPIECE—"THE THREE VIRGINS.
FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA..... *Wm. C. Harris* 333
AMONG THE TROUT OF OREGON..... *Austin E. Hammond* 341
A PLEASANT LITTLE GAME AT ARANSAS PASS, TEX. Illustrated. *W. D. Jenkins* 346
TACKLE RECOMMENDED FOR BLACK BASS FISHING.... *Walter Greaves* 348
CATCHING BLUE GILLS WITH THE FLY..... *W. C. Kepler* 349
FISHING FOR TARPON IN THE BREAKERS..... *John A. Sea* 352

FISH NOTES AND QUERIES.
Our Delayed Issues—One by one they pass away—Tagging Tarpon (illustrated)—The Law Affecting Private Fishing Clubs—Amphibious Habits of Fish—An Enthusiastic Fisher—Mississippi Fishes a Century Ago—Great Salmon Fishing—A Device for Tarpon Fishers (illustrated)—The Ouananiche of Lake St. John—Tarpon Record at Aransas Pass, Tex.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF FRANK FORESTER'S..... 361
THE THREE VIRGINS. Verse. Illustrated..... 376

THE AMERICAN ANGLER is an Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to the pastime of Fishing and Shooting. Terms: $2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy.

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Three virgin sisters met
Upon a cross road
At close of day
In life's weary way
The Three Virgins
An Allegory

See Page 376

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1896. NOS. 10-11.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

[Continued from page 263.]

Eleven years ago much discussion arose among anglers as to the existence of lungs in the tarpon. It was asserted that it was a warm-blooded fish because it was known to rise to the surface and "blow," as the whalemen term it. Hence it required more air than other gill-fishes, and that traces of true lung-formation were found in the air bladder, all of which seemed to the disputants to substantiate the claim that the tarpon was less cold-blooded than its congeners of the southern seas. It was argued that its high aerial leaps and intelligent attempts to free itself when hooked, indicated a higher degree of development than exists in many other fishes, particularly those of salt water. During this earnest discussion among the craft, Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York, wrote me, in 1885, from Punta Rassa, Fla.:

"I have seen thousands of these fish come up to the surface of the water to take, as it appeared to me, a mouthful of air, but until my last prospecting expedition I never heard them make a distinct breathing-sound. This only instance was from a tarpon which came up to the surface, head toward me, being about thirty-five feet away, he making the distinct sounds of blowing out air and drawing in air, exactly like the porpoise. Perhaps this is not always done, for I have seen fish come up and take the mouthful of air, and after they had gone under I could trace them for a hundred feet or more by means of the bubbles of air that escaped. May it not be that generally the air is gradually expended from the air-chamber, and when empty the fish comes to the surface only to fill the same again?

"That these lungs are used for breathing is, I take it, pretty well established. Among many examples is the fish I took season before last, which, during about an hour after he had given up leaping, was swimming partly under my boat and towing it stern first. This fish, about every five minutes, would turn slowly to one side from under the boat, scarcely changing his course, and come slowly and steadily to the surface of the water, and, as I then thought, take a mouthful of fresh air to pass through the gills, in addition to the air subtracted by the gills from the water, and then slowly swim down to his former place partly under the boat, not an inch of line taken in or let out, but everything under a strong strain. This fish, no doubt, came up to breathe, though I did not distinctly hear the blowing out or drawing in of the air. He seemed stronger at the end than at the beginning of the hour. My observations are that they come up about each half hour when undisturbed."

Notwithstanding these interesting observations of Mr. Wood, the tarpon does not possess a true lung. Like

nearly all others of the great group of isospondylous fishes, it has the air-bladder well-developed, with a pneumatic duct opening from it into the mouth. In the tarpon this duct is quite long, and the air-bladder is profusely supplied with blood-vessels, a fact which has doubtless misled Mr. Wood and others as to its lung-formation. Dr. Barton W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission, writes me in this connection:

"It should hardly be called a lung, and the fish is no more nearly warm-blooded than a sucker or any other fish. The air-bladder is very lung-like also in the gar-pikes and the like."

Dr. Günther, the English ichthyologist, in his "Study of Fishes," covers the entire field of inquiry on this subject. He states:

"The air-bladder, one of the most characteristic organs of fishes, is a hollow sac, formed of several tunics, containing gas, situated in the abdominal cavity, but without the peritoneal sac, entirely closed or communicating by a duct with the intestinal tract. Being compressible, its special functions consist of altering the specific gravity of the fish or in changing the center of gravity. In a few fishes it assumes the function of the organ of higher vertebrates, of which it is the homologue—viz., of a lung."

The leaps of the tarpon, when restrained by the line, are a grand acrobatic exhibition, and are, in fact, the source of the attraction by which anglers are led to pursue this great fish. When he ceases to vault into the air, the contest with him on the rod levels to the plane of fishing for shark, sawfish or jewfish, monster water-denizens whose capture simply exhibits the individual prowess of the rodster—a combat of muscles. But exact as this statement surely is, the leap of the tarpon is a thrilling sight, and is apt to create an electric pulsation in the holder of the rod; it is the grandest sight that ever fired the eye of an angler. The magnificent fish, over six feet long, with his gleaming coat of molten silver, shoots into the bright sunshine with a full foot of daylight showing between the tip of his tail and the seething foam of his wake! Look at him as he, dog-like, shakes his mail-clad head to void the hook, and then slides back into the water, only to gather momentum for yet more furious leaps and plunges and mad throes of desperate combat! Look at him as he makes the waters boil and surge until they glitter and sparkle like his own unrivalled panoply of resplendent armor, in his vain efforts to escape from the trifle of thread, which vibrates perilously between his huge jaws, and the yielding tip of your rod one hundred and fifty feet away! Of such is the delight and excitement in tarpon-fishing. Reports, trending upon the marvellous, come to us about the height and compass of the leap of the tarpon. Dr. J. C. Kenworthy, to whom is due the credit of being the first to bring the tarpon as a great game-fish to the notice of American anglers, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Al Fresco," stated that he had seen tarpon frequently jump eight feet perpendicularly from the water, repeating the act on one occasion fifteen times, leaving the water fully eight feet each time. He also reported that on another outing he had a large tarpon seize the bait and then leap, landing at least twenty-five feet from the point of departure. Again he writes that the captain of the steamer "Water Lily"

a St. John's river boat, was seated on the forward deck when a small tarpon (62 pounds) jumped over the guard of the boat and landed in the captain's lap, "knocking him head over heels." But those reports, unquestionably truthful, pale before the one printed in the *Houston Post*, and vouched for by an angler of Velasco, Texas:

"As the steam-tug Mollie Mohr was coming up the river from the jetties this morning, she ran through a school of tarpon about half a mile below the city. Three of these huge fish leaped clear across the tug's forward deck, one of them narrowly missing Tom Ross's head, the second struck the cabin near where Captain Marshall and a fireman were standing, and made a dent as large as a man's fist in the hard wood. The third struck and bent an iron drift-bolt half an inch in diameter, and glancing off hit Wm. Schunfield between the shoulders, knocking him senseless; in fact, it was thought for a time he had been killed, and it will be some time before he will be able to resume work."

I have never seen a tarpon leap higher than about eight feet, that is, allowing six and a half feet as the length of the fish. I have seen them in the air with from one to two feet intervening between the tip of the tail and the surface of the water. But I had an experience, novel and interesting, some years ago in Florida which convinced me that this fish relies entirely upon his strategic leaps to free himself from the hook. One day, at Gordon's Pass, I was fishing with light tackle and minnow-lure in the hope of taking a cavalli, when the bait was taken by a large tarpon, which, as is usual when they feel the slightest impact of the steel or restraint of the line, cavorted into the air within twenty feet of the beach upon which I stood. He frantically repeated his vaulting at least six times, shaking his head vigorously as he rushed seaward, although the line was broken and hung slack from the tip of the rod when his first jump was made—a clear case of buck—or rather hook-fever, on the part of fish. It is authentically stated that the tarpon will leap at the sail of a boat, particularly on moonlight nights, if the sail be new and bright, and Texan anglers report that at such times they will take the mullet-bait greedily.

The table qualities of the flesh of the tarpon are in dispute, conflicting opinions having been placed on record during the last twelve years. Jordan and Gilbert, in their "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," state that it is excellent eating; Professor G. Brown Goode, in his "American Fishes," says: "It is rarely or never eaten in the United States, its flesh being dry and bony." Dr. J. C. Kenworthy, corresponding with "The American Angler," wrote some years ago:

"Possessing ichthyophagous tendencies, I resolved upon determining this matter and cut some steaks from a specimen tarpon weighing 128 pounds. I had them fried, and upon testing them I arrived at the conclusion that as an edible fish the tarpon rates next to the pompano. To me it resembles a spring chicken in flavor. Several gentlemen tasted the fish and confirmed my opinion. Since that time the flesh of this fish has been sold in this market (Jacksonville, Florida), at ten cents per pound. The flesh is very tender and of a light walnut-tint."

Another correspondent writes: "I consider the tarpon good eating and think the time will come when it will

figure on Fulton Market stalls." The Mexicans consider the tarpon excellent eating and the Spaniards and negroes of that country salt them for winter use and eat them with relish. Mr. W. H. Wood wrote me:

"Their edible qualities are fairly good. I have eaten of a number of them, and may say that the grain of the flesh is fine; the color indescribable, but may be said to be somewhat similar to that of the shade of a light black walnut. I jokingly called it a wine-jelly color; the flesh in the sunlight is partly translucent; the flavor is somewhat meaty and oily, but not unpalatable; it turns to a cream-color when fried. I have not tasted it boiled. It is eaten by most of the alongshore sailors."

In summing up, it may be well to state that although I have seen hundreds of tarpon brought in and displayed on hotel-porches as trophies of angling skill, none of them, with one exception and that to satisfy the curiosity of a non-fisherman, have ever been used as food, a fact which goes far to demonstrate the undesirableness of the tarpon for the table; were it otherwise the average Boniface of Florida would undoubtedly have utilized the fish.

Notwithstanding the distaste that prevails for the flesh of the tarpon, it is a choice feeder, apparently preferring crustacean food to any other. It is often seen in January, February and March on or near the oyster-beds, where it is evidently seeking small crabs and other and smaller crustaceans, for when hooked near these localities it nearly always ejects these creatures from its mouth in its effort to void the hook. The tarpon is also a voracious feeder on live mullet and other fishes, but will eject a dead natural lure of any kind, if in the least tainted or impure.

The largest tarpon ever taken on rod and reel, was captured by two Texan anglers, who made affidavits to the weight of the fish, which was slightly over 209 pounds; fhe next largest was one killed by Mrs. Stagg, of Frankfort, Ky., whose fish weighed 205 pounds. Several of 185 and 190 pounds have also been captured, the average weight, however, will not exceed one hundred pounds. While no tarpon exceeding 209 pounds has been taken on rod and line, much larger ones are reported as being killed with the harpoon and the weight of these fish should not be disputed on slight grounds, when we consider the abnormal and enormous weight which fish, under favorable conditions, often attain. The Sanford, Fla., *Journal* reported a tarpon caught at Punta Gorda, a few years ago, weighing 383 pounds; this was looked upon by the anglers of the county as outpointing Munchausen. But the weight of this great fish was nearly paralleled by the one seen and bought by Captain Willard, now of Homassa, Fla. The captain many years ago owned or controlled a fish-manure factory on Sarasota Bay, Fla., and bought from the resident fishermen any and all fish irrespective of species, and one day a negro brought him a tarpon which weighed 362 pounds. Captain Willard told me at the time, some ten years ago, that his books would give the date and verify the weight and purchase of the fish. Manure factories of this character have been abolished in Florida for many years.

On Thursday, April 18, 1885, an epoch occurred in the history of the art of angling fully as eventful and important as when the Atlantic salmon was found, many years ago, to take an

artificial fly. On the day named, William H. Wood, of this city, captured the first tarpon ever taken on rod and reel with natural bait and by scientific methods. It is true that several fish of this species had been captured by the hand-line or trolling-line, but these were accidental occurrences, and several years had intervened between the dates of capture.

The tarpon was for many years as much dreaded on the hook as the shark, and its capture more despaired by the angler who chanced to become fast to one of them. Its enormous and frequent leaps from the water, and the muscular energy with which it shook the hook from its mouth, rendered its capture beyond the reach of the experienced angler. It is now as easily brought within reach of the gaff as a thirty-pound striped bass.

William H. Wood was a worthy exponent of old Seth Green's doctrine of using common sense in fishing. He thought out the subject of tarpon-catching before he stepped aboard the steamer bound for the South. He had heard that the tarpon on the hook invariably shook the steel from its jaws; hence—here the common sense comes in—when the fish took the bait and moved off with it, slack line should be given, as anglers of the North do when pike or pickerel, and, under certain conditions, black bass, take the natural bait. He determined to "pay out" line when the tarpon drew away with the bait, before he struck the hook into the fish. This done, the steel would be sunken into the gullet of the fish, and the wild shake of the head and the desperate leaps and surges would be powerless to free it. It was on these lines that Mr. Wood captured his first tarpon, and the rules he laid down in this city, eleven years ago, and more than a thousand miles from his ultimate quarry, are still followed by all successful tarpon-anglers.

The young angler who essays for the first time this lordly fish, will know him at once by his overcoat of molten silver and the long filamentous ray of the dorsal fin, which at times may be seen protruding from the water when the fish is on the shallows or swimming near the surface. When he leaps from the water, the veriest tyro cannot mistake the fish; he looks like a streak of light, the sun's rays strike the scales, and the fish seems to sparkle and blaze.

Fishing for tarpon may be termed composite angling, for a tarpon-rodster should be master not only of the methods of handling salmon, but also of those employed in killing a striped bass on the rod—the salmon and the tarpon are leapers—the striped bass and the tarpon are desperate surgers. From these conditions arises the tyro's difficulty in handling and bringing the tarpon successfully to the gaff.

The rod should be a stiff one, from six to seven feet long, with enough "give and take" quality about it to respond to the action of the fish. It can be made of any approved wood, but one made of strong natural bamboo, in one piece, with enlarged handle or butt, and fitted with guides and a tipping, is to be preferred. The reel should be at least fifteen inches from the butt-end of the rod. The line used is the ordinary standard Cuttyhunk linen line of Nos. 15 to 21, which should stand a breaking-test of at least thirty pounds. A good striped-bass reel should be used—one known as 3-0 or 4-0, holding five to six hundred feet of line. Have a leather guard sewed to one of the bars of the reel.

Soft linen or cotton snells about the

diameter of an ordinary lead-pencil, and about three feet in length, are effective, as they are seldom cut by the plates of a tarpon's mouth, and when severed by a shark, sawfish, or jewfish, the loss is small and much time is saved in getting rid of foul fish so easily and cheaply. Take plenty of snoods with you. The hooks should be the 10-0 O'Shaughnessy, either knobbed or ringeyed. The size and construction of the gaff is important; it should be made not less than five inches in diameter, of the best steel, and then attached to a handle of ash, hickory, or other tough wood of about 1½ inches in diameter, with a hole bored in the hand-end, through which a lanyard may be riven if desired. Provide yourself with heavy thumb-pieces, and always test your tackle before using it.

With such an outfit, and with that inseparable factor of angling-success—a marvelous patience—you may chance to kill a tarpon every day, or more likely, one in a week's fishing, but your score will depend much upon the month in which you seek them—the later the better. April is a good month, but May a more fruitful one. Fishing for tarpon has been aptly likened unto sitting all day in a Turkish bath watching a string, and that is often enough just what it amounts to. Your luck will be of the most spasmodic character. Days upon days will pass by in waiting for "the draw" that comes not; but your time will not be altogether spiritless, for the shark, the jewfish, and the sawfish will enliven and discomfort your soul by inroads upon your tackle and amiability.

Upon anchoring, your first act will be to make a two-handed cast from the reel of fifty to seventy-five feet (or more if you wish or can) of line. The least distance named is required to place the boat out of sight or hearing of the fish, and to avoid its first leaps, which are often furious and wild. After making the cast, place your rod across the thwarts of the boat, and still holding the reel-end of the line, coil at least twenty-five feet of it upon the deck-board, or seat, which should be entirely free from obstructions. The line should then be overhauled, so that it will run off freest toward the hook. After this is done, wait, wait, wait; it may be one minute or it may be a week of minutes before you feel a tarpon "draw." To relieve the monotony you may divert yourself by a little "chumming," if you chance to see evidences of tarpon coming in toward their feeding-grounds, on the edge of which your boat is presumably anchored. This chumming is not like what is done in the North for bluefish and large weakfish. The mullet you use will not create "a slick," as this fish in the spring or late winter months is not sufficiently fat or oily to do so, and if it was, it would be no attraction to the tarpon, which is a bottom feeder; hence all the chumming that is required is simply to cut the waste portions of your mullet into small bits and throw them as far as possible from the boat, and in the direction from which the fish are thought likely to come.

After waiting an indefinite time, you may see the coil of your line running out swiftly but evenly, and you then know that the bait has been lifted from the bottom and a large fish is going with it, possibly a tarpon, or it may be a shark. Be it either, you will take things calmly, see that all is clear for the line, and soak your thumbstall over the side of the boat. A moment more, when the line is entirely out, you will spring the steel into the fish, and presto! all doubts are solved. It is the Silver King, high-

vaulting monarch of the magnolia seas! You know him by his shield of hammered silver, and by the wavy sheen of sunlit pearl on his back. Up with the anchor! Now comes the tug of war. Steady as you go. Let him earn every inch of line. Keep, if you can, a five-pound pressure on him, for the steel is imbedded in his throat, and that ferocious, rabid shake of the head cannot free it from the flesh. Mark! Now he is again in the air, six feet to a millimeter! Can your rod and line stand it? If so, give him the butt with both hands, not too fiercely, but with all your strength, just at the moment he is at the maximum height of his aerial flight, and you will bring him flat upon his side. If this is well done, and just at the right moment, with proper force, you will take the breath out of the giant, and render him helpless at your command. Failing to make this movement effective, the lordly fish will take "the bit in his mouth," and you are subject to an hour or more of long, powerful, sullen surges before you can bring him to gaff. The highest reach of angling skill is to kill your tarpon, not in the water, but in the air. Finally, let your fish tow the boat; never row against him; hold your rod well up in playing your fish; do not fear "holding too hard"; do not let your boatman gaff the fish until it shows exhaustion; gaff the fish in the gills or throat-latch.

The foregoing notes describe but imperfectly the skilled methods of tarpon-fishing. A volume has been written and has not exhausted the subject, and the scope of the work before me does not include, or permit space for, a treatise on angling as applied to each species of fish.

The angler will not be apt to expect a historical or sentimental element as existing in the records of this great vaulter of the seas. The grayling, or the umber of the old monks, is the poetic fish of the craft; the trout is the type of beauty among fishes, and has been heralded as such from time immemorial, and even the history of the carp is year-worn, although barren of sentimental interest. But it falls to the tarpon to possess a heraldry studded with gems of splendor through all the pre-historic ages, and the chronicler thereof is Mr. Charles Hallock, the accomplished author and student of nature. He wrote me in 1885:

"Last summer I showed samples of some tarpon scales to the Indians of Montana, by whom they are highly prized as ornaments; but so seldom are they seen, and so little are they known, that even the possession of such is traditional. It is said that in the pre-historic era, wealth scarcely sufficed to purchase a single one; for not only were the scales valued for their rarity and beauty, but for their extraordinary talismanic powers. Indeed, they were regarded as the key to all the joys of heaven, as well as to the full fruition of the earth. Some such legend as the following is still preserved among the River Crows. I transcribe it from a manuscript now in the hands of C. H. Barstow, at the Crow Agency. It runs in this wise:—

"'Many creations ago, when the salt ocean covered all the surface of the Great Plains, and the Rocky Mountain range formed the shore-line of the primitive continent—long before any land-animals existed except reptiles—the Great Spirit had constituted the tarpon-fish the Great Silver King, and appointed him to be the guardian of the then undiscovered vast ore-beds of

silver which fill the mountain crags. He clothed him with silver armor-plates, and made him ruler over all the anadromous fishes which came up out of the salt-water estuaries into the limpid fresh-water mountain streams to spawn. Once in every century the Silver King was permitted to bathe in an electrothermal medicine-spring of liquid silver, and thus preserved and renewed the brightness of his armor. The silver springs flowed from the hidden ore-beds of the inner mountains.

"'Finally, the growth of the continent southward drove the ocean before it, and thus the tarpon—the Silver King—was forced gradually into the Gulf of Mexico, where he now chiefly inhabits. He has gone from his former haunts, just like the buffalo, which once covered the prairies; and the great silver-mines, being thus left unprotected and exposed, soon became revealed to the knowledge and cupidity of the men who are now swarming more than ever into the country, bringing their picks and crushers and driving off the game. But the Great Spirit took pity on the Silver King because he was thus deprived of his ward and heritage, and because he could no more renew his armor by bathing in the silver spring; and so he made him an everlasting coat of silver mail, which never fades or wears off, either in the water or out of it. It will neither dim nor tarnish. Any Indian brave who wears the scales of the tarpon on his person will possess a medicine which will ever be to him a talisman of good fortune, both in this world and in the spirit-land to come. Plenty will surround him long after the buffalo have ceased to run.'"

To the above Mr. Hallock adds a postscript in which he says: "Now this is certainly a very ingenious yarn, but I am free to say that I take no stock in it. I don't believe a word of it. It looks very much as if somebody had mining-claims to sell in the Indian Reservation, and had set up the tarpon to catch gudgeons. Some paleontologists may read it differently, and fancy they discover a glimmer of the early Christian light shining through the darkness of barbarism. The legend may seem to be symbolic of the armor of faith which one must put on and keep bright in this life in order to experience beatitude hereafter. It is sad to destroy such an illusion by a doubt, but the truth is, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the true light from the phosphorescence of decayed fish."

[After the above paper on the tarpon was written, I visited Aransas Pass, (Tarpon, Tex.) where this fish is caught exclusively by trolling with a whole mullet or shiner. The only material difference in the tackle used there consists of a linked wire snell in lieu of those described above. The tarpon take the fish lure on or slightly below the surface, and are usually hooked in the jaw, only one in about ten fish thus fastened being boated or beached. The tarpon in his fierce leaps and shake of the head frees himself from the steel. So numerous, however, are these fish in this locality that one fisherman beached, when I was there, nine tarpon in one day's fishing.—W. C. H.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMONG THE TROUT OF OREGON.

BY AUSTIN S. HAMMOND.

When summer's sun has scorched the town,
And even waving fields are brown;
When standing collars stand no more,
And "briefs" and "pleadings" are a bore;
O'er dusty streets and sweating crowds,
'Neath burning skies and fleeting clouds,
From office window gazing out,
My fancy lightly turns to trout—
And "flies" and "rods" and shady streams,
And mountain trails and idle dreams—

And right there I close my "roll-top" with a snap, gather up my fishing tackle and "take to the woods." Do you feel like casting "business" to the dogs while you come with me where stenographers cease from scribbling, and the mail comes in no more? Does it make your blood tingle with enthusiasm to think of the moment when a big trout has just started off with your hook, making your reel hum a joyful tune? Do you love the solemn stillness of the forest, the roar of the dashing river, the sound of the babbling brook? Would you tramp all day over mountain trails where the moss-covered ground does not allow the eloquent silence of the forest to be broken even by the sound of your footfalls, or follow along a winding stream where the ceaseless song of the rushing water seems to silence all other sounds? Would you rather lie down at night under the majestic fir trees, "with the moan of the billows in their branches," with nothing but the ground beneath you and nothing but the stars above you, than try to court sleep on a "downy couch" in the city?

Do you know a good thing when you "meet with it?" If you do, follow me.

Leave the vain and frivolous task of money-getting to the sordid and ill-conditioned gentry that know no better, and let us engage for the while in the serious business of making life worth living; let's go a-fishing. Now, right here, let me tell you that I am not talking to the fellow who wants to sit on a log with a pocketful of "angle worms" and drop a line with a sinker on it into a deep hole, and then calmly wait till some chump of a fish happens to swallow the hook in his sleep. Neither am I addressing the individual who is looking for a place where the fish will bite a red rag dangling from a "pole." Let such go out and kill their fish with a club or buy them in the market. I am addressing myself to the man who understands the meaning of the word "sport." One who knows why a $15 rod is better than a "pole," and can give his fish "the butt" at the proper time and land him when the sign is right.

Probably there is no place in the world where the devotee of the rod can get better returns for his investment than right here in Oregon. Magnificent scenery, the pristine wilderness not too far removed from lines of travel, the purest air, numerous streams and—fish.

One of the attractions of Oregon is the fact that no two localities resemble each other, and the sportsman can choose from a thousand different localities as many different kinds of sport. The rod fishing includes everything, from the 20-pound salmon in the rivers to the small mountain trout in the

brooks. I have landed a 20-pound salmon with a split bamboo rod and a small silk line, dragging him out on a sand-bar at the end of a fight that lasted an hour and a half, without the aid of net or gaffhook.

But, after all, there is nothing like the mountain trout. By mountain trout, I mean any of the varieties found in our mountains, the Rainbow and the Dolly Varden, and all the rest. He lives where you want to go—in the mountains.

Of the many places in Oregon where you may meet with him, perhaps none possesses more advantages than the Santiam country, which is almost a terra incognita, even to Oregonians. Until the railroad was built a few years ago, the bear, the elk, and the deer roamed its solemn forests almost unmolested. Even now they are frequently met with. The forests and the streams there are unsurpassed, and it is accessible. You leave the Southern Pacific at Albany, and take the train over the Oregon Pacific for "the front." Detroit is the last station on the road, reached after a short half-day's ride, for the most part through magnificent mountain scenery, and for the last twenty or thirty miles along the banks of the Santiam itself. There is no wagon-road within many miles of Detroit. You must go on the cars or walk.

There are several stores, a fair hotel and a score of houses. If you have your fishing tackle ready, you can cast a fly into the Santiam from the car-steps, as soon as it stops. Two minutes' walk will take you out of sight or sound of civilization, and into the most magnificent forest on the face of the globe. Giant firs and cedars almost obscure the light of day, and the deep moss under your feet silences your footfalls. The ground, the fallen trees and even the huge rocks are covered several inches deep by this beautiful carpet, fresh from the loom of nature. There are trails leading through the woods, and along the streams in every direction.

A mile back from Detroit flows the Brightenbush, a river of no mean dimensions, and into it and the Santiam flow several smaller streams, all clear as crystal, and as cold as the melting snow can make them. These streams bear such suggestive names as Tumble creek, Boulder creek, Blow-Out creek, etc. They are all full of trout, large and small, that will take a fly readily if you give it to them as they want it; but they are crafty fellows, and not to be fooled by every hook that comes their way.

There are also several small lakes well stocked with trout. It is an ideal country for camping out. A single blanket and a frying-pan are all the "camping outfit" you need. The festive mosquito is almost unknown here. You can lie down anywhere and sleep unmolested. Making Detroit a base of supplies, you can start out in almost any direction and be sure of good fishing. You can go up the river or down the river or follow a dozen little creeks for a few miles, and return the same day; or you can roll up your blanket and a few provisions and tramp off five, six, ten or more miles, and stay till you are out of flour. Supposing that you are not afraid of a little climbing, and want to sleep out for three or four nights: We will leave Detroit in the morning and go straight across to the Brightenbush, a mile or so over a level plateau between the rivers, covered with giant firs and no underbrush.

From the time we strike the Brightenbush as long as we choose to ascend the river we pass through the most beautiful mountain country to be found anywhere. Giant firs, cedars and pines cover all the mountains, while gorgeous rhododendrons and the graceful vine maple fringe the streams and canyons.

The trail leads us sometimes along the water's edge, sometimes back into the forest and sometimes along the precipitous side of a mountain, hundreds of feet above the turbulent river. Here and there we come upon a deserted cabin and a "foot-log," which spans the river, at frequent intervals. Here the river spreads out until it is so shallow you may ford it if you are sure-footed and do not mind wading in ice-water up to your waist. But just over yonder it winds between towering cliffs that look to be unsurmountable. A brisk scramble will bring you over the difficulty, however, and on regaining the water level you gaze back over a narrow slit in the mountain of rock, where the water flows deep and dark, for the sun hardly penetrates here, and although you can see every pebble at the bottom, the water is 20 feet deep. I was tempted to drop a fly from the cliff above into this pool, a hundred feet below, and before it had fairly reached the water I had hooked a two-pounder. I was then made aware of the fact that I had "caught a tartar." I was leaning far over the cliff, with one leg and one arm around a friendly tree, holding my rod at arm's length. My fish soon had all my line off the reel, but luckily he had also reached the end of the pool, and concluded to return. The moment was critical. I must let go of something, so I let go of the tree, and, clinging with one leg, began to reel in the slack. My fish was now directly under me and he tried all his arts, sulking at the bottom, leaping wildly out of the water and rubbing against boulders, but he was well-hooked and fortune favored me. After nearly breaking my back and getting a kink in my left leg that has never been entirely straightened out, he gave up and floated on his side without a struggle. During the anxious moments of reeling him up he never moved again, and I finally unwound myself from the tree and flung myself on the moss-covered rocks to gloat over my prey and rub the kinks out of my leg. As we proceed up the river the way becomes more difficult. Sometimes we walk along the river's edge without difficulty, while at other times we creep carefully along the face of a perpendicular wall, which towers to the sky and only affords occasional toe-holds for our passage. There is a trail further back from the river that is comparatively easy, but we cannot resist the fascination of the water route.

Let us camp for the first night on Humbug creek, near where it empties into the river. If you should search the world over you could not find a more ideal camping place. There is nothing to suggest that there is a goods box or a millinery shop within a thousand miles. Humbug Flat is a strip of level country several miles in extent, covered with great firs, cedars and sugar pines, any one of which contained lumber enough to build a house; and, thank fortune, it is far enough removed from the railroad to render it safe from devastation by the devil-inspired sawmill man.

Then, too, all this country is in the "Cascades reserve." There are individuals without the love of nature in

their souls, who are trying to get that "reserve" set aside. We will prepare our banquet of fried trout and "dough-gods" on the bench of level rock down by the water's edge, where there is also a good opportunity to "salt" the fish in the gravel, and we will find a good place to spread our blankets on the soft moss on the "bench" a little further back. If we want to try the small brook trout we will be able to fill our baskets here in a short time, and all along the Brightenbush from here up for several miles is the ideal home of the big "Rainbow."

A mile above here I had the greatest battle of the season last year. You would be well repaid for your trouble in visiting this spot if you never killed a fish. It is in a rocky gorge, whose precipitous sides rise hundreds of feet above the broad bench of rocks on which I stood during the fray. The river comes tumbling down a sharp declivity and plunges over several huge boulders just above, whirls through a narrow passage that you might jump if you dared, and then flows quietly past for a distance of a hundred yards.

The water is at least fifteen feet deep, but I could see my fish lying near the bottom on the opposite side of the river as plainly as though they were in the frying-pan. There was no chance to conceal myself, and I knew the trout had his eye on me long before I discovered him; but he was a "daisy," and he seemed to challenge an attack. So I determined to try him. I selected my most attractive fly and prepared for the fray. My only hope was that I was so far away that he would not connect me with the fly when it arrived on his side of the river. My first cast was a complete success as a cast. The fly settled down upon the water as naturally as life, just over his nose. I thought he winked his off-eye. I repeated the maneuver. He winked the other eye, I suppose, but otherwise he did not move a fin. I exhausted all my resources, tried all my flies, wore out my patience, and was about to leave in disgust when there was a sudden flash of his rainbow sides, a commotion of the surface, and my line went humming over the reel with a suddenness that took my breath away. Backward and forward he dashed, taking my line out of the water with a swish that showed him to be a "whale." It was a clear field, and he was evidently well hooked, and I had reeled him in with the intention of making a short ending to a long skirmish, when an unexpected thing happened. I had on a long leader with two flies attached. Just as I was thinking I might venture to land my fish, out from behind a rock darted another, larger than the first, who gobbled up the other fly before I knew what had happened. Here, indeed, was a "citivation" for a cove as had just got a "citivation," so to speak. I began to think of the story I should have to tell of "the fish that got away." I still retained sufficient presence of mind to keep my line taut, but I could do little else, and all thought of landing the game vanished. I could not even keep them headed up stream, and, when the last comer took a notion to sulk at the bottom, I could no more have raised him with my light trout rod than I could have raised an ox. I was not much more than an interested spectator for the next half hour. And I was not the only spectator, for no sooner had the second fish attached himself to my string than there were a dozen others fairly tumbling over themselves to get hold of something themselves.

Fortunately there were no more hooks

to be swallowed. Fortunately, also, the first fish soon began to resign himself to being hauled about by the second, and then my crushed hopes began to revive again. I began to get some control over my tandem team; their rushes became shorter and weaker, and foot by foot I led them up stream toward a smooth, sloping rock that reached far into the water. Finally they submitted to be led into the shallow water, over the edge of the rock, and a long, steady pull slid them safely into a convenient hole in the rocks. They were two of the finest specimens of rainbow trout that I ever saw—out of the water; of course, better ones got away—and I assure you that when actually engaged in fighting for their lives they weighed a ton.

To tell of all the "thrilling moments" of a trip over this trail would take too much time in the telling. But all things must come to an end at last, and so must this trip of ours. Down the homeward trail we wend our way, bending under the weight of trophies grandly won, and if we are a little weary, and though our thoughts may at times dwell on home-cooked food, still we feel that the trip has been a grand success, and we plan for other trips up the Santiam, or over to "Blow Out," or possibly down to the coast, for a sniff of sea air and for fishing in salt water. The O. P. railroad will take us directly to Yaquina bay or Newport, where will be found every advantage of a seaside resort; so if one has a mind for variety in an outing, one can easily be suited. Don't you know that there is something wrong about a man who does not want to "go a-fishing"?

Show me a man who will not throw up his hat in anticipation of a fishing trip into the mountains, and I will show you a man in need of regeneration. It may be that he don't know what is good for what ails him, or he may be a knave. Did you ever hear of a man who came home from such a trip and beat his wife or robbed a bank? I tell you you cannot carry fish in your basket and malice in your heart at the same time. If everybody would go a-fishing, we would need no jails or churches. No man can spend a fortnight in the Cascade reserve and not believe in God, and feel his heart throb in unison with the great heart of Nature in things animate and inanimate. It is better than physic for the body and better than preachment for the mind.

So here's to the rod, and here's to the reel,
And here's to the mountain stream;
And here's to the life that fishermen feel,
And here's to the dreams they dream—
Not to mention the lies they tell.

A PLEASANT LITTLE GAME AT ARANSAS PASS, TEXAS.

BY W. DUNBAR JENKINS.

During the summer months, when the water of the Pass is almost as clear as crystal and quite smooth, numerous schools of jack and kingfish enter the bays from the Gulf and linger for a while in the deep waters of the harbor to catch a mullet or two, perchance, as they roam along the shores or hang on



"Now, Ned, don't you laugh."

the unsuspected hook of the tarpon fisherman, a little below the surface of the water. At sight of the bar of silver shining through the water, the kingfish makes a rush from the bottom, and, if he misses his prey, shoots up into the air several feet and descends in a graceful curve into the water again. The kingfish if hooked, however, does not jump from the water like the tarpon, but rushes from the rod in a straight course, taking out two hundred feet of line without stopping at a rate which makes the leather brake on the reel fairly broil. He is readily reeled up to the starting point again after this exhaustive effort, but having regained strength, he starts out on another run, this time not so far and with less speed. After several such runs he has completely exhausted himself and is readily drawn up to the boat or landing and taken in. Like a huge mackerel, three or four feet in length, and weighing twenty or thirty pounds, he looks like the race-horse of the sea, built for speed

and fighting; and indeed, had he the jumping inclinations of the tarpon when the hook is felt, the sport would be preferable to that of the sulking tarpon. And such a bolt of shining iridescence, the dark green lining of the back forming a beautiful contrast to the changing rainbow colors of the sides!

Early one morning in July, I was awakened by mine host of the Seaside calling out in a loud voice:

"Mr. J———, Mr. J———, better get up; the pass is full of king and jackfish; Ned and Joe have been out and caught three; your breakfast is ready, also."

I dressed hurriedly, grabbed my rod and rushed down stairs, at the same time calling to Ned to get some bait.

While waiting for my breakfast to be brought, I examined the two kingfish and jack brought in by Ned and Joe and, after returning from fishing, I got my Kodak and told the boys to stand up and hold the fish for a picture. When all was ready, and just before "pressing the button," in order to elicit a pleasing countenance from both I said:

"Now, Ned, don't you laugh."

The result was more than realized, as the picture shows.

Ned and I were soon at the "Point of Rocks," a favorite haunt for kingfish, jackfish, jewfish, tarpon, and, in fact, all the gamiest fishes of the gulf that frequent our inlet. Soon my reel was singing, and my line leaving the reel at the rate of forty miles an hour, as I thought. After several such tunes, and a jig or two, I had enough for an hour's sport. As we were nearing our landing place we met the tarpon fishermen going out to tussle with the silver kings.

"What have you got?" they asked.

"Four kings and a jack," said I, and they all *passed*.



"Four Kings and a Jack."

TACKLE RECOMMENDED FOR FLY FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

The subject of suitable tackle for the purpose named in the caption, has occupied my attention for a number of years, and I have finally come to the conclusion that the following equipment about meets the requirements for most of the waters where black bass rise to the fly:—

LEADERS.

Best strong gut, nine feet in length, (single, of course—double or twisted leaders are not, in my opinion, fit to use for fly-fishing purposes) made with two loops fitting into one another in such a manner that they may be easily pressed apart, and a piece of gut, about three inches long, doubled and knotted at the end to prevent slipping, inserted between. I make the first of these loops about twelve inches from the reel line, and the second one about fifty inches from the stretcher fly.

FLIES.

Use one to three flies, depending upon circumstances. Size of hooks No. 1 to No. 5. My favorite fly is the "Massasoaga," of my own design, made as follows: Body, bright green ball tinsel (I find it very difficult to get the right shade now-a-days) ; tail scarlet ibis; hackle yellow; wings guinea fowl with large spots, dyed bright yellow. This fly I and friends of mine have found to be very killing, and I frequently take no fish on any of the other flies during a day's sport, the fish passing the one or two upper flies and showing a marked preference for the gaudy "Massasoaga." Try it.

The next best fly to this one I find to be Dr. Henshall's "Polka." All his patterns are really A No. 1 if properly made. You can copy them from the plates in "Fishing with the Fly."

A "Parmachenee Belle" is sometimes very taking. With these few flies one might go to any good bass waters where bass rise to the fly and take them readily, at the proper time of day of course.

To meet with success I have found that, while the bass sometimes take fairly well during the day, and early in the morning, the proper time to fly fish for them is about two hours before sunset and until dark. Where the wind is blowing and the waves are high I have sometimes had good sport with a "Scarlet Ibis" fly, or a "Split Ibis" during the day time.

THE ROD.

By using a rod of about ten and one-half feet, and say seven ounces in weight, (I use Chubb's Muredy trout rod) one may have fine sport with the fly, in fact, I know of nothing nicer than to catch black bass, of from one and one-half to about three pounds, with the fly, casting either from the shore or from a boat. I have noticed also that it is better to let your fly sink a little below the surface and draw it through the water rather slowly.

THE LINE.

Enamelled water-proof silk line E or F, say forty yards, is what I find about right. Braided linen also answers the purpose very well.

Doubtless many of your readers are quite as proficient in this sport as I am (perhaps more so). I have, however, had a great deal of it and lay claim to knowing something about it.

CATCHING BLUE GILLS WITH THE FLY.

BY W. C. KEPLER.

"Charley, what do you call those things?"

"Artificial flies for catching fish."

"Am I to understand that you catch fish with them?"

"That's what I mean. With the addition of a rod, reel and line I can just haul 'em out. Why, you ought to have seen me——"

"There, there, never mind telling me any fish yarns. I have no doubt you can catch 'em by the million; what I want to know is how you use those little feathered toys?"

"Well, here's my rod," said Charley, jointing a nice eight ounce lancewood, "and——"

"You mean to say you catch fish on that thing? Come off! Why, that wouldn't hold the bait we use on Rawson Lake. You might sit in bed and use it to catch fleas, though."

"Now see here, Fred, you don't know what you are talking about," said Charley, considerably nettled by his cousin's talk, "I'll just show you sometime."

"That's all right, Charley; you need not get on your dignity over anything, but if you expect me to believe that little switch with its nickel trimmings and those little fuzzy hooks will catch fish, you are dizzy, that's all. Now you just come over to my place next week and I'll show you you're not in it. I have a nice cane pole twenty feet long and lots of nice fat angle worms, and I'll just give you a lesson or two."

"All right, Fred, if I can get away I'll be there."

The above conversation occurred between my friend, Mr. Charles W. D. Allen, and his cousin, Mr. Neasmith. I have no doubt Mr. Neasmith exaggerated his opinion of fly-fishing just for the pleasure of teazing Charley; at the same time I believe he had more faith in a worm than in any other style of bait for the kind of fish we expected to catch—blue-gills.

Charley kindly invited me to accompany him and share the sport. So one bright morning, in the latter part of May—a lovely day with a warm southwest wind, the sky full of fleecy clouds that continually shaded and tempered the sun—we set out. For transportation we used our bicycles, strapping our rods to the cross-bars and placing our reels and a few other things in a parcel carrier which is attached to the frame.

Our road was a smooth, hard prairie, almost level, and the distance we had to go about four miles and a half. This was covered in a very short time, and we arrived at Mr. Neasmith's about nine o'clock. Charley hadn't notified him of our coming, and we found him absent, having gone to the village of Vicksburg.

We stacked up our wheels and loafed about the front lawn, cooling off in the delightful breeze that was blowing and awaited the coming of Mr. Neasmith. This was delayed considerably longer than we anticipated, and we finally concluded to start toward the village and meet him and also see if we could pick up one or two bullfrogs for bait casting. In this we were unsuccessful, but in the course of half an hour met

Mr. Neasmith, on his way home, and climbing in his rig rode back.

Mr. Neasmith started the conversational ball rolling by asking Charley if he had his pocket full of those little fuzzy toy bugs.

"I certainly have, Fred," said Charley, "and you will find before night that they will do business."

"All right, Charles, hope they will; but I shall take a good supply of worms along, and when they have eaten all your butterflies we'll fall back on them."

"I think it will be you that will fall back on worms, for I guarantee that I shall not touch one to-day."

After dinner we assisted Mr. Neasmith in digging the worms he felt bound to take along, and as he has a private corral of those slimy wrigglers we were not so very long at it. After about a quart had been dug and carefully inspected by Mr. Neasmith to see that they were all vigorous fighters and up to a certain standard that he carries in his mind, he announced himself satisfied, and with twenty feet of bamboo rod in his hand declared himself about ready.

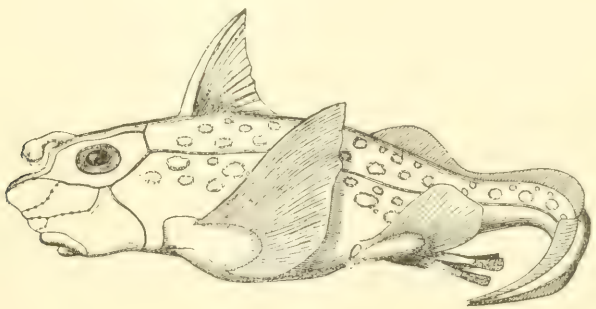
Our tackle was stowed in the buckboard, the horse hitched on, and climbing on board we started. Among the things placed aboard was an axe, and I felt curious enough to ask Mr. Neasmith what that axe was for. He stated that the stream that ran into the lake flowed through his land; that several parties kept boats on the stream and that as they had had the free use of his land for a long time upon which to keep them and make a landing, he proposed, if his bunch of keys failed him, to unlock one by the strength of his strong right arm and the axe. It struck me that we were sure of a boat. However, the use of the axe was unnecessary, as a key fitted, and we were soon afloat.

Upon entering the lake, Mr. Neasmith steered for a place where several days before he and another gentleman had good luck. This place was in shoal water about four feet deep and among bullrushes that stood quite thick. Here anchor was cast and Mr. Neasmith, baiting up with a particularly nice worm and adjusting the cork on his line to the proper depth, cast in. To me these conditions were entirely new for fly casting, and I hardly thought it would work. It seemed to me that the continual flourishing of the rod that is necessary in casting a fly would frighten away the fish in short order. For five or ten minutes I thought my supposition was correct and that Charley and I would get but few fish. Every little while Mr. Neasmith would land a nice plump blue-gill, while Charley and I were still without any. I could see a little twinkle working in his eye and a sarcastic smile curving around his mouth. Every minute I expected to hear him commence on Charley, but soon we got the fish started and from that time things came pretty much our way.

The bullrushes interfered greatly with our casting—Charley and I were taking turns at the same rod—every little while hooking into the rushes, this being rendered the more unavoidable, on account of the high wind that was blowing. It took considerable skill to lead the fish around these obstructions after hooking them. After breaking a light single gut leader in trying to pull loose, I changed to a strong doubled and twisted one and after that we could slit the rushes, when fouled, and pull free. For a

time it seemed that Mr. Neasmith was to have the advantage and beat us; but soon things commenced coming our way, and from this time forward I think Mr. Neasmith will acknowledge he was "not in it."

Charley sat with his back to N——— busy nearly all the time he was not swinging the rod, in unhooking the blue-gills and dropping them in a sack. Every little while he would give me a wink, executed very slowly and with great expression, indicative of the most heartfelt enjoyment that he was now evening up N———'s basting him about the flies. Our luck was continuous the balance of the afternoon, and when we closed our day's sport, it took two of us to carry the fish to the buckboard.



THE CHIMÆRA.

FIGHTING A TARPON IN THE BREAKERS.*

BY JOHN A SEA.

Yes, I feel that I must again talk with you about the experience of the afternoon of October 3d, which comes most frequently and vividly to my memory. I live over and over again the excitement of that fight. I started about three o'clock for tarpon. Johnnie Holmes was my boatman, than whom, I wish no better. In less than twenty minutes after we reached the north side of the Pass, I had two tarpon strikes, had sent two big fellows into the air, and was hooked to the third one. Having landed two tarpon on my first day out (Oct. 2nd), I had begun to think myself "a considerable sort of a fellow." This fish seemed to know it and to be determined to take some of the conceit out of me. Leap after leap into the air, his silver armor gleaming, a hurried reeling in of line, only to have it again taken out with a mad rush; all this and more, but that part of a tarpon fight has been told over and over again, so I shall only recall the part of this contest I have never seen described.

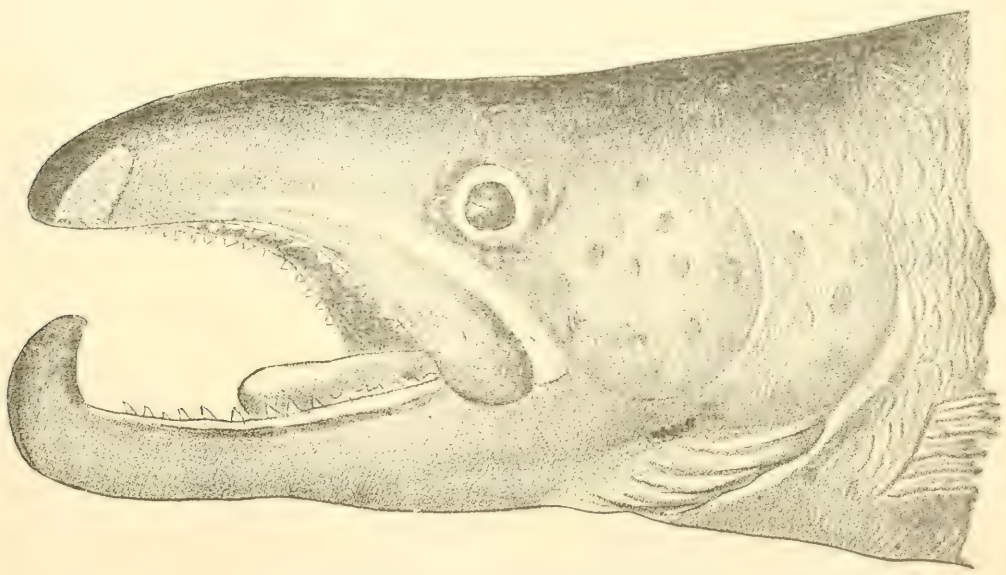
Slowly, steadily, he works with the ebb tide rushing through the Pass. The wind is against him but he goes with the tide gulfward. The breakers roll and fall with heavy thuds at the mouth of the pass, but he seems determined to go through them. Foot by foot, inch by inch, we fight over the water. Hands and arms ache but he cannot be stopped. Johnnie, the boatman, guides the boat skillfully and to my remark that the fish is on his way to Cuba, replies, "We will go with him." No cowardly boast, when you look seaward and see the height of the waves rolling in.

The entire channel is passed and we are in the Gulf. Here begins new excitement. The high green waves with their white crests must be passed through and that fish conquered. Every nerve is tingling. The blood is flying through the veins. We are in the breakers. I see my fish gleaming in silver high above me, as we sink into the hollow of the wave, which rolls on and a bluish green wall is between us, through which the line hums and cuts with a sharp hiss. Then we ride upon the wave's crest and see our antagonist surging through the water fifty yards away and below. Wave after wave is mounted and we are well outside, and now we bend to our oars, striving to regain the quiet waters of the Pass. The tarpon, too, changing his mind, starts with a rush shoreward. So quickly does he move that we cannot get our boat around in proper position and the crest of a big wave breaks over us. John is skillful and strong and we are soon in control of boat and line. We get back into quiet water. We think we are now fairly certain of victory, when he again leaps into the air, shakes himself magnificently, and as soon as he strikes the water starts seaward. Again we are in the breakers. The reel whizzes as he darts away and with

[*This article is an excerpt from a private letter to the Editor, who passed the month of October of this year at Aransas Pass (Tarpon, Tex.), and while there witnessed from the beach, the contest described by Mr. Sea, an experience broadly exceptional in its excitement and success.—ED.]

aching, almost "feelingless" fingers and arms strive to regain a taut line that stretches a hundred yards away. Slowly, literally inch by inch, I gain. Over the waves we fight, sometimes below him, sometimes above him, sometimes he gleams in silver in the center of a great wave, that, crested in white, bears him to the blue sky line above. He is getting tired and begins to swim uneasily, rolling from side to side. Another half leap, a rush and he grows more languid in his movements. My time has come, and again I reel in. He turns and tries feebly to pull away, but his strength is about spent and I bring him slowly to the boat. We have now worked into the quiet water behind the jetties, where he is soon gaffed and taken into our boat.

Tired, oh so tired, we start homeward, and then for the first time, realize time and space. An hour and a half have we fought, covering four miles of water, with three trips through the breakers. If a Florida tarpon can make a more gallant fight, "may I be there to see."



HEAD OF A LAND-LOCKED SALMON DURING THE SPAWNING SEASON.

Our Delayed Issues.

Owing to a serious accident which occurred in our mechanical department, and to the delayed return of the Editor from his extensive Pacific Coast tour, covering over five months, our magazine has fallen behind the regular date of its issue. Mr. Harris is again at his desk, and we publish to-day a double number—October-November—and our December issue will appear at an early date. Our readers will find in this double number a large increase of reading matter, the quality of which will, we trust, condone for the delay in its publication.

One By One They Pass Away.

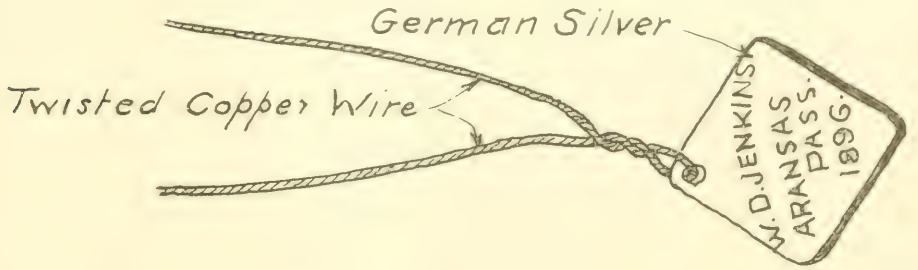
Judge Fitz James Fitch, during our absence on the Pacific coast, died on July 23d last. He belonged to the "old school" of anglers, wherein were gathered a host of aged fishers who are now rapidly passing away from us. Typically these good fellows presented the highest grade of the art with its best attendant qualities—a warm heart and most generous impulses. Their sympathies and help were for all men, but the most welcomed hand was that of a young angler who came for information and encouragement. They went to the stream with simple but artistic tackle and lost their count of the score in the alluring environment of their outing. They were practical in their methods of fishing, and many of them were skilled in the use and making of tackle, but they did not pose as makers, yet never failed to enthuse when the action of their home-made fly-rods was found to be effective.

If the tenderest and best qualities of a man are broadened by his life on the stream, and who can doubt it, Judge Fitch during his life of over three score years and ten, was an eminent member of the craft. He was a man of the warmest qualities of the heart, of more than ordinary legal ability, and a teacher in the art of angling. His useful life is thus summed up by one of his townsmen:

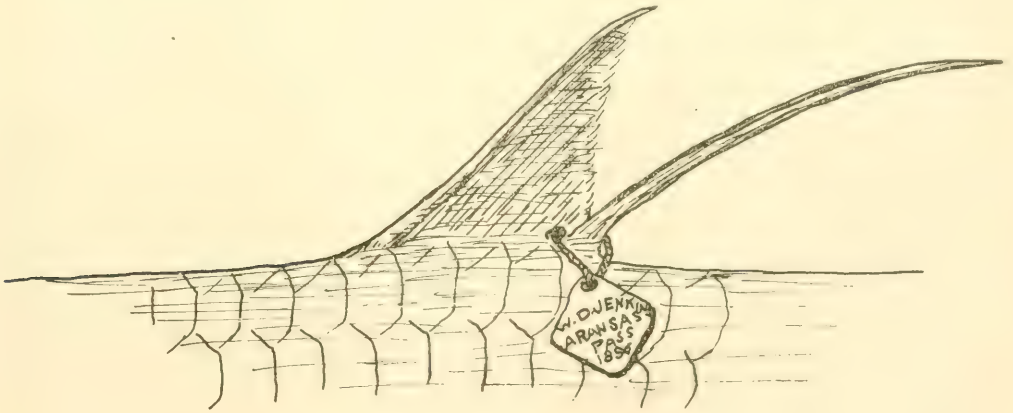
"Fitz James Fitch was born December 7, 1817, at Delhi, Delaware County. After acquiring a good academical education at the Delaware Academy, at the age of 17, in the year 1835, he went to New York and passed about two years in the Exchange broker's office of his uncle William Fitch, Wall street, New York. In July, 1838, he entered the law office of Amasa & Amasa J. Parker in Delhi as a student, and inside of one year he became managing clerk; which position he held until May, 1843, when he was duly admitted to practice as an attorney at law in the Supreme Court and as Solicitor in Chancery. In July following he settled in the village of Prattsville, then a thriving town in Greene County, N. Y., in which very extensive manufacturing industries were carried on, and in which a bank was established—of which he was the attorney—in the month of August in that year. In the year 1852 he was elected supervisor of the town (his first office) and was made chairman of the board of supervisors at their first meeting. He remained here in active practice until February, 1854, when by reason of the decadence of business in the town and the closing up of the bank, which had ceased to be profitable, he removed to Catskill, the county seat, having formed a business connection with the late Hon. Alexander H. Baily, the County Judge and Surrogate of Greene County. In March, 1855, Judge Bailey having resigned his office, Mr. Fitch was appointed his successor, and in the November following was elected to the same office for the term of four years, from the ensuing first of January; and at the annual election in November, 1859, he was re-elected for the same term. He continued in practice in Catskill until July, 1870, when he went to the city of New York and became associated in business with Hon. Edwin More. This connection, which proved reasonably successful and pleasant, was continued for ten years, when Judge Fitch's health having failed, his physician, who had treated him for a serious ailment for three years, advised his removal to some place among the mountains. He returned to the village of Prattsville and resumed business, which was necessarily confined mainly to office practice. He continued thus in business until Saturday, July 11, when he was stricken from apoplexy, which caused his death.

Tagging Tarpon.

The tarpon, despite his lordly game qualities, is a worthless fish when captured, being savorless as an edible, the only portion marketable about it being the scales which are used in the manufacture of ornaments. These scales are sold for about twenty-five cents per hundred and the market is soon glutted. At some sections of the Gulf Coast, where these fish are numerous, it is not unusual to see a number of tarpon lying on the beach where they have been hauled by rod fishermen and left either to rot or be devoured by the herds of semi-wild hogs that roam at large on the Coast islands. Such a sight is repugnant to the genuine angler who abhors catching fish of which no use can be made, and many cease the pursuit of the tarpon for this reason alone. Now, very little is known of the habits of the tarpon, particularly as to its migrations, and Mr. Wm. Dunbar Jenkins, the Chief Engineer of the Aransas Pass Harbor Co., at Tarpon, Texas, has followed this season a practice that will, in time, throw light upon the movements of this fish, many of which are supposed to winter on the Mexican Coast working their way eastward or westward as the seasons change. Mr. Jenkins upon catching a tarpon hauls it upon the beach and tags it as the illustration shows. So disgusting and inhuman is the practice of leaving these captured fish upon the beach to rot, that the matter will be brought up at the next session of the Texan Legislature and it is likely that tagging tarpon will be made, as it should be, compulsory upon all who catch them.



The attempts to introduce the American brook trout into English waters have not been attended with success. During the last ten or twelve years thousands of fry have at various times been turned into different waters, but in no instance has the fish really been established. Occasionally a specimen is taken here and there, but as years go by there is no perceptible increase, while in some waters, which were liberally stocked, they have disappeared altogether.



Norway has over fifty public fish hatcheries, yet produces less than a tenth of what the United States does with ten.

The Law Affecting Private Fishing Clubs.

ABSTRACT from the fish and game law of the state of New York providing for the protection, preservation and propagation of birds, fish and wild animals, as revised and enacted by the legislature of 1895.

ARTICLE IX.

212. Laying out grounds for private parks.—A person owning or having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish on lands, or lands and water, desiring to devote such lands, or lands and water, to the propagation or protection of fish, birds or game may publish in a paper printed within the county within which such land or lands and water are situate, a notice substantially describing the same and containing a clause declaring that such lands and water will be used as a private park for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game.

213. Notice to be posted in private park.—There shall be posted and maintained upon such private territory notices or signboards, not less than one foot square, warning all persons against trespassing thereon. Such notice or signboards shall be placed not more than forty rods apart, along the entire boundary of such private territory, when the same shall consist entirely of land, or when it shall be placed so there shall be at least one notice or signboard for every hundred acres thereof. When the private property consists of a lake, pond or stream only such notices shall be placed in at least four conspicuous places on or near the shore of such lake or pond, and one of such notices shall be placed on every half mile of such stream in a conspicuous place on the bank thereof.

214. Notice when territory is fenced.—When such territory or any part thereof is fenced, notices or signboards shall be placed on or near such fences not more than forty rods apart.

215. Fish or game so protected not to be interfered with.—Upon compliance with the foregoing provisions for preventing trespassing or for devoting lands to propagation of fish, birds and game, no person shall disturb or interfere in any way with the fish or wild birds or animals while on the premises so protected, except with the consent of the owner or person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, in addition thereto, be subject to exemplary damages sustained by the owner or lessee.

216. Signs not to be defaced.—Signs placed pursuant to the foregoing provisions shall not be defaced or removed under penalty of twenty-five dollars.

243. Arrest of offenders by fish and game protectors and foresters and trial thereof.—Any protector or peace officer may, without warrant, arrest any person committing a misdemeanor under the provisions of this act, in his presence, and take such person immediately before a justice of the peace or police justice, or other magistrate, having jurisdiction, who shall, after giving defendant reasonable time to prepare for trial, proceed without delay to hear, try and determine the matter, and give and enforce judgment according to the allegations and proofs.

Amphibious Habits of Fish.

Amphibious habits on the part of certain tropical fish are easy enough to explain by the popular phrase—"adaptation to environment." Ponds are always very likely to dry up, and so the animals that frequent ponds are usually capable of bearing a very long deprivation of water. Indeed, our evolutionists generally hold that land animals have in every case sprung from pond animals which have gradually adapted themselves to do without water altogether. Life, according to this theory, began in the ocean, spread up the estuaries into the greater rivers, thence extended to the brooks and lakes, and finally migrated to the ponds, puddles, swamps and marshes, whence it took at last, by tentative degrees, to the solid shore, the plains and the mountains.

Certainly the tenacity of life shown by pond animals is very remarkable. Our own English carp bury themselves deeply in the mud in winter, and there remain in a dormant condition many months entirely without food. During this long hibernating period, they can be preserved alive for a considerable time out of water, especially if their gills are, from time to time, slightly moistened. They may then be sent to any address by parcel post, packed in wet moss, without serious damage to their constitution; though, according to Dr. Gunther, these dissipated products of civilization prefer to have a piece of bread steeped in brandy put into their mouths to sustain them beforehand. In Holland, where the carp are not so sophisticated, they are often kept the whole winter through, hung up in a net to keep them from freezing. At first they require to be slightly wetted from time to time, just to acclimatize them gradually to so dry an existence, but after a while they adapt themselves cheerfully to their altered circumstances and feed on an occasional frugal meal of bread and milk with Christian resignation.

ALEX JESSUP.

An Enthusiastic Fisher.

We cannot resist printing the annexed private letter from an angler who never before caught a salt-water fish in his long experience, and the first of this "bitter water" kind chanced to be

a one hundred pound tarpon. He describes this experience on page 352, but his thankfulness and joy over the days he spent on the gulf are evident in this enthusiastic letter. Of such are the kingdom of anglers!

"I arrived home safe from my trip to Texas, and have been thinking over my experience ever since. It seems that I have been favored on this trip far above anything we poor mortals should expect. The more I think of it, the more thankful I am that my lines fell in such pleasant places. Being on business, not expecting to fish, I was, as you know, wholly unprepared for the exciting and exhilerating time I had, and am thankful that you appeared at San Antonio so opportunely. I have caught many fresh water fish, but was totally inexperienced in the ways of the inhabitants of salt water, so the chance to realize a dream of tarpon fishing was one not to be slighted. I had heard of Florida fishing, its excitement and delays; how you might wait a day, or perhaps two weeks, before a tarpon would take your bait, and I had hoped that some day I should make a fight with one, but Aransas Pass has satisfied every wish and given me an experience I shall never forget.

From the time I stopped at Aransas Harbor, my experience was novel and full of pleasure. Our sail to the Pass with Mr. Panton and the other gentlemen; our arrival at the Pass, where we saw the two magnificent tarpon in the air as we sailed across; my handsome suit of fishing clothes, furnished by you, and topped out by myself with a twenty-five cent shirt; my first cast in salt water, with its attendant result; the jackfish and kingfish; your waiting on the beach to see me fight and land my first tarpon; my first surf fishing and the redfish I there took, all come back vividly to me, causing me to wonder how it is that I should be so fortunate as to run up against such sport.

But, Brother Harris, you saw all of that. You know how, when and where it was done. You also know the amount of pleasure I got out of it all.

Aransas Pass, Texas! Three days of unalloyed pleasure! Six tarpon in two and one-half days; a twenty-three pound jackfish; eighteen pound kingfish; ten pound redfish and a shark six feet long. How much more should a man desire to compress in three days?

No waiting here for tarpon, but fishing for them as you would for bass in a Northern lake. All you touch are not hooked, but I raised eighteen, and out of them hooked and landed six, which I am told is a good average. All in two and one-half days—not full days, either.

I know nothing of sea fishing elsewhere, but I know I had royal sport while with you. My night sail to Rockport, on the trading schooner, fitly rounded out my new experience.

Would I prefer tarpon fishing to trout fishing? I have followed a big trout in the Nepigon down rapids, where the Indians said: "I never think a man would follow a fish down a place like that." I followed that tarpon through the breakers. Both were exciting, both exhilerating. I prefer *both*. They are totally unlike, both are perfect. I shall probably buy a tarpon outfit, but I shall always keep my trout rods and flies. With me, there is *one* drawback to tarpon fishing, only one, *you cannot use them*. I dislike to kill anything I cannot use or have used by someone.

JOHN A. SEA.

Mississippi Fishes a Century Ago.

In 1798, William Dunbar, of Natchez, Miss., was appointed by the Spanish government as astronomer to the boundary commission who defined the line (along the 31st degree of Latitude, North) separating the Spanish possessions from those of the United States. The original report of Mr. Dunbar with notes on the climate and natural history of the section surveyed, is now in the possession of his descendant, Mr. W. Dunbar Jenkins, the chief engineer of the Aransas Pass Harbor Company, of Tarpon, Texas, who has kindly permitted me to copy the notes made by Mr. Dunbar on the fishes and turtles of the lower Mississippi nearly a century ago.

"* * * * One species of turtle covered by a comparatively soft shell is often taken by the hook and line and is thought to be little inferior in goodness to the green turtle of the West Indies. Some other kinds are also eaten, and others, again, are rejected, perhaps from prejudice on account of their disagreeable aspect. One of them is called the alligator turtle, on account of his overgrown head and tail being covered with a species of scales resembling those that form the armor of the crocodile. I have seen of this turtle some whose shells were three feet in length, and I suppose might have weighed a hundred pounds.

"Proposing only to take a cursory view of those objects which passed under my notice, I do not pretend to give a complete enumeration

of the finny inhabitants of the Mississippi. Here follows a list of those which are most common, viz.: Catfish, perch, sturgeon, eel, armed fish or garre, sunfish, black trout, bass, rock, chopique or mudfish, spatula fish, a species of herring, a large fish called redfish, and a great variety of others to which names have not been given. We have also the crayfish and shrimp, the latter in such abundance that there is no part of either shore but quantities of them may be immediately caught by sinking a net or basket with a little bran or piece of flesh about a foot or two under water during ten months of the year, and this as high up as the Yazouz river, and perhaps higher. At some future day, when the banks of the river shall be populated to the same degree as the rivers and canals of China, the poor of this country will bless the hand of the Almighty and thank his Providence in having provided for them an inexhaustible store of food by the indefinite supply of this crustaceus animal.

[Shrimp are now taken in great numbers, size about three inches, in the section named by Mr. Dunbar. They are much more delicate in flavor than the salt water shrimp.—Ed.]

"At the mouth of the river and in the adjoining salt lakes there are plenty of oysters, crabs, sheephead, spotted trout, flatfish and many others." W. C. H.

Aransas Pass, Texas.

Great Salmon Fishing.

As the angling season has now closed I send you its results on our Restigouche. I met with a serious accident during the second week I was fishing, and have only now got out of bed, killing only twelve fish during the entire season. I believe this has been the banner year on the Restigouche; there never have been such scores made, and there are now (August 22) thousands of salmon in the river, in fact, too many for the natural propagation, as there will be hundreds of fish on every spawning bed, fighting and digging it over again and again, completely destroying the deposited ova.

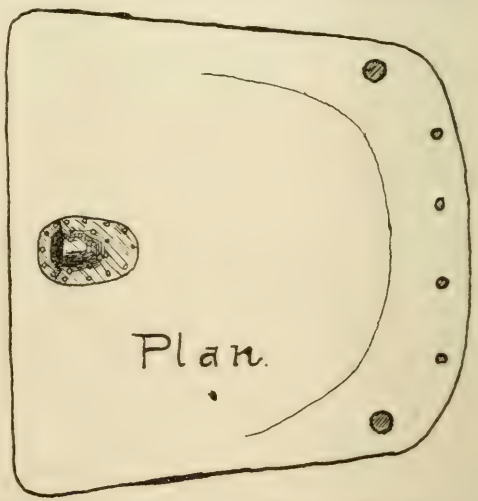
The salmon came up early (June 1) because the water in the river was well up and held up with some rains for three weeks, consequently the water was just discolored enough for the fish to play around and rise well. Therefore the lower pools gave glorious sport, the fish being in no hurry to go up into the deeper ones.

As for scores I am really unable to give them correctly. I know there was a surfeit for most of the anglers. The R. S. club only allows its members to kill eight fish per day, but the riparian owner can do as he pleases, and some of them are reported as killing over one hundred fish to a rod. I have one score by Mr. Mitchell, of Norwich, on a pool seven miles above the Metapedia Station, I. C. R. (the pool only yielded a few fish last year) as follows: From 29th May to 29th June, twenty days fishing; results, fifty-six salmon, 1,247½ pounds; heaviest fish, 31 pounds; average, 22½ pounds. The gentleman paid $700 rental for the water but is well satisfied, and I believe his score to be the smallest made on the river. A good many thirty-six pound fish have been taken, and two or three as high as forty pounds, showing also a regular increase in size.

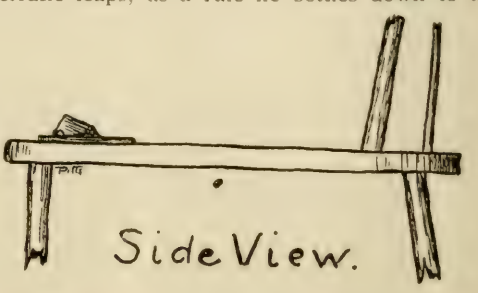
Jno. Mowat.

A Device for Tarpon Fishers.

The strain of the rod upon the tarpon fisherman, as it is usually handled, is very trying to



the muscles. After the fish gets through his erratic leaps, as a rule he settles down to a



steady tow of the boat lasting sometimes for

hours, during which the full strength of the fish bears upon the rod in the towing process. It is to relieve this strain that the device shown in the illustration has been adopted. It is made of sole leather and the cuts show its method of construction.

The Ouananiche of Lake St. John.*

Since the appearance of Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" several years ago, no other book has been published in this country which will prove so full of interest to the angling fraternity as will this volume on the ouananiche. Besides the "Preface" and a very readable Introduction by Col. Andrew Haggard, brother of the novelist, H. Rider Haggard, the book contains fourteen chapters concerning the habits and distribution of the ouananiche, where to find it, and how to catch it, and extremely readable descriptions of many of the great rivers and lakes in which it is found. Detailed descriptions are given of a number of tours which the angler in quest of the ouananiche might take. One chapter is devoted to the other fishes and game of the region, and one to the Montagnais Indians and their folk-lore. All the chapters are well written and full of interest. One may get from them a vast amount of book information about the ouananiche, and many an angler, after reading its pages, will put the book in his trunk with the rest of his outfit and betake himself to the home of the ouananiche and there make its personal acquaintance.

The ouananiche, according to Mr. Chambers, is found not only in the Lake St. John region north of Quebec, but in many streams tributary to the lower St. Lawrence River, and northward on the south, east, and north slopes of the great central table-land of Labrador as far north as Ungava Bay. It is not known to occur in the waters tributary to Hudson Bay.

Concerning the game qualities of the ouananiche as found in the Grande Decharge, Mr. Chambers says: "In the vicinity of these rapids the fish can know nothing of the life of indolence and luxurious ease that conduces to enervation and effeminacy. The very excitement and unrest of their surroundings render inactivity impossible to them, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in their constant struggle amid the mighty forces of those turbulent waters insures for them the possession of that courage, agility, and strength that make them the recognized champions of the finny warriors of Canadian waters. In proportion to their avoirdupois they can do more tackle-mashing than any other fish that swims. Their leaps are prodigious. Habituated to overcome obstacles to their progress up-stream by throwing themselves over them through the air, their skyward somersaults and aerial contortions, when hooked, leave the angler little leisure for contemplation while the struggle is in progress. When it is understood that a five-pound ouananiche will frequently leap three feet or more out of water in his endeavor to get free, and perhaps a dozen times in succession, some idea may be formed of the skill necessary to bring him safely to the net."

The author maintains that the ouananiche, the Sebago or land-locked salmon, and the Atlantic salmon are all not only specifically identical, but that such differences as are shown among them are not even sufficient to set off the Sebago salmon and the ouananiche as subspecies. With perhaps a single exception, all ichthyologists who have considered the matter have regarded them as representing two pretty well-marked varieties of the Atlantic salmon, and well worthy of subspecific rank. The Sebago or land-locked salmon, which occurs in certain New England waters, was described in 1853 as *Salmo sebago* by Girard; and the ouananiche has recently been described by Eugene McCarthy in Jordan and Evermann's Fishes of North and Middle America under the name *Salmo salar ouananiche*. According to this view the proper names of the three fishes are as follows:—

Atlantic salmon,—*Salmo salar*, Linnaeus.

Sebago salmon,—*Salmo salar sebago*, Girard.

Ouananiche,—*Salmo salar ouananiche* (McCarthy M. S.) Jordan & Evermann.

Although Mr. Chambers says in one place that "anatomically there is no difference whatever between the ouananiche and the *Salmo salar*," he elsewhere calls attention to anatomical differences which are more than sufficient to set off the ouananiche as a well-marked variety fully entitled to a trinomial name. Mr. Chambers's conception of what constitutes a "species" or a "subspecies" is evidently not that of most systematists. But this is not a matter which will make the book

[*The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment, by E. T. D. Chambers. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.]

less interesting to anglers, for whom it was primarily written.

As we have already said, the book is well written, and the publishers have spared no pains to make it attractive in every way. The paper and type are excellent and many of the illustrations are beautiful.

Tarpon Record at Aransas Pass.
(Tarpon, Texas.)

[This record is only for a portion of the season of 1896, from April 15th to October 15th, inclusive. All the fish were either boated or beached with rod and reel.]

Adams, Dr. W. A.,	Forth Worth, Tex.	2
Badger, Capt. F. J.,	San Antonio, Tex.	1
Beauchamp, Legh,	San Antonio, Tex.	1
Bell, D. H.,	Bastrop, Texas,	2
Booth, C. H.,	Taylor, Texas,	6
Bradbury, W. C.,	Denver, Colo.,	8
Connor, W. C.	Dallas, Texas,	1
Cooper, E. H.,	Eagle Pass, Tex.	2
Cotter, J. E.,	Tarpon, Texas,	3
Culberson, R. U.,	San Antonio, Tex.	7
Davis, W. Y.,	Bonham, Texas,	1
Denman, Judge L. G.,	Austin, Texas,	2
Edson, J. A.,	Tyler, Texas,	4
Foster, Capt. F. W.	San Antonio, Tex.	2
Garwood, Judge H. M.,	Bastrop, Texas,	4
Hagenbuck, E. L.,	Chicago, Ills.,	5
Hamilton, Henry,	Dallas, Texas,	1
Hampton, Gen'l Wade,	Washington, D. C.	1
Hardwick, W. P.,	Fort Worth, Tex.	1
Hayden, Dr. J. W.,	Paris, Texas,	1
Heard, Bryan,	Taylor, Texas,	18
Hefner, F. S.,	Taylor, Texas,	2
Hefner, Mrs. F. S.,	Taylor, Texas,	1
Heney, Ben,	Rockport, Texas,	1
Higgins, C. C.,	Bastrop, Texas,	8
Houston, A. W.,	San Antonio, Tex.	26
Houston, Reagan,	San Antonio, Tex.	3
Ingram, J. S.,	City of Mexico, Mex	55
Ingram, Mrs. J. S.,	City of Mexico, Mex	1
Jalonick, Geo. W.,	Dallas, Texas,	1
Jenkins, W. D.,	Tarpon, Texas,	25
Kearney, C. H.,	San Antonio, Tex.	1
Keliehor, Col. Wm.,	Taylor, Texas,	5
Kennedy, M. R.,	Taylor, Texas,	3
King, G. G.,	Taylor, Texas,	2
Kingsley, C. C.,	San Antonio, Tex.	2
Kleburg, S.,	Corpus Christi, Tex.	1
Lewis, Perry J.,	San Antonio, Tex.	8
Lingo, Levi,	Denison, Texas,	2
Maverick, W. H.,	San Antonio, Tex.	2
Mercer, R. L.,	Tarpon, Texas,	2
Mills, Dr. W. H.,	Denison, Texas,	3
Moore, Vere M.,	San Antonio, Tex.	1
Morgan, J. G.,	Denver, Colo.,	6
Parker, John W.,	Taylor, Texas,	4
Picton, D. M.,	Rockport, Texas,	2
Reber, Lieut. Samuel,	San Antonio, Tex.	1
Robards, Frank,	San Antonio, Tex.	2
Roberts, Con,	Rockport, Texas,	1
Sanders, J. F.,	Denver, Colo.	11
Sea, John A.,	Independence, Mo.	6
Sedam, J. S.,	Denver, Colo.,	12
Sedam, W. Y.,	Denver, Colo.,	7
Silvers, M.,	Tarpon, Texas,	21
Simpson, J. B.,	Dallas, Texas,	7
Sloat, C. B.,	Fort Worth, Tex.,	1
Smith, N. F.,	Taylor, Texas,	5
Smith, W. S.,	San Antonio, Tex.	2
Sutherland, S. M.,	Chicago, Ills.,	13
Thames, J. J.,	San Antonio, Tex.	3
Tracey, N. H.,	Rockdale, Texas,	1
Warner, S. G.,	Tyler, Texas,	3
West, Duval,	San Antonio, Tex.	13
Womack, J. W.,	Taylor, Texas,	7
Woodward, J. L.,	Taylor, Texas,	8
	Total	364

First Tarpon of the season, April 24th, 1896, W. D. Jenkins.

Longest Tarpon of the season, 6 ft. 11½ in., Duval West.

Smallest Tarpon of the season, 2 ft. 9½ in., W. H. Maverick.

Heaviest Tarpon of the season, 195 pounds, Bryan Heard.

Largest Tarpon of the season single-handed, (without boatman), 6 ft. 2½ in., J. E. Cotter.

Best Record of the season, one day's catch, 10 Tarpon, M. Silvers.

Largest Record of the season, 30 days' fishing, 55 Tarpon, J. S. Ingram.

The greatest number of Tarpon were caught during the month of June, i. e. :—238.

The season begins April 1st, and ends December 1st.

Record kept by WM. D. JENKINS,
Chief Engineer,
ARANSAS PASS HARBOR CO
Tarpon, Texas,
October 20th, 1896.

No account has been taken of a large number of Tarpon which were caught on handlines.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF FRANK FORESTER'S.

[Some years ago we had placed in our hands an unpublished manuscript from the pen and brain of Frank Forester (W. H. Herbert), of world-wide fame as a writer on sports of the field and stream. Although much of the subject-matter of this manuscript, particularly that portion which treats of the detonator and old flint lock has lost all practical interest to sportsmen, yet its pleasing style and crisp treatment, render every line delightful reading.

It was written forty-seven years ago and is a souvenir of the golden days of field shooting in America, and of the most versatile and talented writer on that subject that the world has produced.—ED.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

Neither the author nor the editor pretend to offer this work to the public in general, and the sporting world in particular, as a composition entirely new, and composed of original materials. Much of it is original and self-originated, much is selected and compiled or collated, partly from Greener, and partly from the works of that veteran sportsman among sportsmen—Hawker.

These materials have, however, all been weighed carefully, and considered in reference to the nature and application of the wild sports or wild warfare, to which in this country the weapons of which we treat will be applied. No opinions of foreign authors will be admitted, which do not coincide with those of the author and editor; nor have any of their own been rashly or inconsiderately introduced.

It is now respectfully offered to the sporting public, with a view of giving much information, not easily attainable in a small compass, and with the threefold hope of driving out of the market all the paltry Birmingham trash, with which the hardware men are flooding it, throughout the country; of protecting the honest maker and upright dealer and enabling the sportsmen of America, hereafter, to obtain a good article at a fair price.

INTRODUCTION.

Few things are more remarkable in the history of field sports than the general ignorance which prevails even among passable good sportsmen, as to the nature and qualification of the weapon on which, not their pleasure only, nor excellence in their favorite pursuit, but their very life depends. Few know what the material or mechanism of the piece they carry *is;* fewer yet, what it should be; and, strange as it may seem, when the stake at issue is so great, very few care to know more.

By the great mass a gun is esteemed a gun, and no more; whether it be the masterpiece of a first-rate artist, or the trash of a Birmingham, Liege or Lyons factory. We do not mean here, or elsewhere, to assert that all Birmingham or French or German gunsmith work is trash—for which such men as Westly Richards and Greener to represent the former, and many first-rate workmen, such as LePage, Lecomte and others, for the latter, it would be absurd so to speak—but it is indisputably a fact that nine-tenths of all things called guns, turned out of Birmingham and Continental factories, are only built to sell, and burst by wholesale; and even by four-fifths of those who call themselves, and would fain be considered sportsmen, the first, if not the only consideration in the selection of a gun, is that of cost.

Nor is it by any manner of means, an unusual occurrence to see men pride themselves on their field equipments, who would not own a setter worth less than a hundred dollars, or a horse which could not do his mile in 2.50, armed with a shooting iron of the most miserable description, intrinsically worth perhaps some four or five pounds sterling, sixteen or twenty dollars; but by dint of painting, varnishing, veneering, or the like, with the addition of duties, importer's profits, etc., brought up to the sum of thirty-five, or perhaps fifty dollars—for which sum a very sound plain gun may be purchased by a person who knows what he is about—and having the name, if not of Manton, Egg, Nock, Lancaster or Purdy, at least of some respectable maker. An article one shade better than this in stocking and finish, though made of the same worthless iron, set off with a mahogany case, brass-mounted, velvet-lined, is foisted on the public as a respectable piece of work, and probably believed by its infatuated purchaser to be a weapon worth from 80 to 120 dollars—for which a really good article of English or American make may be obtained by applying direct to any foreign or native workman, not warehousemen.

The pieces, however, of which I have hitherto spoken, are as a Joe Manton is to themselves, when compared with the rubbish retailed at some ten or fifteen dollars, or perhaps yet higher; the real value of which is precisely that of Mr. Kossuth's famous muskets, two dollars each, from the manufacturer's hands; and which, like those celebrated arms, if they can go off at all—and even that is doubtful—will do so infinitely more to the jeopardy of the shooter than of the person shot at.

These are the pieces that are invariably found in the hands of all the millions of mechanics, farmers, laborers, and bordermen of the country; not including all the boys to whom these truly wondrous weapons are entrusted by their parents, owing to a degree of ignorance, carelessness, or parsimony, perfectly unaccountable and unintelligible.

These guns are sold, ninety-nine hundredths of them, by hardware men who frequently know the nature and worthlessness of the article they are vending—the exporters from abroad invariably know this—who, therefore, selling, of malice aforethought, what they are well aware will, in all human probability, cause a loss of life or limb, should be in strict justice, held at least as much responsible as the person selling a deadly poison for a wholesome beverage.

* * * * * *

It is believed, as a general rule, that the *gunmaker* rarely, or never *recommends* the purchase of these suicidal weapons, since it is neither for his credit nor for his interest to do so; but it is lamentable, indeed, that he should sanction it in the smallest degree even by their presence in his shop.

The hardwaremen, then, throughout the country, from the highest and wealthiest firms in our great seaboard cities to the meanest jobbing houses in the pettiest villages of the land, are those who are guilty of this atrocious system of crime—I say the word crime advisedly; for I can regard the wholesale dealer in cheap Birmingham or German guns in no other light than that of the wholesale murderer.

* * * * * *

These are the men who injure the

honorable importer of sound and good articles, almost beyond what it is possible to imagine—so strongly prone to gullibility is mankind, and so eager are the masses to be cheated, when the cheating seems to jump with their desires, or minister to their self-importance.

For instance. I have often witnessed some such transaction as is embodied in the following sketch of gun selling:

Scene—A gunsmith's shop; enter a stout, hardy, rugged, somewhat green-looking individual, wanting a gun. Having determined to give no more than twelve or fifteen dollars for it at the farthest; and convinced that he ought to get, for that sum, at least as good a gun as his neighbor, the District Attorney of the State, got up from York last fall for a hundred and fifty dollars.

Gunsmith.—"Good morning, sir. Can I serve you to-day?"

Green One.—"Well, yes, if we can deal. I'd like to see one of your first-rate guns."

Gunsmith, (handing him a plain solid workmanlike and sportsmanlike piece of domestic work, barrels and locks imported in the rough). "Here is an excellent piece of stuff, sir, one I can recommend."

Green One—"Well, it is handy, certain. But it's mighty plain. Hain't you got some with engravings on the locks, and silver mountings?"

Gunsmith—"Certainly, sir; but if they are of good quality those come very high. Now this is a good, sound gun; one, as I said, that I can *recommend.* It is cheap, too."

Green One—"Well, and what *is* the price of it?"

Gunsmith—"Thirty dollars, sir."

Green One—"Call that cheap, hey? Why, my neighbor, Squire Biddle, bought one down to York last fall, more nor twice as handsome as this, for twelve dollars. And, look ye here, this here's New York made, and Squire Biddle, his'n was rael imported—London, made by *Harrisburg*, or some such name."

Gunsmith—"Lancaster, I presume you mean, sir. But it could not have been a genuine Lancaster at such a price."

Green One—"Oh, yes, but it was though; the gentlemen *he* bought of gave him a warrantee, as it was, and as good as any. Hain't you got none such?"

Gunsmith—"Yes, sir, I have. But I can't recommend them, though I'm forced to keep them. There is one at twelve, and here is one at sixteen," handing out two painted Brummagens, with those dangerous barrels, six or eight lines of mosaic gold across the short, patent breech, and great German thumb pieces and escutcheons.

Green One—"Well, I swar! them's beauties, and this is a Manton, too!"

Gunsmith—"So it is engraved. But I would be sorry enough to warrant it one. It is a Birmingham gun, and that's all I can say about it."

Green One—"Well, then, I don't think much of no man, anyhow, that sells guns marked London and has the face to tell people as they're Brummagem articles. I don't like no such doings." Exit green individual in a huff. Stalks down the street and soon comes across a flash-hardware shop, windows full of two penny iron, Wedgebury skelp, and Shamdamn iron *explosibles*, in the full splendor of varnish, plating, lacquering and what not; with lots of gim-crack implements, powder-horns with green cords and tas-

sels, shot pouches all embossed and bedizened, gun-case magnificent with red plush and yellow pinchback. Green individual gazes in with admiration and enters.

Green One—"Morning. Got any fust-rate London guns? Don't want none of your home-made stuff."

Counter Jumper—"Of course not, sir; of course not. Shouldn't think of offering no such rubbish to a sportsman, sir. Besides, *sir*, fact we don't keep the article. Muggins & Snob don't deal nowheres but with London, direct with the West End makers. Manton, sir, Purdey, Egg, any preference sir, between them? One sportsman likes one maker, one another. You, sir, I should think, prefer a Manton—king of makers."

Green One—"Well, yes, if it isn't too costly. The man, Smith, across the way, showed me a New York gun, and don't you think, he'd the face to ask me six and thirty dollars for it."

Counter Jumper—"Just like him, sir. Just like all of them *makers*, as they call themselves, awfully conceited chaps, cracking up their own work half the time, and the other half palming off all sorts of Brummagen trash for London work."

Green One—"Gad! you hit him now, I swar! Didn't he tell me, not half an hour since, that a gun I saw there, with Manton, London, on the barrel, was a Brummagen. I went off, right straight, now, I tell *you*."

Counter Jumper—(laughing in his sleeves), "Law, you were too much of a sportsman to be taken in so, or else he'd never have let on. Now, here's a piece, as *you'll* see at a glance, is *genuine;* a Manton, too, and a prime one."

Green One—(delighted), "Aint it, now! handsome, aint it? Shoots well, too, I reckon?"

Counter Jumper—"Well! nothing like it in the country. Why, it was only Wednesday last, Mr. Porter, of the *Spirit*,—you know Mr. Porter, of the *Spirit*, sir? No! Well, I *am* surprised, and you such a sportsman; but as I was saying, he bought just the mate gun to this, and he hasn't shot, he says with no such a gun before, since he won his great match, at Hoboken, against Captain Martincott, of the army."

Green One—(amazed), "I swar! and it's a Manton, ginoyine and no mistake."

Counter Jumper—"No mistake at all, Muggins & Snob warrants it *that;* and if they didn't, Muggins & Snob's name is warrantee enough."

Green One (enraptured), purchases the *ginoyine* at sixteen dollars and a half, a handsome reduction from eighteen dollars on the part of Muggins & Snob, in consequence of the well-known sportsmanship of "the verdant;" invests three and a half more in the plush and pinchback case, and a matter of five more in powder-horn, shot-pouch, German game-sack, all betassled and befringed, and then returns home to Scrabbleborough, or whencesoever else he came, triumphant and elate—magnificent in his conscious superiority to Squire Biddle and his Lancaster.

A week after, and how changed the scene!

Scene.—A maple swamp near Scrabbleborough. Time—Sunrise on the fifth of July. Dramatis personæ.—Squire Biddle, with his Lancaster; Squire Verdant, with his Manton; two half-bred setters. Squire Verdant loads, nervously, having missed two fair shots. Puts in mistake half a charge of powder, four fingers of shot, and wads with *tow*.

Squire Biddle—"Hey! Verdant, here's a pint; toho! stop! stop!" Flip-flap, up whirls a woodcock—Verdant takes long, deliberate aim; pulls trigger. Bang! Bellow! Exit the Manton into smoke—*terres recessit in auras*—and like

> The cloud-capt towers,
> The solemn temples, gorgeous palaces,

leaves not a wreck behind, except the wreck of Verdant's bran new castor, through which the breech-pin of the right barrel has been driven, and the wreck of his left hand, which, grasping the centre of the barrel, had been horribly mangled by the explosion.

Newspapers call it "*sad accident by fire-arms*," instead of calling it "*cutting and maiming with intent to kill*," on the part of Muggins & Snob.

That this is neither a fictitious case nor an exaggeration, hundreds will bear witness; hundreds have realized by the loss of limb or life, and hundreds more, I fear, will realize before they learn wisdom and buy of honest *workmen*, whose credit *is in truth* staked on their work (as their brand depends upon their name), and not upon rascally importing houses, who have always a handy excuse at hand either that they are indeed "astonished that Mr. Manton should turn out such work," or "very strange that their excellent correspondents at Liverpool—not Birmingham, of course—should have been so badly deceived."

* * * * Nor is it the name of Manton only that is thus counterfeited, for those of Nock, Lancaster, Purdy, the Moores, in fact all the leading makers have been more or less ordinarily forged, though the unequalled celebrity of Manton has caused him to be most largely and unblushingly sponged upon. So much has this practice damaged the reputation of the good men and clever artists, that it is unquestionably one of the leading causes of the growing opinion "any sound gun is as good as a crack gun;" so that numbers of persons will honestly and in full conviction, assert that such or such a gun, of I know not what reputable Birmingham houses, has repeatedly beaten Manton's, Lancaster's, Purdy's and the like, when in truth the Birmingham gun has only beaten an inferior Birmingham gun.

The superiority of the genuine London gun is thus destroyed, merged, and lost in the worthlessness of its counterfeits, and even good judges of good pieces are deterred from purchasing, by the veneered trumpery so shamelessly palmed off upon them.

I do not say that no good work is not turned out at Birmingham, but I do say, that with the exception of the work of Mr. Greener and Mr. Westley Richards—both of whom are beyond suspicion, and the former a very fine, the latter a very celebrated artist, though personally I do not like his work—all Birmingham work is more or less liable to suspicion of this particular kind of dishonesty.

I know it, in a word, to be a fact, that several houses, that hold themselves most highly reputable, which would doubtless institute proceedings were their respectability called in question, are in the regular habit of inquiring—as a business matter, of course—of their wholesale customers whose names they should wish engraved on such and such a lot; and I am acquainted with more than one American sportsman, who not possessing the means to make himself master of the genuine Simon Pure, has gone to the expense of buying a really sound

and really second rate Birmingham gun for perhaps $20, and then has had the lamentable vanity and folly to cause it to be engraved "Manton."

All this, however, is secondary to the matter of which I have spoken heretofore, and is easily remedied or avoided by those who have a fancy for any particular London house; with the advantage of being able to send your own instructions as to weight, length, calibre, bend of stock, and the like; and, in this case, even the possibility of fraud may be avoided, by opening a secret correspondence with the London or provincial house.

For the rest I have the greatest possible doubt whether any genuine *new* London gun by a really first-class maker was ever imported—except to especial order for private use—by any hardware concern in the United States; and very few gunmakers for general sale, the demand not in fact justifying the order.

Again, second-rate guns by first-rate makers rarely or never fall into the hands of hardware men; as the persons who dispose of such things—gentlemen, for the most part, in reduced circumstances, or travelers in difficulty—are apt to take them to the gun-maker, who is best able to know their value and likely to give a fair price for them; rather than to the hardware man who is not likely to know, and quite certain not to admit their value.

* * * * * *

In illustration, I will relate an incident which I saw myself, while shooting at Pine Brook, many years ago; and which made a considerable impression on my mind, as it was the first gun I had ever seen burst, having shot little at that time, but with persons who used first-rate weapons.

I was trying a setter dog on the first day of quail shooting, with a clever dog-breeder, Dilks by name, who is since dead, poor fellow. He was using a tolerable nice little Birmingham gun, worth, I suppose, some seven or eight pounds sterling, perhaps ten, of Damascus twist. The dog pointed at a long fallen tree with a good deal of grass and brushwood around it—the tree lying diagonally on the ground between us, so that I stood some ten or twelve feet in advance, and about as many yards to the right of him. A bevy rose, only one bird crossing me to the right which I shot, hearing his report to my left almost simultaneously, and then a fearful scream—"Oh, my God! Mr. Forester, you have shot me!"

I started round and saw him wheeling to and fro, wringing his hand, which was streaming with blood, in evident agony. I of course knew that it was impossible that I could have shot him, having fired in a directly opposite direction, but until I got up to him and saw that both his hands were badly scorched and the right fearfully mangled, I could not conceive what had happened.

After getting assistance and removing him to a neighboring cottage, we instituted a search for the gun, of which we found the barrel, presenting the most singular appearance I ever beheld.

The upper rib, or patent elevation, was curled upwards in a perfectly regular curve, from within about three inches of the sight to the break-off; from the same point to the breach, which was blown to atoms, the right barrel, in which the explosion would seem to have originated, was broken as short off as if it had lopped with a

hatchet, at about one foot above the breech. The fracture presented the crystalline or candid appearance, of which Mr. Krider speaks. Of the fragments, locks, stock or trigger guard, except a ragged fragment of wood with the heel-plate attached, not one atom could be discovered, though we searched patiently and long; till at length, observing a large hole driven through the right front and cover of the poor fellow's hat, which had fallen off, we found the right breech-pin buried an inch deep in the trunk of a large maple tree. The man's escape was marvelous as the breech-pin entered his hat directly over his right eye, and scarcely an inch above his hair.

He was recovered from his hurts, but never, I think, regained his nerve and confidence with his gun.

That was the first gun I ever saw burst; but on each of the two Saturdays next succeeding, another followed suit. One a wretched scrap-iron Birmingham ten-dollar affair, which flew into flinters without doing any harm; the other a long, American-made stove-pipe, half-ducking, half northwest gun. It burst to atoms, from the grip to the middle of the barrel, not a fragment of the exploded portions being ever found, and wounded the unfortunate man who fired it very severely in the head.

It is then the object of Mr. Krider and his editor, in putting forward this unpretending little work, to give everyone who chooses to inform himself, the means of gaining the information he needs, previous to purchasing a gun—to enable every person, if not to judge what a good gun is, at least, to know what a good one ought to be, and what is, and must be necessarily, an exceedingly bad one—to enable every one at least to avoid the harpies, who, careless of anything but the gaining a few miserable cents—for the profit on these atrocious murder traps, is a little more than a matter of cents—deluge the world with things called guns, the muzzle of which, when they are loaded and pointed toward any one, is by far the most innocent portion of them.

I can well understand the burst of indignation which will be called forth by this book, as a direct invasion of the private monopolized rights of the Birmingham slaughter mongers, and their allies and fellow murderers, the hardware gun-sellers—for I have myself, in some degree, experienced the tender mercies of a similar class, the New York gun importers and venders.

I was so audacious as to express an opinion in my "Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces of North America," and to call attention to the same points as those above mentioned. I took the extreme liberty of venturing to say, not that Mr. Westley Richards' was *trash*, or even, that it was not good work, but that it was Birmingham work and not London work; and that I did not like Mr. Westley Richards' work or Birmingham work at all; but London work, and especially West End work; Purdy's, Egg's, Lancaster's, and most of all, Moore and Gray's work. I had further the vile outre assurance to deny that Messrs. Dane & Co., of St. William street, were London makers, and to avow an opinion afterwards loudly proclaimed by the London trade, in the examinations which followed the bursting of their gun in Sir Claude Scott's hand, that they were rather fine finishers than thorough workmen, and that their guns, as most Birmingham guns, were not free from some suspicions of

trickiness. Sir Scott's gun turned out to be a "fourteen" by proof mark, half chased, bored out into a "twelve," taken apart, filed down between the barrels at the breeches, where the metal ought to be the stoutest, and again brazed together—a process which Mr. Greener disowns as the most injurious to which a gun can be subjected.

Heavens! with what a yell they opened, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, with dogs and big hound, brach, and cur, and trundlespit of low degree. Paid hackney scribblers, every one of them, by the importing gunsellers, the hardware men, and wholesale slaughter mongers of the city—all, save with one exception, and he a judge of high degree, who after buying a gun sent me to dispose of by the manufacturer, and after seeing the private letters of that manufacturer to myself, persisted in asserting that the work looked very much like the work of "Moore & Harris," of Birmingham, when he knew it to be the work of "Moore & Gray," of London.

Hence, I can judge what a roar will arise on the appearance of this work, from the venders of the two-penny iron, Wedgebury skelp, and shamdamn iron murdering machines, at this open and straightforward attack on their slaughter houses, and every exposition, not only of their evil devices, and tricks of the trade, but the means to be adopted in order to procure at a reasonable figure, a safe and serviceable weapon, whether for war or pleasure.

But in this, in part will be our reward the more loudly they roar, the more sharply we shall know them to be pinched.

And if we induce any of our friends, the sporting world in general, to look to the honest and legitimate maker, either of England or of our own country, whether of London or the provinces, instead of the Mugginses and Snobbses, the jobbers and peddlers of importing gunsellers, we shall feel proud of ourselves as having done some service, if not to the States, at least to the common cause of humanity and nature.

Without further preamble or apology we shall now proceed at once to the history of the gun, from the period of its invention in the weakest of all forms in the fifteenth century, to that of its highest yet attained perfection in the nineteenth—I say yet attained, for I have little doubt that the great stimulus given by the late revolutionary movements, the war and rumors of war now in the West, will tend to vast improvements in this arm, both as regards range and accuracy of direction—the needle gun of the Prussian service, and the celebrated Minnie rifle or *Carabine a tige* of the French Chasseurs de Vincennes, as well as Colonel Hawker's double barrelled carbine appearing, if the accounts rendered of this weapon are to be relied on—as there seems no reason why they should not—to be vast strides in advance of anything yet known.

THE HISTORY OF THE GUN.

The first invention of gunpowder took place, it is probable, very many years prior to the date usually attributed to it, and though generally conceded to the Arabians, undoubtedly it is to be accredited to that wonderful unprogressive people, the Chinese, who, though acquainted with it in all probability before the Christian era, have applied it, in thousands of years, to little use more practical than the manufacture of the Chinese cracker. It was probably first rediscovered in

Europe by Friar Bacon, if it were really a discovery by him, and not the production of a secret preserved in the convent since the days of the early Christians, who are believed by many writers to have been familiar with its properties, and to have applied it in the shape of subterranean explosion for the purpose of deterring Julian, named the Apostate, from rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem.

Be this, however as it may, it was first used for military purposes early in the fourteenth century by the English, who employed four guns—heavy cannons composed of bars of longitudinal iron, hooped together, at the Battle of Cressy, in 1346.

So early as the battle of Bosworth, 1458, the rudest form of hand-gun or hand-cannon, as it was called, which is well-described in Mr. G. P. R. James' clever novel of *The Woodman* as an engine so ponderous and unwieldy as to be used by two men, one resting it on the shoulder of the other, taking aim along its barrel and discharging it by a match applied to an open touch-hole.

The next improvement was the hackbut, or most ancient form of the stocked musket, still fired with a hand match, the butt being placed against the man firing it, and little accuracy of aim could be obtained. Of its range little is known, except that it was vastly exceeded by that of the long bow, as indeed is that of the ordinary modern soldiers' musket—since the clothyard arrow was undoubtedly fatal, even to steel-clad men, at a distance of four hundred yards, and it was rather to the advantage obtained in the portability of gun ammunition than to superiority in celerity of fire that the musket at length won the preference.

It has been stated that the Italians were the first inventors of what we should now call small arms, but it appears to me that the weight of evidence lies in favor of the Germans, in whose language most, if not all, the earliest invention and improvements have their nomenclature; as, for instance, hackbut, however originally spelt, and subsequently *snap haunce*, the name of earliest form of the flint-lock.

The hackbut was superseded by the harguebus, with a crooked stock and a spring lock, by which the match, on the pull of a trigger, was brought into contact with the powder in the pan, and the piece discharged nearly as at present; though neither so speedily nor so certainly as now, and with the obvious disadvantage of the powder being exposed without any protection to the weather.

Still these weapons were effective, and I have seen and even practiced with some of the Italian and Spanish, when fitted with modern flint-locks, which did their work very accurately at a long range. Those I have seen, in the great length and thickness of the barrel, the smallness of the bore, the thinness of the stock considerable resemble the old-fashioned American rifle of the French and Revolutionary wars. They are mentioned first as used at Morat, in 1475.

In this form the gun continued, gradually improving in lightness, handiness and shapeliness only, without alteration in the principal or method of ignition, until the pyrites' wheel-lock was introduced by the Italians, during the Popedom of Leo X. By this contrivance a wheel of steel sharply cogged was made to revolve with great rapidity against a piece of sulphuret of iron,

brought over against its edge by a spring cock. From this a shower of sparks was cast down upon the priming in the pan.

I find it stated in an article in that clever disposed periodical, *The International*, that this form of lock is described by Luigi Collado, in a treatise on artillery, printed at Venice, in 1586, and there said to be a recent German invention.

It is, however, sufficiently well ascertained that the muskets of the Italian Imperialists at the battle of Pavia, to which the defeat of Francis I., with all the splendid chivalry of France is entirely to be ascribed, were fitted with this method of ignition; and from this battle, most important therefore as an historical era, dates downfall of chivalry, and the alteration of the whole mode of warfare, infantry and cavalry, in fact changing place, the former becoming the largest and most important service in all modern armies, and the latter dwindling merely into an auxilliary arm. This would, therefore, seem rather to justify the attribution of this improvement to Italy or Spain, rather than to Germany, as Pavia was fought in 1525, more than half a century earlier than the time of the Venitian writer above quoted.

The next invention was unquestionably German, being the snaphaunce, or regular flint-lock, precisely similar in principle, though now far inferior in many other requisites, to the splendid machinery of the incomparable Manton's almost perfect flint-lock.

This invention was introduced into England in the reign of Charles II. it is stated, but I have unquestionably seen horse-pistols, used during the wars of the Commonwealth, between Charles I. and his Parliament, which were discharged by this mode of ignition.

Still, however, as the long-bow lingered in England and was the principal and most effective weapon of the militia rural trainbands even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, so the match lock continued to be the ordinary form of the musket until the reign of William III., about 1692, when the snaphaunce, or modest form of flint-lock, came into general use, and continued in vogue until it was superseded forever in the beginning of the present century, by the, in my opinion, never to be improved upon percussion principle.

It is very remarkable that although, as I have shown above, the gun has been in use for nearly five centuries, and has been consequently for the whole of that time the subject of constant speculation, invention and attempted improvement on the part of the best and ablest mechanicians, but two real lasting improvements have been made in this weapon, and both those in the principle of ignition—the substitution of the flint-lock for the match-lock, which at once established the superiority of the musket to the long-bow and the arbulast, and the substitution of the percussion cap—which I regard as the only rational mode of ignition at present, and the form which will last so long as the use of percussion powder endures,—for the flint-lock, which might be called the grave of gunmaking with almost as much propriety as the introduction of flint and steel was termed that of chivalry.

For since the copper cap system, with its simple and easily manufactured lock, has taken place of the complicated, exquisitely balanced, delicate machinery of the fine, old-fashioned flint and steel, not half the skill in the mechanician is required, and so vast is the increased

facility given by the celerity of fire to the gunner, that a first-rate gun is by no means now necessary, as it was thirty years ago, to the sportsman—for the weapon in all its grades is reduced far more nearly to an equality, and there is—so far is certainly true—probably less difference in the carriage and quickness of fire now between the best London gun that can be turned out and the ordinary percussion soldier's musket, than there was in Joe Manton's day, between a really first-rate flint and the best third-rate gun that could be produced—that is to say less difference between fifty guineas and fourteen shillings, in 1852, than there was between sixty guineas, Joe's piece, and twenty-five or thirty guineas, in 1822. I do not mean to say that a first-rate gun is not still a *sine qua non* to a first-rate sportsman, and I confess I regard a real lover of the gun, capable of affording to shoot with a first-rate, and yet shooting with a second-rate, much as I do a man who should shoot with flint and steel, when he might shoot with a percussion gun, or who should ride an ass when he could ride an Arabian steed.

Hear what the veteran Hawker says on this subject, and then mark and perpend: "The gunmakers, in short, still remain as I left them—like the frogs without a king; and, as before, complaining bitterly about the dullness of the trade. But for this they have to thank their introduction of the detonating system, by which they got caught themselves in the same trap which was laid for their customers. When flint guns were the order of the day, what sporting gentlemen of any distinction ever thought of using anything but the gun of a first-rate maker, for the simple reason that on the goodness of the work depends the quickness in firing and consequently the filling of the bag. But now-a-days every common fellow in a market town can detonate on old musket and make it shoot as quick as can be wished; insomuch that all scientific calculations in shooting at moderate distances are so simplified, that we every day meet with jackanapes' apprentice boys who shoot flying, and knock down their eight out of ten. Formerly shooting required art and nerve; now for tolerable shooting—at all events for the use of a single barrel—nerve alone is sufficient. Formerly a first-rate gun was a *sine qua non;* now the most we can call it is a *desideratum;* since all guns are made now to fire with nearly equal velocity."

It is this comparative equality between the higher and lower qualities of percussion guns, and the facility of attaining at least to a moderate degree of proficiency in the art of shooting on the wing with a very second-rate instrument, which leads the masses and inconsiderate persons in general—some sportsmen not excluded—to imagine that a first-rate gun is of no real importance, because they find themselves shooting within the ordinary range at which birds are killed—that is to say, according to my opinion, on an average at from fifteen to twenty paces—nearly as well with a medium gun as their neighbor with one of first rate quality.

Let them remember, however, that it is in the celerity of fire alone that the percussion principal has in any wise equalized, and that at the expense of detracting somewhat from their force, leaving them in all other points of comparison precisely as they were before, though the celerity certainly

in some degree compensates for the other loss.

Let, however, the cheaply-gunned sportsman go out with his friend, armed "as best becomes a man" with a first-rate West-End or Greener gun, on a wild, windy day, when quail will scarce lie to the dog, but whist up and away on swift pinions, and he shall see the London Greener gun doing its work sharp, short and decisive; no tipping wings, no towered birds, no miserable cripples sent wabbling away to die at their leisure in a bramble brake, but cutting them down clean-killed, right and left, at its thirty and forty, and perhaps, once in a while, fifty yards, while his own fifty-dollar Birmingham is bringing down lots of feathers but no fowl.

Let him try the two side by side on a squally morning at Shoot's Landing, or any of the other snipe-grounds on the Delaware, where away go the long-bills, twisting and twirling as if they were possessed of the foul fiend *scaipe! scaipe! scaipe! scaipe!* fifty yards before the keen nose of his steadiest setter, and he will soon find, that, while they do escape his Birmingham blunderbuss, they go down regularly enough before his friend's crack gun, whether its maker's name be Moore and Gray, or Mullin, Cooper, or Lancaster, Egg, or Forsyth, or Krider.

It may be noted with surprise that I deny all claims of improvement of the gun, to all the various attempts to make repeating, or revolving, or breech-loading weapons, patent loading muzzles, patent primers, which every day is producing by scores and hundreds, to be puffed in the daily papers and forgotten.

I do deny them all *in toto;* for so far as I can perceive and learn, or apprehend, not one of them is altogether practicable, while many are mere Yankee trumpery, not worth a second thought.

In my judgment, no weapon is a weapon and no improvement an improvement, which is not directly applicable to and available in the field, either for the chase or warfares. Therefore it is that I regard the loading muzzles, the telescope sights and all the other fiddle-faddle of the New York Rifle Club as the most ineffable of humbugs.

The Prussian needle gun has proved impracticable on account of its complication and the difficulty of cleaning it, except for very small bodies of picked men. Colonel Colt's revolving pistol, the only form in which that patent is really available, is objectionable from the same causes, and farther from the impossibility of its being repaired during the course of a campaign by the common regimental armorer, and it is not too much to say that it never could be adapted to the arming of even a regiment, much less a brigade or a *corps de armee* constituted of such material as compose modern armies, however efficacious they may prove as officers' weapons, or as the arms of small bodies of veteran foresters and woodsmen, like the Texan hunters or the men of the prairies.

None of them are in the least adapted to field sports, and only, I think, as I have observed above, with modifications, as weapons of war. Jenning's rifle is barred by the exceeding complications of its machinery. Sharp's breech-loading rifle, I have heard well spoken of, but have never tried it. On inspection I thought it very cumbersome and unhandy; I am

told, however, that in its modified state it is far neater and more manageable. I object, however, to the principle *in toto* of breech-loading and revolving firearms, as inapplicable to the intelligence and above the capacity of ordinary mercenary soldiers, how well soever they may be adapted to that portion of our own population, who spring from all ranks of society to sudden arms at the approach of national danger or dishonor.

I believe, moreover, that increased range and increased accuracy, not increased celerity of fire, is the *sine qua non* to be achieved for military science, as before men armed with *carabine a tige* by which individuals can be picked off at 1,500 paces, and flying artillery silenced before it comes into point blank range, regiments—even regiments, possibly armed with Colt's revolvers or Sharp's breech-loading muskets, would be mowed to the ground in their ranks, like grass, before they could discharge a shot.

Therefore, I believe that increased range and accuracy are the points on which the next great improvement in gunnery and gunmaking are to be made ; and that while all the European governments and armies are on the alert on this subject, it were well that the United States should not be idle, or confident of her power ; for notwithstanding the unequalled excellence of her Western citizens with the rifle, it is undoubted that the United States military rifle is inferior to that of any European army, even the English, which appears by general consent to be in the rear for the moment, although the well-known skill of her workmen and the general interest which the subject is now generally exciting, render it little probable that she will long remain so.

[For wadding duck guns, use pellets of tow sewed up into wads in slightly greased silk. It cleans the gun and obviates the danger of a remnant of the ignited tow being left in the barrel and exploding the charge and possibly the horn on reloading.]

Much as may be said on loading the gun, I shall attempt to explain it by one simple example: for instance, to load a single gun of six, or a double gun of seven, eight or nine pounds' weight, take a steel charger which holds precisely an ounce and a half of shot; fill the brim full of powder, from which first prime, and then put the remainder into the barrel; to this add the same measure bumper full of shot, and then regulate the tops of your flasks and belts accordingly.

[This I consider the true proportion of loading for all guns.]

A gun of ten pounds' weight with eight to ten gauge will carry two ounces of shot easily; and one of sixteen or seventeen pounds and five gauge will carry four ounces.

Overloading is a great fault. It strains the gun, damages the shooter's shoulder and generally spoils the shot. An overcharge is apt to arise, and exactly the propelling power wasted in the recoil is detracted from the velocity communicated to the charge.

All our trouble with guns would be ill-bestowed, if we neglected a due attention to the care and choice of the powder we use.

Gunpowder, when good, is made of ingredients perfectly pure, mixed, and judiciously proportioned.

The principal ingredient, saltpetre, should be entirely divested of marine

salt, as that is a great obstacle to the production of good powder, of which there is, in all saltpetre, a certain, and often a considerable quantity; and, in proportion as it is more or less freed from this impurity so the powder will be more or less liable to imbibe damp air, and become proportionately moist and weak. But when it is perfectly freed from marine salt the powder will suffer but little diminution of its strength from being carelessly kept, or even openly exposed to a moist atmosphere; as what it might, by this means, have lost, would be presently restored by drying it. Mr. Curtis told me, the other day, that since the Indian trade was thrown open, he had some difficulty and much trouble in procuring good saltpetre.

Your powder should always be properly dried; in order to do which, make two or three plates very hot, before the fire, and, first taking care to wipe them well, lest any particle of cinder should adhere to them, keep constantly shifting the powder from the one to the other, without allowing it to remain sufficiently long on either to cool the plate. The powder will then be more effectually aired, and more expeditiously dried, than by the more common means of using one plate, which the powder, by laying on it, soon makes cold, and therefore the plate requires to be two or three times heated. Nothing preserves the strength of powder better than, after being dried, to put it into canisters, securely corked from the air. Beware of going anywhere near the fire to dry powder on plates. Recollect how a hot cinder will sometimes fly; and therefore, to be on the sure side, run with your hot plates out of the room, and go where there is no fire. As a still safer plan, too, I might name the use of common pewter water-plate or dish; by having recourse to which there can be no risk of accident, except that, through awkwardness, the powder might be wetted, instead of dried. This way of drying is much on the same principal as that which is now in general use in powder works, viz.: by means of steam passing through pipes or other receptacles, by transfusion of heat through those pipes or cases, from which the air of the drying-room is heated to as great a degree as is requisite for the purpose of drying the powder.

Good powder burns red in the pan, will keep its strength for full two years, or more, if made with due care and attentiou to the principles before mentioned, and may be had from most of the mills.

With regard to the strength and other good qualities of gunpowder, I shall, instead of saying anything farther recommend the epreuvette, or powder-proof, whereby we can always be certain of finding out the best; provided that this machine is properly made, properly used, and nicely cleaned after each fire. I should observe, however, that the little trifling things called powder-proofs or powder tryers, which sell for three or four shillings, are as likely to mislead as to inform the person using them.

The proper "epreuvette" is very correctly made; the wheel on which the gradations are marked is large, and the spring strong; consequently the resistance to the force of the powder is considerable. The stronger it is, the better; or, without the resistance is strong, a correct proof cannot be obtained; because, if not sufficiently strong to detain the powder in the chamber long enough for all the parti-

cles to ignite, many of them, especially in powder of good firm grain, will fly off unburnt, and, of course, a part only of the charge would be proved.

The part attached to the wheel of the epreuvette, which shuts the mouth of the chamber, should be so nicely adjusted, that on looking closely at the parts, when in contact, no light can be seen between them ; for, if any light, there is of course so much vacancy, and consequently so much windage ; and, in proportion to the windage, the proof will be lower, and, therefore, incorrect.

Three fires, at least, should always be made in proving, and the average taken as the mean amount ; for variations frequently happen in fires immediately following each other, although made with considerable attention. Care should be taken, after every fire to clean the chamber nicely, or otherwise the foulness left by the preceding discharge would lessen the space, by which the succeeding charge would become proportionally less.

The best powder for flint-guns is the "fine cylinder," for copper cap guns, either cylinder No. 2, according to the length of communication; because with these guns the larger grained powder often fails to ignite. But with copper primers we should use No. 1, which is of larger grain; and particularly in damp weather, or on salt water.

As I stated to Messrs. Curtis and Mr. Harvey, I have invariably observed that small-grained powder fails to answer in large guns; particularly on salt water and in damp weather. It always shoots weak, beyond fifty or sixty yards, and is very liable to hang fire. If a punt-gun is loaded with fine powder, and brought in at night, the chances are that it would hang fire in the morning. But with coarse cannon-powder, I have known a gun that has been loaded above a fortnight go off as well as possible, by merely being probed and fresh primed.

When using cannon-powder for small guns, you must regulate your measure by weight; because the grains are so large that your common flask-top, if filled up, would contain as much vacuum as powder, and consequently give you scarcely more than half a charge.

[For myself, I have always shot in the United States with English powder, unless during the short period in which Rogers' Orange powder was manufactured at Newburgh, N. Y. It was the best, and only clean, American powder I have ever seen. It left an orange stain in burning, and was both strong and free from corrosion.

Common powder is the best for fowl shooting, with the exception of a splendid article—Hawker's ducking powder—manufactured by Messrs. Curtis & Harvey, and for sale by Wm. Brough. It resembles bits of anthracite coal more than gun powder, and seems almost as hard and as inflammable, for I have vainly tried to ignite it on a sheet of pasteboard by a lucifer match, and then by a hot poker; though it never fails to explode to the cap, even when far too large to chamber in the nipple. It never melts or sweats in the dampest sea air.

I think we are all in the habit of using our powder too fine. Part of the charge, when extremely fine, ignites so rapidly as to drive out the remainder unexploded, besides which an undue velocity retards rather than accelerate the force of the shot, by creating an undue and unnecessary resistance.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Its Limited Train Service South.

In private life one would be considered egotistical, or, perhaps, a little daft, to exploit one's beautiful home, its trimmings and adornments, its private suites and perfect lavatory and toilet accompaniments, its handsome parlors and drawing rooms, or the exquisite completeness of its culinary department. Among the polite set such would indeed be thought vulgar, but with hotels or railway trains, which are public conveniences, the restriction is quite removed. In fact, when one is to select a hotel or apartments for several hours' continued occupancy, sharp discrimination is not only excusable but essential, and for this reason the railways endeavor in their descriptive literature to furnish the opportunity for such discrimination. Preparatory to a trip those are the conditions to be considered, and the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," enjoy the opportunity of presenting the faultless attainments of their "Flying Caravansaries," the Washington and Southwestern vestibule limited trains between New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Augusta, Asheville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Savannah, Jacksonville, as possessing every requisite.

They are indeed palace hotels on wheels. Commencing January 18th, another limited train known as the New York and Florida Limited will be resumed, and will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 12.10 noon, reaching Jacksonville following afternoon at 3:30 p. m., and St. Augustine one hour later, 4:30 p. m.

The new Limited to Florida will represent the Pennsylvania, Southern Railway, F. C. & P., and Florida East Coast Line. It is beyond comparison what typifies speed on land or water. The train is strictly Pullman Vestibuled, composed of composite Dining, Compartment, Drawing Room, Sleeping Car and Observation Car. Those who contemplate visiting the Sunny South can get complete information by addressing New York Office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.

[Contributed.]

THE THREE VIRGINS.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Three virgin sisters met at close of day
Upon a cross-road in life's weary way
Called Maidenhood, and while they pause to greet,
It chanced an aged hag with sable dress
Came weeping bitterly as in distress
A-down the thorny road with blood-stained feet.

"Prithee, good mother," did the virgins cry,
The while the senile dame went hobbling by,
"Pause thou with us and rest thyself awhile;
Thy limbs are weary, sorrow-stained thy face—
Pause, for there is no other resting place
Save this, for many a long and dreary mile."

The travailed woman turned her snow-white head,
Bow'd with the bitterness of years long dead,
Her voice rang hollow through the twilight gloom:
"My name is Age," saith she, "I know no rest!
The wizard Time hath willed a fruitless quest
To be my hapless lot until the tomb."

"What seekest thou, Dame Age?" one virgin cried,
"Tell us thy quest; perchance our aid may guide
Thee to the Mecca of thy life's desire."
"Alack! my child, I once was young like thee;
Then had I that which now I seek," quoth she;
"Nor prized it—lost 'tis hopeless to acquire!"

"It is a gem of priceless worth called 'Joy,'
The which no god hath power to destroy;
As crystal pure—no jewel quite so rare!
There is a certain youth who hath this gem
With others compassed in a diadem;
Love is his name, so young is he and fair."

"His eyes are blue, and golden is his hair,
Bold is his heart and soft and debonnair;
He rides a fiery steed whose name is Pride—
Betide he wandered forth this gladsome day;
Saw you him pass along this weary way?"
"Alas! we saw him not," the maidens cried.

"Pray tell us, aged mother, how can we
Find this sweet youth, and we will seek with thee,
For we would have this wondrous gem," cried they.
"Search long and faithfully," exclaimed the dame,
"And when you find him whisper low your name!"—
And on the morrow each one went her way.

* * * * * *

The years sped by.
It chanced one boist'rous winter day,
With sorrow's storms and cold beset,
On Middle Age, life's roughest way,
Again this virgin trio met.

I.

And she whose name was Beauty came ahead,
As one who, weeping, mourneth for the dead:
Her brow was wrinkled and her pallid face
Had lost the sweetness of its youth-tide grace.
Bow'd was her head and icy-cold her breath,
Her lips blue with the chill of coming death.
"Thrice 'round the weary world I've been," said she;
"I've braved the storms and tides of sorrow's sea,
I've faced the pangs and bitterness of Care
To seek this wondrous jewel everywhere;
Once saw I this sweet youth, and as he came
I whispered in his yearning ear my name.
Alas! he lingered by me but a day,
Then on his snow-white charger dashed away."

II.

Next she whose name was Fortune forward came,
With head bent down as if with care and shame.
She walked with feeble footsteps weak and slow;
Her raven locks turned white by winter's snow,
The erstwhile pureness of her marble brow
Rude care had mocked with Sorrow's footprints now,
And faithless Time had left no single trace
To mark the vigor of her virgin grace.
'Long have I sought this gem," she weeping said,
'In lands of Living and in lands of Dead;
Once I too saw this youth, and as he came
I shouted proudly forth my glorious name:
I saw him turn his god-like head and sigh
As on his snowy steed he hastened by."

III.

Then she whose name was Trust came down the way,
Burst from her lips a flood of melody,
The while the coldness of the snow-bound air
Seemed changed to honeyed fragrance rich and rare.
Her dancing feet sped o'er the chilly ground,
Weird echo-music floated all around,
And deep within her eyes a hidden light
Beamed with a soft effulgence, ever bright.
The mellow accents of her voice rang clear
And echoed from the hilltops far and near:
"I too saw this fair youth, and as he came
I spoke with trembling lips my humble name,
Then at my feet he cast his diadem—
Lo! gentle sisters, I have brought the gem."

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Olean, N. Y., for black bass and perch.
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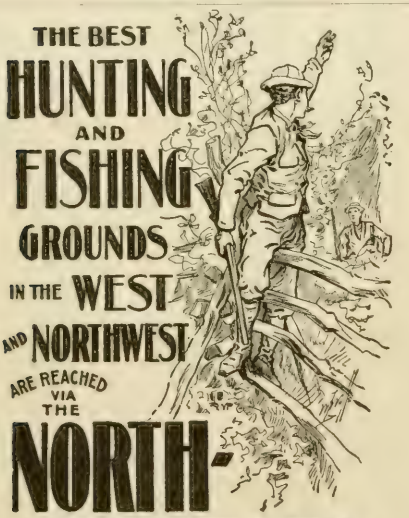
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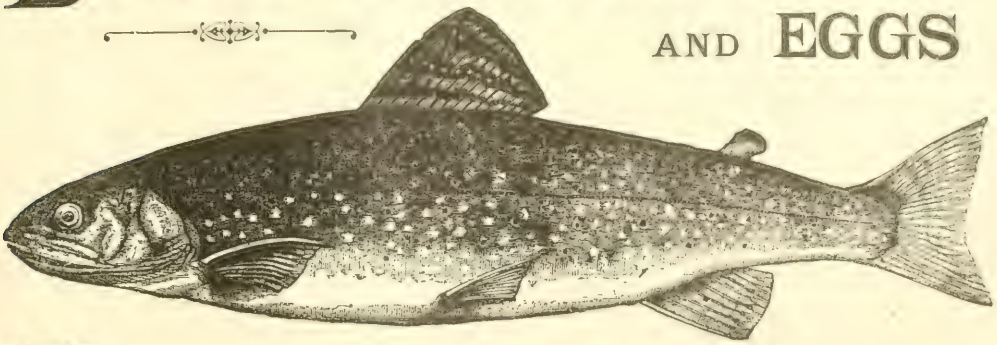
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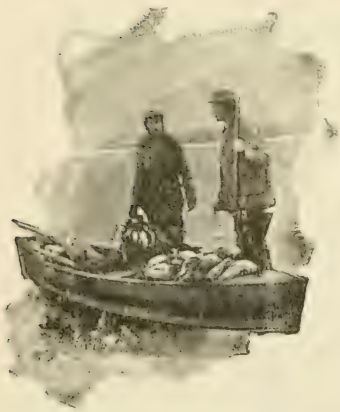
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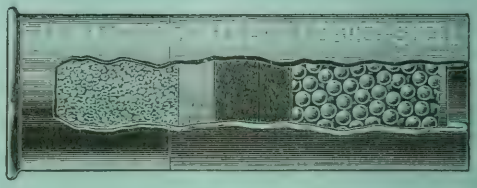
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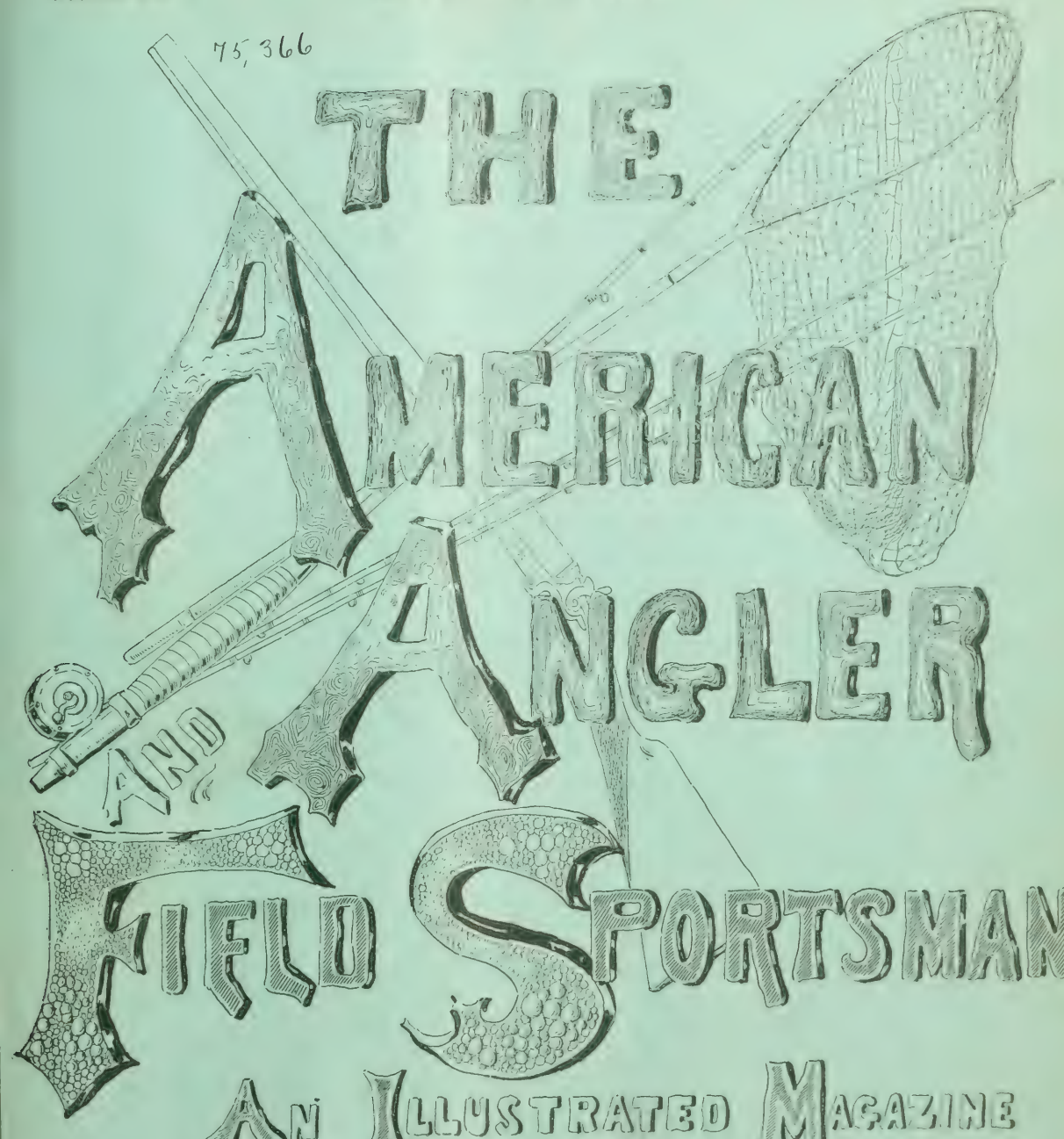
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.
JOHN B. ROGERS, Associate Editor.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

FRONTISPIECE—A ST. LAWRENCE RIVER LAKE. - - - - 380

A GLORIOUS RIVER—THE ST. LAWRENCE. Illustrated.
T. O. Russel 381

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA—Continued. Illustrated.
Wm. C. Harris 386

DULCET DAYS IN THE HAMPSHIRE HILLS - *Chas. Hallock* 392

WHERE ALL IS LIFE. Verse. - - *John P. Silvernail* 396

NOTES AND QUERIES.
Personal from the Editor—Notes on the Manatee or Sea Cow—Nest Building Fishes—A Leaping Shark—The Water Cabinet—How to put Live Bait on the Hook—A Frog on an Outing—Do Water Snakes Poison Fish?

WITH DOG AND GUN IN ILLINOIS, - - - - - - 403

AN UNPUBLISHED MSS OF FRANK FORESTER'S. Concluded. 405

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A Tributary Lake to the St. Lawrence River.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 26. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 12.

A GLORIOUS RIVER—THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY T. O. RUSSELL.

The St. Lawrence is certainly the most remarkable river in the world. The Amazon or the Congo may pour a larger volume of water into the ocean; the Mississippi or the Nile may be longer, but none of those mighty streams can compare in scenic beauty with that glorious stream that leaps the cataract of Niagara and forms the broad expanse of crystal water gemmed with the Thousand Isles.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world, the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case. The difference between high and low water of the Ohio at Cincinnati is nearly fifty feet. Even the Upper Mississippi, placid and smooth-flowing a stream as it is, sometimes overflows the country for miles on either side of its banks. The turbulent Missouri is also subject to immense rises. Some twelve years ago it very nearly drowned out the flourishing city of Council Bluffs, and, had it risen three feet more, the magnificent iron bridge that spans it, and that connects Council Bluffs with Omaha, would have only spanned a mud-hole, and the vagabond river would have carved a new channel for itself right through the centre of Council Bluffs. Even the mighty Amazon has its rises and falls; if its southern and northern tributaries should happen to be low, or to be high at the same time, it becomes seriously affected. Every river, in fact, on this continent, and all over the world, has great rises and falls brought about by the elements, the St. Lawrence alone excepted.

But the St. Lawrence sometimes causes terrible trouble when the waters get jammed by ice. Only a few years ago it almost drowned out Montreal and did millions of dollars' worth of damage. The flood was not caused by rain, but by an ice gorge and the peculiar character of the river at Montreal. That city is only a mile below the rapids of Lachine, and the ice in Spring time is driven down the rapids at the rate of millions of tons per hour. Just below the rapids the large island of St. Helens and the small one called Isle Ronde bar the passage of the ice, and it often gets gorged in the narrow channel between Isle Ronde and the northern shore. The last time Montreal was inundated by the obstructed

waters of the St. Lawrence, the ice in the narrow channel was estimated to be nearly a hundred feet in thickness. If some means are not adopted for blowing up the ice gorge with dynamite when it suddenly forms owing to a rapid breaking up of the ice above the Lachine Rapids, Montreal may some day be ruined.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.

The headwaters of the St. Lawrence take their rise in Minnesota and form what is known as the river St. Louis. It is a small stream, and falls into Lake Superior at Duluth. The St. Lawrence is generally thought to be a comparatively short river. This idea is by no means correct, for, measured from the headwaters of the St. Louis River to where it mingles with the ocean, the distance will be found to be little short of three thousand miles. The St. Lawrence is in reality longer than the Mississippi proper, not counting the Missouri, and there are probably not six rivers in the world that exceed it in length ; but none of which, except the Amazon, pours more than half the volume of the St. Lawrence into the ocean. The river St. Marie, that connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, is where the St. Lawrence next assumes the form of a river. It is here an immense volume of water, nearly a mile wide and wondrously beautiful; here tumbling over rapids and there expanding into crystal lakes. But the picturesqueness of the river St. Marie is sadly marred by a canal and by an immense lock that is said to be the largest in the world. The St. Lawrence next makes its appearance as a river at Sarnia, where it rushes out of Lake Huron—a veritable giant nearly half a mile wide, eighty feet deep and with such a rapid current that a steam-propelled craft only can breast it. Here it is called the Detroit River, and, except where it expands into Lake St. Clair, retains its river character until it is lost in Lake Erie. The scenery from Sarnia to Lake Erie, while not striking, is yet very beautiful. The waters of the St. Lawrence are here, as they are everywhere, clear as crystal, pure as nature could make them, transpārent as a mirror.

When the St. Lawrence issues out of Lake Erie its real glories begin. I'll not attempt to describe Niagara. It would be folly in me, for the greatest of those who have attempted it have utterly failed. For nearly ten miles of its course above and below the cataract the St. Lawrence is the glory and the wonder of the world, with its rushing, gleaming, foaming rapids above the falls ; with the falls themselves, their immensity, their thunder and their rainbows ; and then the seething, swirling river below, confined in the narrow gorge into which it has leaped ; shooting up in ragged masses of water twenty feet high from unfathomable abysses ; plunging wildly against the

rock barriers out of which its own maddened waves have cut a channel; careening round and round in the whirlpool; gradually subsiding, and at last flowing into Lake Ontario without a ripple.

After the glory of Niagara comes the glory of the Thousand Isles. Very different indeed are they from Niagara; but the Thousand Isles are as unrivalled in their own way as Niagara. There is nothing like them in the world, so far as it has been explored. The Thousand Isles want but one thing to make them as nearly heavenly as it would be possible for anything earthly to be, and that is mountain scenery. Of this they have none. The Canadian side of the river is, however, at one place very steep, forming most picturesque cliffs covered with green trees of unnumbered species. But the Isles themselves are the wonders of the scene. There are a great many more than a thousand—sixteen hundred and ninety-two, according to the most reliable count. Some contain thousands of acres; some are no bigger than a tea-table. The biggest and the least of them are beautiful. All are covered with shrubs or something green, and all are surrounded by water so clear, so wonderfully pure, as can be found in no river save in the St. Lawrence. This purity of water is one of the great charms of this glorious river. If the Thousand Isles were in the Ohio or Missouri they would lose most of their charms, for the waters of those rivers are the color of pea soup during nine months of every year. The same cause that makes the St. Lawrence floodless



AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

makes its waters pure ; the great lakes that feed it absorb any sediment washed into their waters ; they are alike its parents and its purifiers.

The sail down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal is the most extraordinary and exciting river journey in the world. The scenery of the Hudson is certainly finer than that of the St. Lawrence ; but the Hudson, glorious as it is, is only an estuary. Its banks are beautiful, but its waters are sluggish. If the St. Lawrence had the mountain scenery of the Hudson, its fame would reach the ends of the earth. But in sailing down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal, one's whole attention is taken up with the river itself. There is no time to gaze around, for soon after the boat leaves the mazes of the Thousand Isles the rapids begin. Any sensation more delightful than being carried along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour by rushing waters it would be impossible to imagine. If mountains were piled on mountains on either side, not one in fifty would care to look at them while shooting the Cascade, Long Sault or the Lachine Rapids ; and it must be borne in mind that the greater part of the sail from the Thousand Islands to Montreal is through rapids more or less swift. No passenger, not even the most timid, feels any nervousness in shooting through the Cascade or Long Sault Rapids. On approaching Montreal, however, the greatest rapids on the river, those of Lachine, are encountered. To stand on the bank of the river and gaze across more than a mile of rushing, roaring waters, leaping and tumbling over the "precipitous black jagged rocks" that rise here and there out of the foam, one would imagine that to take a great steamboat drawing six or eight feet of water down such a cataract would be certain destruction both to passengers and craft. But such is the immensity of the volume of water that there is very little danger. No serious accident has ever occurred to a steamboat going down the Lachine Rapids. It must, however, be confessed that many a brave man has turned pale where, in one place, the boat has to take a plunge of six or seven feet perpendicularly. In less than ten minutes after the boat takes the big leap she is in the harbor of Montreal and has no more rapids to shoot.

The voyage from Kingston to Montreal is made in a day. The boats leave Kingston early in the morning in order to make the entire trip by daylight ; this they always do, although the distance is 198 miles. The boats are not nearly so large as those in the Hudson, but they are as safe and commodious as care and skill could make them. To those who want to make the most beautiful as well as the most curious trip perhaps on this continent, and to any one who wants to experience a new sensation of the most delightful kind, I would say, "Shoot the rapids of the St. Lawrence."

From Montreal to Quebec the St. Lawrence is very unpicturesque ; it is too big to be beautiful, and is more like great arm of the sea than a river. As Quebec is approached, the scenery becomes of great interest, especially from a historic point of view. The river narrows to less than a mile in width, and Quebec, the great fortress of not only the St. Lawrence, but of half the continent, is seen towering on an apparently perpendicular rock some hundreds of feet over the narrow waterway it effectually guards. It was near here that the fate of half a continent was decided a hundred and thirty-five years ago in the memorable battle of the

plains of Abraham, by which France lost the noblest of all her colonial possessions. Below Quebec the St. Lawrence becomes a sea, and is so wide that it entirly loses its river character. But the lower river possesses one point of wonderful beauty and sublimity, that is the embouchure of the mighty Saguenay. This river joins the St. Lawrence a hundred and fifteen miles below Quebec, and between two giant headlands called Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity. The scenery of the Saguenay is of the grandest and sublimest kind, but could hardly be described in connection with that of the St. Lawrence. The Saguenay, like the mighty stream into which it flows, may be counted among the remarkable rivers of this continent, and is well worthy of a separate article. I have said nothing about the fishing in this grand water, because go where you will along its course, from its head to its mouth, you cannot fail to find a glorious and fruitful outing. Mascalonge, black bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and perch are found everywhere, the first in comparative abundance in the tributaries of the big river and often in the main stream. Thousands of anglers visit yearly this water from every section of the country, and every summer these ardent fellows, in pursuit of their favorite pastime, can be found in great numbers at Cape Vincent, Clayton, among the Thousand Islands, in Ha Ha Bay, and everywhere they meet their reward.



FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 340.)

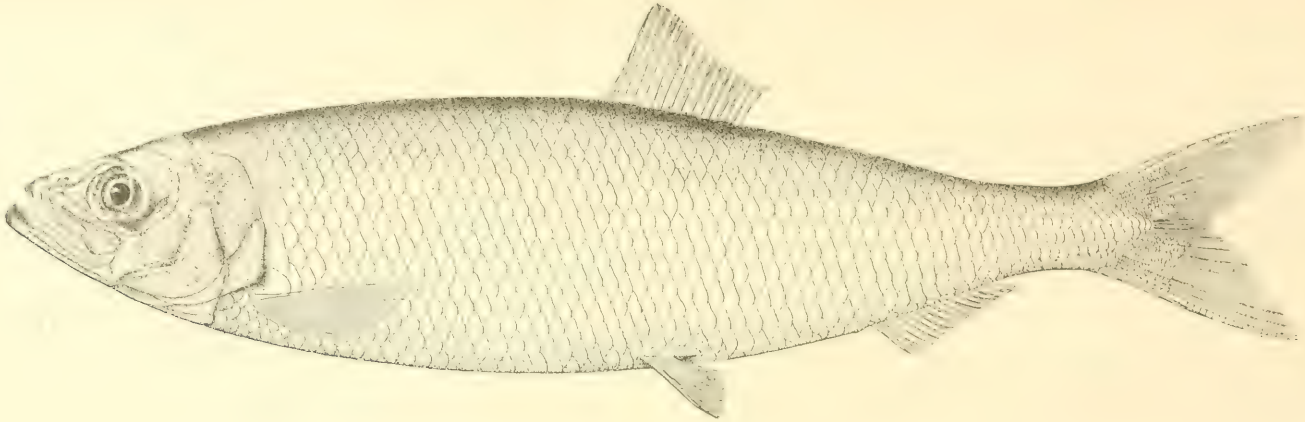
The herrings, *Clupeidæ*, are estimated to be more numerous in individuals than any other family of fishes. They consist of thirty genera and one hundred and fifty species which are spread over the waters of the temperate and tropical zones. Commercially they are the most important of the food-fishes and in the economy of nature seem to have been created for one purpose only—to be eaten. They supply the tables of the rich and poor in nearly every quarter of the globe, and millions of millions of them serve as food for countless shoals of marauding bluefish, cod, pollock, striped bass and weakfish, their savage foes, but more valued as table-fish. Thus we see a compensatory distribution by natural laws, ceaseless in operation, of which man receives the benefit. Remove the herring from the waters of the earth and our choice table-fish would disappear from the market-stalls.

The pursuit of no other fish gives so great employment to labor or yields so bounteous a harvest. Billions of herring are caught annually by the net-fishermen of the North Sea and the Atlantic, and about fifty millions of pounds are taken annually, in favorable years, on the eastern coast of the United States. Extravagant as these estimates seem to be, they can readily be believed when we consider that two or three millions of herrings are contained in one shoal covering six square miles, and much larger schools are on record.

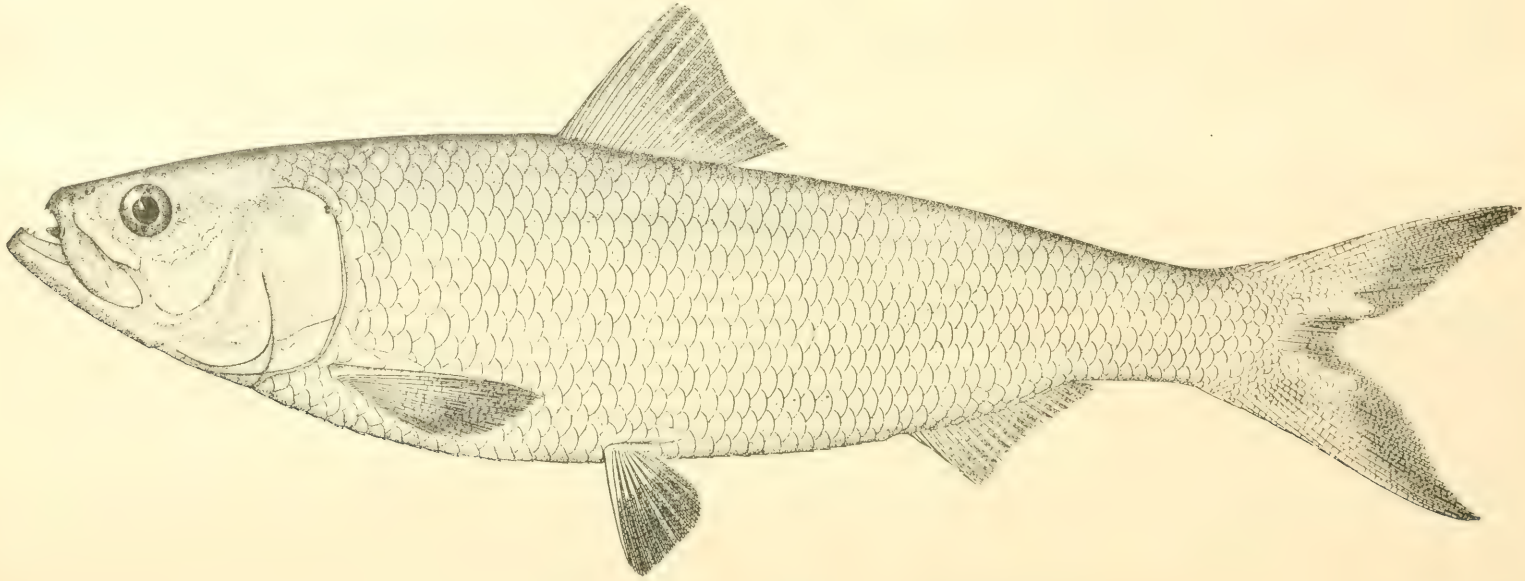
Of all migratory fishes the herrings seem to be most erratic or capricious in their movements. Professor Spencer F. Baird wrote of them:

"They sometimes frequent a portion of the European coast for many successive years, and then abandon it gradually or suddenly, presenting themselves usually at the same season in some far-remote locality. Sometimes a wind blowing on-shore will favor their inward migration; at other times it appears to have a directly opposite effect. Even when they reach the portion of the coast for which they are bound, the facilities of their capture depend upon meteorological conditions."

Pursued as the herring are, incessantly, by their ferocious hostiles, among which, exclusive of those above-named, are the fin-whales, the sharks and the dolphins, as well as those of the air, the gannets, fish-hawks and the larger gulls, the sudden appearance of their enemies in numbers or a persistent pursuit by them so long as their victims remain to be devoured, would seem to explain, in a measure, at least, not only the sudden disappearance of the herring, but their entire abandonment of a predetermined line of migration, in-shore or outward, also their sudden departure from waters where every facility existed to net them. Experienced salt-water anglers, without exception, have frequently observed analogous instances of the instantaneous disappearance of the weakfish and other species without apparent cause, and have for hours fished fruitlessly in a tide that yielded bounteously during the early part of their outings; they could not account for change of luck, until a big dogfish chanced to be boated or the dorsal fin of a shark was seen cutting the surface of the water near the boat.



THE COMMON HERRING (*Clupea harengus*).

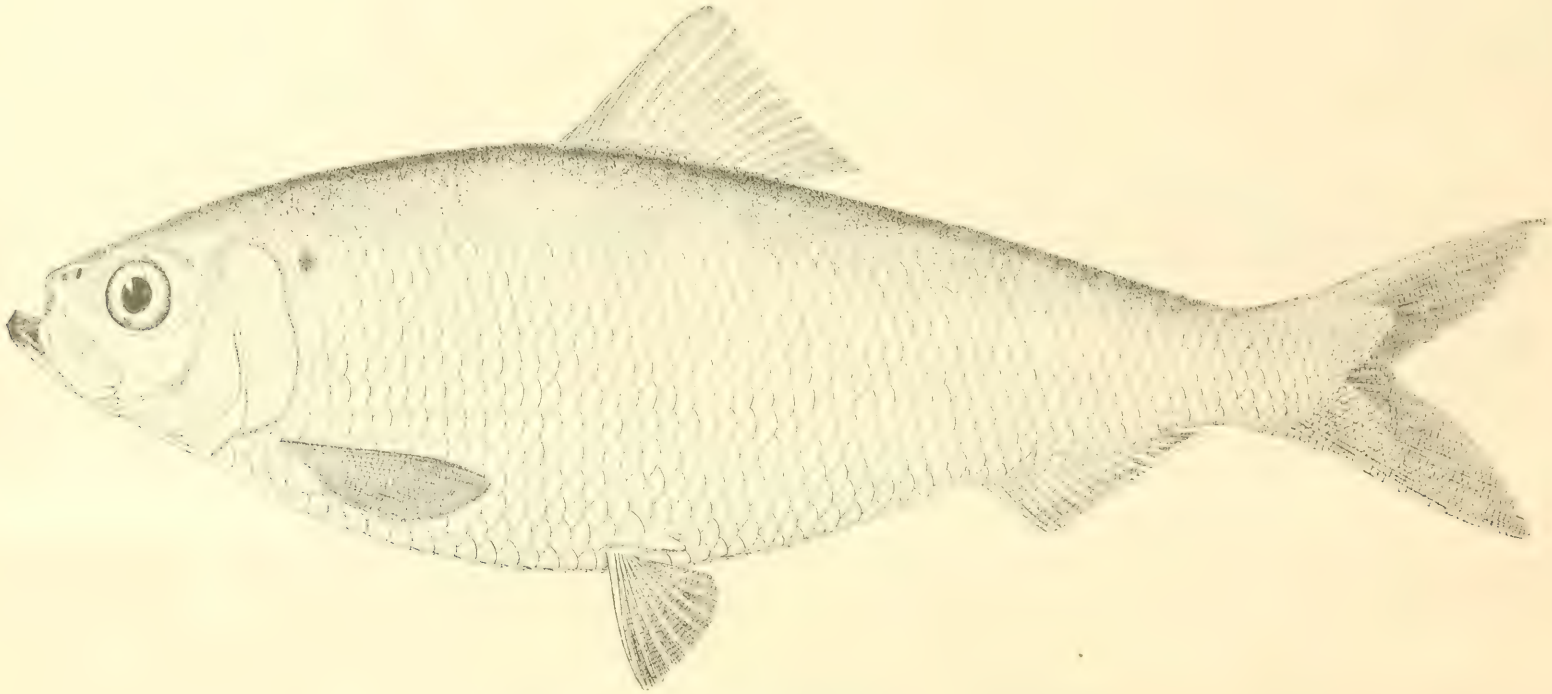


THE INLAND ALEWIFE OR SKIP-JACK, FEMALE (*Clupea chrysochloris*).

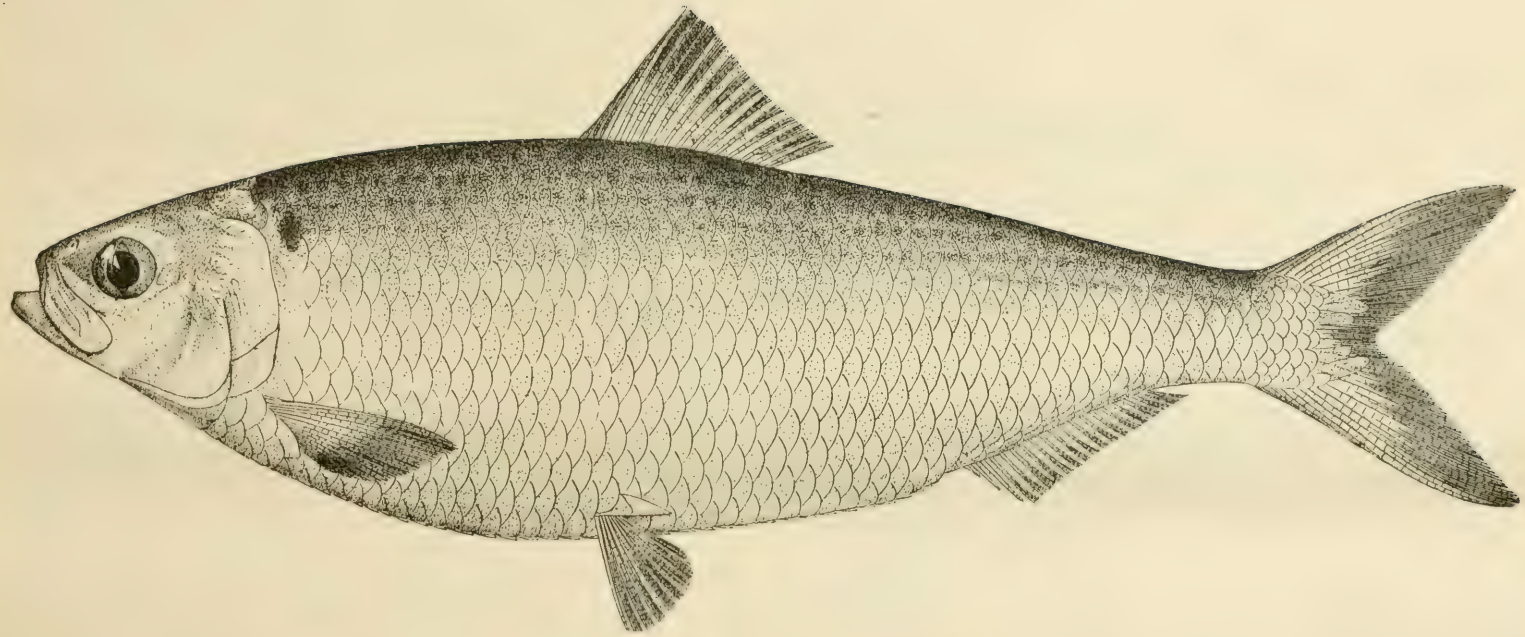
It is a matter of angling-record that when dogfish, bluefish or sharks frequent weakfish waters or a porpoise is seen rolling in the outer surf, it is time for the angler to reel up his line and depart. Another experience of anglers, both of fresh and salt waters, would seem to be applicable in this connection. Their old and best fishing-grounds in some years become suddenly barren of fish-swims that had always yielded bounteously to the rod, and the experienced angler at once seeks for the reason therefor and finds it in the evident exhaustion or disappearance of the food, crustacean, or otherwise, that attracted the larger fish. When the natural exhaustion of the food-supply is not apparent, the changed conditions can be accounted for, mainly, through storms that create great tidal sweeps, piling sand-heaps in waters where none existed, forming new sand-bars, cutting deep channel-ways or sweeping away the big growths of water-grass that formerly sheltered the shrimps and other food-animals of the fish sought by the angler, who finds, every year, analogous causes producing similar though modified results along his favorite trout-streams and in the larger lacustrine waters, though less strongly marked, where the pursuit of the black bass, the pike and other game-fish is followed. From my own somewhat extended experience as an angler I could cite scores of instances where, in both fresh and salt water, the sudden appearance or disappearance of the so-called game-fish and their apparently erratic movements could be accounted for with as little satisfaction as in the case of the herrings in their broader field of migrations. In the absence of positive knowledge I have been content in the belief that fish, like men, seek conditions that will give them the greatest amount of comfort in life—where the best supply of food, with the least exertion, can be obtained; where they will be most secure from danger or annoyance and where the best health-producing elements exist. Therefore the condition of the food-supply, the presence or absence of their enemies, the demands of their spawning-instincts, and the temperature of the water are the impelling factors of what we call instinct in fishes, which is only another name for inherited reason, and to these we can look confidently for explanations of their actions.

Much uncertainty prevails as to the range of the herring. The theory accepted for many years that they started from their home in the polar seas, then came southward like a great armada, separating into lesser bodies, each trending shoreward for spawning purposes, which, being accomplished, the fish returned to their arctic habitat to recuperate, is now exploded, it being irreconcilable, as Professor Huxley aptly states, with the fact that herring are found in the stomach of the codfish all the year around. The uncertainty which exists concerning the migration of this fish will, probably, never be removed, as it has not yet been definitely ascertained whether the herring is a surface or deep-water fish. They come inshore to spawn in dense shoals and in smaller ones to feed and then depart, whence no man knows, although they have been caught in Newfoundland waters at a depth of one hundred fathoms and probably descend to much greater depths. In American waters these fish range from Sandy Hook to Northern Labrador.

The herring spawns from March to October, and their fry, when about six months old, constitute the genuine "whitebait," although the young of other species are frequently and fraud-



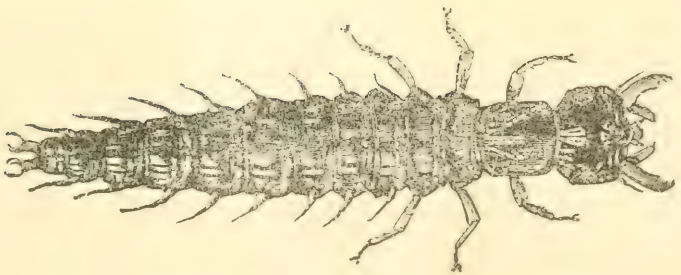
THE ALEWIFE OR BRANCH-HERRING, FEMALE (*Culpea pseudoharengus*).



THE GLUT HERRING. FEMALE (*Clupea æstivalis*).

ulently sold by market-dealers as such. It deposits its eggs on the bottom at various depths and conditions of the water ; on the coasts of Great Britain at a depth of seventy to one hundred and forty feet in water of full oceanic saltness, and in some of the estuaries of the Baltic in water that is comparatively fresh and only two or three feet in depth. This latter practice suggests that of the shad (closely allied to the herring), which ascends to the upper spring waters to spawn; the herring, however, on the Atlantic coast, has never been known to enter water in the least degree brackish. When in the act of spawning, the parent fish dart rapidly about, and the water becomes cloudy with the flow of the milk of the male, the impregnated eggs, not larger than No. 7 shot, falling rapidly to the bottom, and immediately become attached to stones, shingle, old shells, sand or seaweed, and not infrequently to the backs of living crabs and other crustacea, adhering tenaciously to whatever they fall upon, and maturing in from twenty-five to thirty-five days.

(*To be continued.*)



THE LARVA STAGE OF THE HELGRAMITE OR DOBSON.

DULCET DAYS IN THE HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

Were there ever days more charming, summer haunts more satisfying, skies so bright, sun more genial, atmosphere so pure? Did mountain brooklets ever run more clear or hardwood forests wave their fronds more winsomely? Was ringing call of bluejay ever so resonant in the glen? And where did mother partridge ever brood her fledglings in glades so undisturbed?

For season after season it has been my blessed privilege to see the vernal buds unfold and the autumns ripen in these restful Hampshire Hills; and I have watched each changeful growth develop onward toward maturity with an interest that fell little short of Druid worship—deriving such a sense of abiding comfort as no other spot on earth bestows on me. Perhaps it is because my grandparents lie in the Plainfield churchyard, where I have watched for more than half a century the twin hemlocks, which stand sentinels over them, steadfastly fulfil their jealous trust and gradually extend their protecting limbs; or perhaps it is because my childhood's associations intensify with lapsing years and advancing age. No matter. In the spring time all the bluebirds and thrushes join in carolling forth the praises of these, their native haunts; the peep-frogs in the meadow chirp in unison; the bees take grateful wing o'er new-found flowers, and the skunk cabbage and fiddle-head brakes spring forth into luxuriant sweep of foliage. It is charming! All through the joyous summer months the landscape glows with vigorous life, and in autumn the big, round, yellow, harvest moon attests the fulfilment of every golden promise.

It is then I love to sniff the pungent aroma of incipient decay—the fermentation which precedes the inevitable mould and fungus—and I feel like lying down in the still woods and letting the juncos and robins cover me up with the crisp and rustling leaves, content and joyous to the end. I dare say that primitive Eden was no better place than this—the Eden which our first parents had to be *driven* from by flaming scourge; and yet in these latter days these delectable hills have been voluntarily abandoned by their tenants! Few remain to possess and occupy.

* * * * * *

"It is too bad!

Follow an old country road in any direction among these hills in Northwestern Massachusetts, and you are sure to come eventually to some old ruin, a weed-choked cellar hole, or at least to a neglected orchard or a tumble-down stone wall. On either side the old fields are overgrown with thrifty young forests, and you will often find pine trees and tamaracks mingling familiarly with sturdy apple trees of doubtful fruitage; and in June and October the attentive ear will detect the muffled drum beat of the partridge, which seems afar off down the glen, but is probably within the spruce copse close at hand. Yonder at the cross-roads, where there is a lusty poplar grove, striplings of two generations gone dropped potatoes for the hired man to cover, and from the weathered stumps which clustered in the clearing gathered many a wasp's nest packed full of juicy grubs, to be used for bait for trout. Down in that tangled ravine stood a busy satinet factory, of which scarcely one iron bolt or brace remains. It would be a good place to fish for trout now, were it not for the brush-

wood completely choking up the stream and covering it out of sight. The searching sunbeams do not even penetrate to "where the trout hide," but we know the stream is there all the same, for we can detect its muffled babbling, like the crooning of an old woman in the chimney corner; and perchance, if we listen attentively, we may hear a muttered tale of some of the bygone years. Ah! me. The old orchards which were once used for mowings now do niggard duty as pastures, while the pastures themselves are overgrown with scrubby ferns which conceal the multitudes of rocks, and are of no use at all. Cornfields and garden patches have long since grown to jungle, and the birch saplings and beeches are stoutest where the old cellar holes are deepest. Even the purple fire-weed which always followed the burnt land of the clearings has totally disappeared, and its place is usurped by the dog-wood and poison ivy. There has not been a new clearing for fifty years! And the aggravating part of the whole business is that a vagabond crow, which keeps up a bawling from the top of a neighboring rampike, actually presumes to resent our intrusion, and wakes up a whole colony of his black imps, who join in a lusty guffaw as they take wing. It is the unkindest cut of all!

It was a hard and unseemly fate which drove our fathers from their homes and scattered them abroad. Cold-blooded economists tell us it was avarice, restlessness and love of gain which impelled them; but we, who have lived among these granite hills and love them all so well, know the inexorable "cinch" which vicissitudes of trade and change of markets "get" on a man. Think you, indulgent reader, upon mature reflection, that mere love of novelty and lucre would of itself have kept these wandering argonauts so long away from the ancestral farms, while their infirm old parents lingered, and perhaps languished in solitude through a prolonged old age?

Let us not believe it.

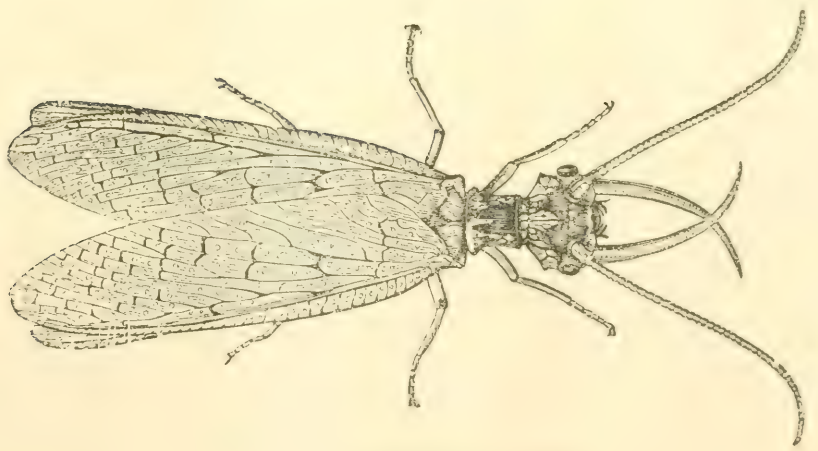
When the country was first settled the population was circumscribed and the methods of livelihood crude and simple. Isolated little communities supplied their own frugal wants. Home demands nurtured home industries, but the thriftiest were not enriched. There was no currency and small use for credit, except in kind. Since then locations more suitable for agriculture have been discovered and occupied. Steam and electricity have supplanted the brawling mountain streams which erst were utilized for scores of manufactories, just as in still earlier times they had afforded the only thoroughfares for inland travel. And now it is a full generation since the young energies of these hill families went out into the West and to the metropolitan centres to seek the fortunes which never could be won at home. Surely, natural instinct must soon drive many of them back, after so long an interval, to rehabilitate their ancestral domains with their accumulated wealth, and so light up the family hearthstones once more with life and joy. Why may they not return to bless and receive the blessing? A few survivors are still waiting for them. Enough of gain is enough. Or would these busy toilers consume all their lifetime in the effort to be millionaires, and so permit the infirm old people on the homesteads to close each other's eyes as best they may, while their breath goes out with unsatisfied longings and vain regrets? Why, a dollar in the Hampshire hills will go as far as ten in the whirl of fashion or the business swim—yea, farther than a hundred! And how much true hap-

piness may be doubly earned in restoring the old places, painting up the weathered houses, reshingling the barns, embellishing the lawns, rejuvenating the pasture-lots and the old fields, cutting out the tangle by the roadside, setting up the tennis nets, and collecting the waters of the errant brooks for trout ponds! Place the old people out on the porch in their easy chairs and let them watch the progress of the innovation. It would be like the development of a new world to them. If the absentees cannot come to abide permanently, let them fix here their Summer homes. Here is present choice of pretty houses, now tenantless, for the trifling rent of thirty dollars per year; or you can buy the house with plot of ground outright for the paltry sum which the rich man lavishes on a livery for his coachman or an afternoon lunch. Why follow the *ignis fatuus* of caprice and fashion to inhospitable parts, where envy and rivalry for precedence and love of display are the animating impulses? *Here* is peace *and rest.*

Are there any localities in the land more capable of embellishment and improvement? The whole region is like a park, with mountain views and bucolic scenes inimitable. Nature has fashioned it with rounded lines of beauty, and presented it in every conceivable form to please the Summer sojourner. These old farms have commanding sites. Very few of them lie in the valleys, because there are no valleys! Wherever there is a valley there is a ravine and a tumbling stream, with barely breadth enough for a wagon road, over which the interlacing foliage forms an arch. Were ever drives more shady or more rustic! No railroad within a dozen miles! Some would call them lonesome, but here is where solitude is most charming. The only wayfarers are the barefooted schoolchildren who trip their daily two-mile walks as though it were a pastime. There are no tramps—no thieves—for there is nothing to steal. There are no locks on the houses, and the barndoors stand wide open. The old water troughs where we used to drink when children are demolished, and the trickling springs run along the middle of the road and wears gullies in the sand and gravel. The "thank-you-marms" are worn level, and the guard rails are out of place, for the townspeople don't "work the roads" any more. There is not travel enough to justify the labor and expense. As we climb the hills out of the valley each foot of altitude expands the view. Some of the distant mountain ranges are superb. Directly below us is the valley panorama, with the old mill ponds dwindled into pools and the face of the brook revealed at intervals through the hovering alder-bushes. Hard by on the "side hill" is a rickety cottage and an old man. He fixes a clear and basilisk eye on the wayfarer, but there is no recognition, and he turns away as if only a blank were before him. Poor old man! He is ninety years old! Once he was selectman, and afterward deacon. In those days it was the custom of the country to raise the hat, or nod, even when strangers met. It is different now, and he wonders at it. His son's family live in Boston, and so an old woman of seventy does the housekeeping for him. There are no other occupants of the cottage. When the church bell tolls next year or the year after, the townspeople at the centre will unfasten the padlock which secures the rickety hearse-house door, and a string of shabby one-horse teams and two-seated buggies will follow the vehicle to the already populous churchyard. The small party of rapidly

diminishing survivors always attend to the last duty with scrupulous exactness. It is all that they are able to do.

Shades of our goodly forefathers forbid that strangers should possess our heritage! Here in these sacred hills is the last remaining nursery of the pure indigenous native type. Here are the old houses, the old furniture, the old methods and manners; the straight-backed chairs, the towering clocks, the mammoth chimney places, the elaborate carvings, the warming pans, the andirons, the candles and the snuffers. Foreigners have never yet ventured in. Even a negro is a living curiosity. Let us jealously preserve the few last remaining acres of our New England hill country and colonize them, not with unsympathetic Scandinavians and French-Canadians, but with Summer cottagers who are proud to recognize the kinship of the Yankee pioneers who peopled these delectable though rugged lands. Then, indeed, in the near future, will there be Dulcet Days for the Hampshire Hills.



THE WINGED HELGRAMITE OR DOBSON.

Where All Is Life.

By JOHN P. SILVERNAIL.

It has not been my lot to tread
 Along the paths of glorious Time,
Where buried lie the immortal dead
 Who flourished in Earths' natal prime.
Not mine to muse on Helicon,
 Nor walk in rapturous reverie,
Where "the mountains look on Marathon
 And Marathon looks on the sea."
Not mine to catch the Muses' strains
Above the moist Bœotian plains,
Nor listen, with my soul on fire,
To rapt Apollo's rhythmic lyre.

But I have walked where none but God
 Had gazed the enchanted scene along,
Where never human foot had trod
 The dim-aisled, forest shades among,
Where rocky ramparts rose around,
 Aspiring to the height of Heaven.
I've stood 'mid silence so profound,
 It seemed that to my eyes 'twere given
To see Earth in her primal morn,
Ere sound and life and love were born—
Have seemed to lose all sense of space
And meet my Maker face to face.

Within those peaceful solitudes
 No "Thanatopsis" e're is heard
But Nature's mighty interludes
 And Nature's God's omnific word;
For, as in Eden, long ago,
 He walked at evening's fragrant hour,
So here, 'neath mellow sunset's glow,
 Show fair the footprints of His power,
Where rotting rock yields to the touch
Of rootlets' soil-creating clutch,
While bright the snow-capped summits shine
Above the ascending timber line.

Each breeze, each rain drop, and each ray
 That streams from forth the vernal sun,
Speaks of a resurrection day
 And tells of labor just begun.
In these new Edens of the earth
 No graves are found—all, all is life,
Even as when Time first had its birth,
 Ere brother's hand was raised in strife,
Prithivi-like the earth brings forth
All forms of grace and matchless worth,
While everything breathes prophecy
Of something yet about to be.

Thro' all her frame th' embracing God
 Sends thrills of wondrous ecstacy,
Till, all transformed, the lifeless clod
 Smiles, blooms and brightens gloriously.
Glad flowers spring with fragrant breath,
 And climbing vine and budding tree
Proclaim such triumph over death
 That song birds wake their minstrelsy;
Each leaf responds to zephyr soft,
The torrent lifts its voice aloft,
While everything in Nature saith:
"There is no death! there is no death!"

Never, where ruined empire sleeps,
 And buried greatness, turned to dust,
Still its unbroken silence keeps
 'Neath storied urn or marble bust,
May it be mine to walk and dream,
 Recalling all their vanished pride,
Until once more to live they seem,
 And walk in grandeur at my side;
Nor where the radiant sons of men
Have been resolved to earth again.
Till earth seems but the burial place
Of Adam's sin-cursed, mortal race.

But oh! what joy to breathe the air
 Where God's unfinished gardens shine,
Where myriad forms rise new and fair
 Beneath His touch divine;
To watch a new creation spring
 Where funeral dirge was never sung,
And hear resounding echoes ring
 The mountain crags among,
While glaciers grind their grist of rock
'Mid avalanche roar and earthquake shock,
Till Nature's transformation scene
Shows rocky ranges robed in green.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

Personal From the Editor.

DEAR SIR AND BRO. ANGLER :

Owing to the delay in returning from an extended fish painting tour along the Pacific Slope, I am compelled regretfully to ask you to pardon the lapse of time in the issues of THE AMERICAN ANGLER. I am now at the editorial desk, and you will have received the October-November issue—a double number—in which you will find a large increase of reading matter, the quality of which, I hope, will condone for the delay in publication. The December and January numbers—separate issues—are now in the printer's hands and will be speedily issued.

On and after January 1, 1897, the American Angler will be exclusively devoted to angling and its cognate themes, and the subscription price will be reduced to One Dollar.

In view of my long service and your interest in my work in this special field of unprofitable journalism, I am led to hope that you will aid me by your continued subscription and those of your angling friends. In this connection I also beg to state that my labors, as author of "The Fishes of North America," are about ended. They compelled my absence for long periods from the editorial desk of THE AMERICAN ANGLER to visit distant angling waters of the United States and Canada, for the purpose of getting oil portraits of fishes, when alive, for lithographic reproduction in my book. This materially interfered with my editorial work on THE AMERICAN ANGLER; but I am now relieved in a great measure from this extra duty, and I hope you and I will fish together pleasantly and profitably for many years to come. Yours fraternally, with Christmas greetings, WM. C. HARRIS.

New York, Dec. 28, 1896.

NOTES ON THE MANATEE OR SEA-COW.

The manatee, or sea-cow, is becoming gradually extinct in America. One species which was confined to the Arctic seas and most plentiful about Kamschatka, Alaska, has, it is said, become extinct, and it is even claimed that it has not been captured in this century. The only specimen in America is now confined to the Florida coast and south to the Amazon. Along the Indian River* the species was formerly common and is still occasionally seen. Owing to the fact that it inhabits salt water and comparatively open places it is easily followed and taken. I am informed that it prefers lagoons and the mouths of rivers, where it feeds on the vegetation growing in the water; the usual species of grass or seaweed preferred being known as manatee grass. This aquatic grass grows on the bottom of brackish rivers and in the edges of the sea. The manatee (*Trichechus manatus*) resembles somewhat in conformation the dolphin or whale. It is not a fish, but a mammal, and bears young, which it suckles as does the whale. Its flippers and tail make its skeleton in general appearance like the whale, but its skull is of a decidedly different form, and the brain cavity is much larger proportionately, showing a higher development.

Manatees are occasionally taken alive and sometimes exhibited in captivity.

*The Indian River is simply a lagoon of salt water separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land over one hundred and fifty miles long.

The reason that this species is not exhibited in traveling shows of the North is that the animal cannot stand the northern climate—in addition to which the selection of food is a difficult matter. It has lately been discovered that the manatee is quite partial to common larvæ grass of the North, and it is expected that the sea-cow will occasionally make Summer excursions to the northern United States outside of large city museums.

One which was captured in Florida last April was taken to St. Augustine, far north of its usual habitat, and placed in a tank and carefully tended in the museum of Dr. J. Vedders. He quickly learned that the animal preferred green cabbages to all the food offered it. This constituted the fare while in captivity, and the quantity of cabbages consumed in comparison to the size of the animal was really very small. Just at the time when the tourist season began the manatee sickened and died, leaving its owner in the hole, so to speak, for the vegetables from April to December and no returns. This specimen was over nine feet long and weighed about six hundred pounds.

My friend, Capt. John Baird, who sails the length of Florida and around to Honduras, informs me that he frequently met with manatees from Yucatan southward, and that they grow to a length of fifteen feet and quite 2,000 pounds in weight. The flesh is said to be excellent, much like beef, coarse, yet very tender. Unlike the whale, which floats when dead, the manatee sinks when killed, and is frequently lost when struck. It is a harmless creature, never taking the aggressive, and feeding wholly on vegetable growth.

It bears one young at a time, which is nourished from mammal on the breast as in the monkey and bat tribes. Stories regarding the delusive mermaids are said to often take their rise from ignorant and superstitious persons only half observing this creature and drawing conclusions without foundations. G.

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NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

It is generally supposed that fishes take no care whatever of their young, leaving them entirely to the attention of nature ; but the fact is much otherwise with many species. The most remarkable point, however, regarding certain fishes is, that the males do the care-taking and not the females.

If you will go out any time during the month of August, in this latitude, you will see in streams and ponds big catfish of the common sort, each one accompanied by a swarm of small fry. In each case the old one is a male, and he is engaged in taking care of his offspring. If an intruder comes near he will dash at him and drive him away.

It has been known for a long while that catfishes had this way of guarding their young ; but only lately has it been ascertained that it was the papa fish that did the care-taking.

Some time back there was a pair of catfish in one of the aquaria at the building of the Fish Commission, in Washington. At spawning time eggs were laid, and one of the parents kept watch over them, not permitting the other to come near. The young were duly hatched and thrived, being cared for in this way until they were big enough to look out for themselves.

In their native ponds and brooks you

will find large broods of young catfish as big as three-fourths of an inch in length remaining together in schools, each school accompanied by the male. Sometimes the latter will swim slowly along in the centre of the young ones and at other times alongside.

In laying their eggs, the parent catfishes select a spot where the water is quiet, if possible, protected by aquatic plants, and there they make a nest, perhaps eight inches by six, including the spawn.

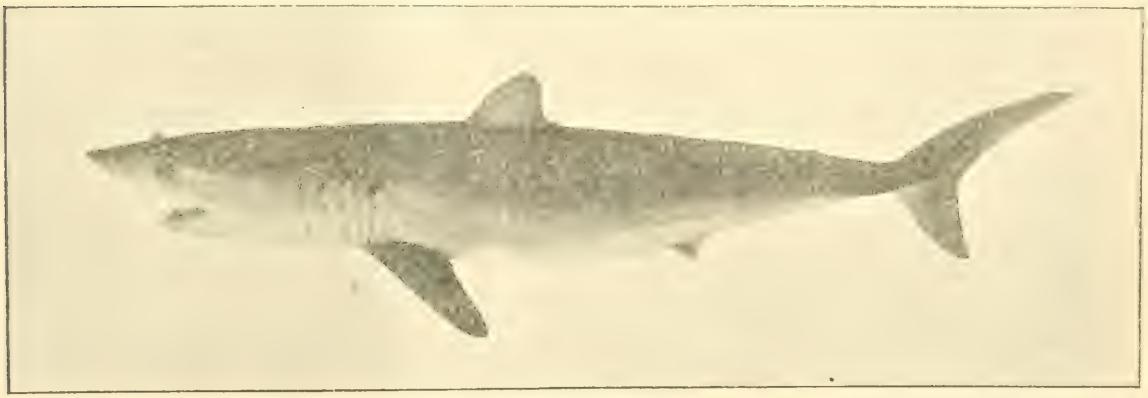
The nest has a soft outer envelope, and over it the male hovers, forcing fresh water through the mass of rapid vibrations of his fins, until after about a week they are hatched.

Sometimes the male catfish takes care of its young in a still more peculiar manner. There is a kind found in the sea, the eggs laid by them are as large as a small bullet. These eggs are found in the mouths of the male, which do this to protect them.

After the eggs are laid, the parent catfish takes them into his mouth and keeps them there until they are hatched, when they go out and take care of themselves.

But this method is not confined to the catfishes. There are found in Africa and South Africa a species which resemble the sunfish of our own streams. These "cichlids," as they are called, are also plentiful in Texas and Palestine. They are often found with their cheeks fairly bulging with young.

In the Sea of Galilee the cichlids are so numerous that the miraculous catch of the time when St. Peter fished there might be repeated any day, it being the manner of these fishes to move about on the top of the water in solid masses, covering many square yards and making a noise like that of rain pouring.



A LEAPING SHARK.

A LEAPING SHARK.

During our recent visit to Catalina Island on the coast of California, Mr. J. A. Graves presented us with an admirable photograph of a shark, with the interesting information that when hooked, this shark invariably leaped from the water from three to ten times, not in the manner of the tarpon and other acrobatic fish when under the restraint of the line, straight into the air, but with a graceful leap five to

twenty feet, and then head down into the water. After leaving Catalina we went southward to Aransas Pass, Texas, the home of the tarpon, and while there we were told by Mr. W. D. Jenkins upon showing him the photo, that a similar shark with the same leaping qualities was sometimes taken by anglers when trolling for tarpon in the waters of the Pass. We, at once, became interested in this new game fish and herewith present a copy of the photo, in the form of a half-tone illustration, believing that it will surprise the craft to learn that one at least of the pests on tarpon waters, possesses game qualities. It is extremely difficult to classify the species of a fish from a photograph but this one shows all the characteristic markings of *Lamna cornubica*. We have, however, made arrangements to secure a dead specimen, when its classification will be assured beyond question.

The Water Cabinet.

The aquarium has not only spread abroad a love for natural history ; it has also increased the facilities for the study of Nature by removing the difficulties which have hitherto attended the preservation, for any length of time, of living specimens of aquatic life. The tank had scarcely taken its place among the resources for pleasurable recreation and scientific study when the field of culture extended itself, and every variety of minute life found in the waters came to have its share of attention for the general profit and delight of the studious. The ordinary tank was found insufficient for the wants of the aquarist, and, wherever a large vessel was to be seen stocked with fresh-water fishes or marine objects, a collection of small jars, phials or show glasses was pretty sure to be found also.

In an aquarium we may group together many dissimilar objects, but it must be evident to the most superficial observer that, when immersed in a large body of water with other creatures, many objects are ill placed for examination especially if we use the microscope. Hence, where the study is pursued with any degree of ardor, some special arrangements are necessary to enable us to keep in a healthy state, and in a way that admits a close scrutiny at any moment, such of the smaller aquatic objects as most commend themselves for beauty or scientific interest.

Many beginners, unable to resist the temptation of a jar of beetles or a collection of larva, and having no other means of keeping them, have placed them in the tank to mingle with the stock of finny creatures, and have thereby either lost the better part of the collection or have been compelled to break up the stock and begin anew. A few species of water beetles and aquatic larva may be safely preserved in an aquarium, but an aquarium is by no means the best place for them if we wish to study their habits closely or investigate their mechanism and economy by the aid of lenses ; all insects, many mollusks, larva and other small objects should be kept apart, and a collection of such objects is what we mean by a water cabinet.

To the genuine student there is really more for remunerative study in such a collection than can be found in the aquarium, though the tank, whether river or marine, will always prove most attractive as an ornament, and, because it requires less care and study, will be pretty sure to retain the greatest number of admirers. But the aquarium and the cabinet are distinct things ; they cannot be combined in the same vessel, and, though a water cabinet is but another form, or rather a series of separate and smaller aquaria, the uses and economies of each are in a great measure distinct. It is possible to cultivate either without the other, though we should generally expect to find them in company, the cabinet being a growth or extension of the aquarium.

Construction of a Cabinet. — Ingenuity, under the control of circumstance, will devise many modes of preserving the smaller specimens of aquatic life, and we shall here describe a plan which, we think, will be found most generally useful, particularly as it may have a very simple form and be produced for a very trifling outlay ; or may be elaborated into a noble piece of furniture for the adornment of an elegantly furnished room.

If we describe the measurements of our own cabinet it may serve as a guide to any who

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may desire to have one constructed of a similar pattern, though, as a matter of course, the plan admits of endless modifications, to suit the means of the student or the position in which such a cabinet is to be placed.

The table measures nineteen inches from back to front across the centre drawer, and from back to front across the two sides drawers, twelve inches. On this is placed a row of seven-inch cylindrical glasses of clear flint glass, and in the centre, behind the jars, stands a twelve-inch, bell-glass aquarium, to be stocked with choice fishes or superfluous cabinet specimens. The first shelf has a breadth of eight inches to receive a row of six-inch glasses ; the second shelf a breadth of five inches, and the jars upon it measure four inches in diameter. The top shelf is only three and a half inches wide, and the glasses measure three inches across the top. The entire frame work has a breadth of about thirty-two inches, and a height, from the floor of the room to the level of the top shelf, of about sixty-six inches.

The breadth and height of the window in which the cabinet is to be placed must have the first consideration with any one who may intend to construct such a piece of furniture ; the respective sizes of the vessels must be an after consideration, because, unless the whole be so adapted as that it shall enjoy a full share of uninterrupted daylight, very little progress can be effected, especially if the growth of the more delicate forms of aquatic vegetation be attempted.

In the absence of a properly constructed set of shelves, a few plain ones may be fitted up in a window. A single strip of deal, on brackets, would afford room for a dozen jars, and in these, by judicious groupings, specimens of from fifty to a hundred kinds could be kept, whether for observation by the naked eye or the microscope.

Our jars are now stocked with minute aquatic plants, beetles of several species, diving spiders, water worms and mites, larva of beetles and flies, tadpoles in progress of transformation, mollusks of choice kinds and spawn of all kinds, removed from the tanks. Species that do not agree may be introduced to the bell glass, for the sake of teaching us the nature and incidents of the strife maintained in the great world out of doors ; the battle may there have its way, and we may study destruction with as much profit as we may the momentary creation, by which the system of Nature is maintained in its completeness. In fact, the bell glass is a reservoir into which we may dip for almost anything we want to fill up vacancies in the jar, and to which we may consign the superfluities of a day's collecting, having first assorted and set apart such as are wanted for separate observation and study.

HUGO MULERRT.

How to Put Live Bait on the Hook.

For years past I have been affixing minnows to the hooks upon an effective and killing plan imparted to me by an old angler whose hairs have grown golden in their grey. The other day I picked up a foreign paper and found the method explained *secundem artem* and credited to a western contemporary. I am glad to see that I am not alone in the use of the thread contrivance, but somewhat chargrined that I can only give it second-handed to the anglers who are always thirsting for new devices to warp the instincts and lure the wary fins :

Take a piece of black cotton thread about a foot long, tie the middle of it tight under the barb of the hook ; now take the bait in the left hand, lay the hook on its side, the barb up by the shoulder of the bait, with the shaft along the belly ; now pass the thread over the shoulder and around under the fish, and tie the shaft of the hook, then pass the thread along the shaft until under and back of the back fin, then tie tightly around the shaft of the hook, then pass the thread on each side of the fish up to the back, just back of the back fin, and tie with a bow knot. This fastens the bait securely without hurting it, and you will have the liveliest and best bait ever used. L. E. W.

A Frog on an Outing.

In the early part of this summer we had a severe thunder storm, accompanied with a high wind, about sundown. The next morning, on entering the sitting room, I saw an object on the carpet near the window of an unusual appearance, and presumed some one had purchased a green rubber frog and placed it there for mischief. On a closer inspection I found it was a live frog, white belly, quite a dark green body and black spots ; black stripes across the legs ; body three inches long. He was very lively, and I found him perched on the low window sill when I came back with the watering pot to secure my visitor. I covered the top with the exception of a small space for

air, intending, after my return from the city, to leave him out and see if he started in the direction of the nearest water, some distance off; but, before the rest of the family saw him, he had somehow made his escape.

I had often read of it raining frogs, toads, etc., but here I had stronger evidence than I had ever heard of, as this front room was the second story, and a very high one, therefore he could not have jumped up. He was not born there, except he was borne on the wings of the wind. He could not be accounted for, except the storm picked him up over half a mile off at least, as neither the Little Miami or the Ohio River, with no creeks between them and us, were nearer than that distance, and carried him to the floor of the upper porch, when he hopped or was carried into the room by the storm before the windows were closed, which I learned was done after the fury of the storm had commenced. K.

Do Water Snakes Poison Fish?

Having repeatedly been interested in watching how water snakes feed, I was careful in noting how one particular snake manœuvred to get a meal in Crum Brook, one of the trout streams preserved by the Quaspeake Club, of Rockland County, N, Y., of which I am warden.

The snake darted from under the bank and seized a chub about three inches long, half of its body being in the mouth of the snake. I struck the reptile smartly with my cane, when t darted away, and the fish wriggled off slowly for a few feet and then lost all power of motion, although it did not seem to be even slightly bruised. Upon taking it out of the water I observed a *thick* slime or mucus covering the whole body, which I scraped off, and returned the fish to the water. At first the fish was very active, swimming around lively, but in a few moments seemed once more to lose the power of motion. I again took it out of the water, and found the coating of slime thicker upon its body than before. I scraped it off again, with the same result, but finally the fish turned on its side dead, and in about five minutes, spent in perfect quietude on my part, the snake came from under a submerged stump, seized the fish and disappeared. This incident led me to believe that the snake poisoned the fish by coating it with the thick secretion I found upon its body. However this may be, I now take great care to kill all the snakes that I find in the club waters. *Henry Brendon.*

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WITH DOG AND GUN IN ILLINOIS.

BY FRANK C. RIEHL.

While it has been said with some degree of truth that the spirit of true sportsmanship is dying out in the great Mississippi Valley, like the passing of the race of the first Americans who were its primal and truest teachers, there still remains enough of it to consume fully twenty per cent. of all the manufactories of sporting goods in the United States. It is a popular thing to declare pessimistically that hunting in the Central States has degenerated into a mere pastime for juveniles, and while the variety of our sport may be comparatively tame, the writer would be willing to undertake to furnish entertaining pastime right in the heart of Illlnois, to the most exacting nimrod, during ten months of the year. To be sure, the howl of the prairie wolf is no more to be heard, and the stories of stalking deer in the native pastures and bagging wild-fowl by the score in the open cornfields in midwinter, are now only reminiscences of the "oldest inhabitants," but on the theory that effort is the price of merit and true criterion of success, we can yet get as much of genuine results from a day's work afield, here in Illinois, as ever our fathers could.

Let us take the season in its rounds, beginning September 15th. On this date the game law lets down its barriers in behalf of the grouse, or prairie chicken, and by a little judicious inquiry as to location, the true nimrod can at any time during the ensuing eight weeks get good shooting within a few hours' journey by rail from any city in the State.

Then, on the first of October and thence to December first, we have the open season for partridge shooting, which numbers its devotees by scores in every cross-roads town, and although mercilessly hunted with an army of trained dogs supported through the year for this brief season of work, the law where respected and enforced is sufficiently protective to prevent the rapid depletion of this beautiful game bird. A bag of fifteen is a good day's shooting for an average hunter in any of the rural counties,—and what true sportsman would not be satisfied to return home with such a showing?

Then comes the annual fall flight of the larger wild fowl to Southern climes. The Mississippi river has been from time immemorial the highway of travel for these nimrods of the air and water, and their passage marks a period of about two months, depending upon the time of transition from the days of the falling leaf to those of frozen lakes and rivers. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the natural swamps and lakes have been drained and brought under cultivation, there is still abundant feeding ground, that from the very fact of its cultivation is made safe for the birds, and they remain here, roosting at night on the great sandbars in the river, until the heavy ice drives them down the valley. This is the season that tries the true sportsman, and he who with knowledge of his art and the will and endurance to follow it faithfully, applies himself earnestly to the hunting of ducks and geese, is always well rewarded. To be sure, there are days of poor results, but these trips are generally gauged by the weather, or by camping expeditions extending through one or more weeks, and I have oftener seen a score of from 10 to 25 birds at one sitting, than less. I need hardly say that practically all such shooting is done over decoys.

And when the real cold of winter comes the inland sportsman changes his loads to a lighter charge, unleashes his hounds and goes rabbit hunting. Many hunters, I am well aware, affect to disdain such humble sport, but I am willing to go on record as stating in sober earnest that some of the rarest days of my life afield have been passed in this way. While the march of civilization marks the steady decrease of other game, the rabbit is still with us in all his pristine glory. In fact, he flourishes on the products of modern agriculture and horticulture to such an extent as to be generally regarded as a nuisance. But go out on a cold, crisp winter's day when he is sleek and fat from feasting of the best that the land affords; invade his haunts with a pack of good hounds,—Beagles are much to be preferred,—give his hareship when you jump him a chance for his life, let the dogs bring him round again and then do your best; and if then your blood does not tingle with the fine excitement that is the elixir of a sportsman's life, you are to me a new anomaly of man. This fills in the winter months, and modern cookery has found many methods of making of the flesh of the rabbit a delightful dish.

With the first breaking of the ice, comes the northward flight of ducks, led by the hardy mergancer in February and concluding with the passage of the blue winged teal in April; and it not infrequently proves that the spring flight affords better shooting than that of the fall,—especially if the season is late and the waters of rivers and tributaries over the banks.

Following the larger wild-fowl, with the first good April showers, comes the luscious jack snipe and plover, into the bottom and flat prairie lands, remaining generally several weeks and affording the most royal shooting of the year. The writer belongs to a club of good fellows who for the past ten seasons, have made an annual pilgrimage to the snipe lands, following the coming of the first warm rains, and never yet have we failed of finding rich sport.

With the middle of April comes the closed season, for two months, but then we have the nimble squirrel, still to be found plentifully on the timbered lands, and the now rare but therefore more appreciated woodcock.

These are some of the reasons why it is still good to be an occasional devotee of dog and gun, even in the Prairie States, and with respect for the game laws, and demand for their strict enforcement constantly growing, there is every ground for the hope and belief that the day of the loss of this noble pastime in the Middle West, is yet far distant.

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AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

(Concluded from page 375.)

The sight is little used except for beginners and by slow poking shots, who dandle their guns after a bird for ten or fifteen yards; and therefore the less it is the better; one scarcely bigger than a pin's head will be more out of the way if not wanted; and for those who require it, the smaller it is the more readily it will help them to the center.

Directions for Trying Barrels.—A man may be taken in with a horse or dog, but never with a gun, after being simply told *how* to try it.

Having taken out the breeching, and ascertained that the barrel is free from flaws or unsound places, let him fire about a dozen or twenty shots at a quire of the thickest brown paper, by which he will know to a certainty, both the strength and closeness with which the shot is driven; and he should remember, that the strongest and most regular shooting-gun is the best, provided it does not throw the shot so thin as for a bird to escape between them.

The same quire of paper might do for all, if one fresh sheet is put in front of, and another behind it, every time the gun is fired.

Another, somewhat inferior, though a quicker and cheaper way of trying barrels is, to borrow an iron plate and whitewash it every shot. By doing this you save the expense of and time required for nailing up paper, and can form a tolerable idea of the strength, by observing the impression of the lead; as the stronger the gun shoots, the flatter the pellets are beat and the larger, of course, therefore, will the dark spots appear, on the white surface.

Before concluding on the examination of barrels, it may be proper to observe that a barrel may be pretty good and perfectly safe, and yet not able to bear the scientific inspection of a first-rate maker or judge: that is, to hold the barrel up to the window, and gradually raise it till the shade, from above the window, runs along its surface; by which inspection you will easily discover the most trifling want of finish. For instance, examine a barrel of Mr. Lancaster in this manner, and the shade will run along it like the even surface on the flow of smooth water. But take a barrel of an inferior finisher, and you will perceive the iron all in bumps, as if the flow of water was agitated by wind. To the many, however, who fancy themselves good judges of a gun, the one might appear as perfect as the other; and so indeed it would, to every person who examined it in the ordinary way. To inspect the inside of a barrel raise it in like manner, and if the stream of shade, as it were, flows true and steady, the boring may be considered straight, and free from any palpable defect.

The stock, to be neat in appearance, should be cut away, as close as strength and safety will admit of, and well tapered off at the locks. The butt may be rather full. A check-piece, however, is not only as frightful as its usual companion the scroll-guard, but is sometimes apt to give the very blow that it is intended to save. If, however, a sportsman prefers having something to steady his hand, Lancaster will show him a plan of mine for a movable pistol gripe, that can be put to any stock, and taken off at pleas-

ure. This proves to answer very well; but I dislike all the others, both for use and appearance.

[The movable pistol-stock here described is not only useless but is a hideous disfigurement to a fowling piece. In a very heavy duck gun it is a very advisable appendage, as such a gun is apt to kick terribly if not held tight to the shoulder.]

The stocks of single guns are generally tipped or capped with horn; but some makers have discarded this, through fear of its being split by the recoil, and either leave a clumsy continuation of the wood, or tip the stock with a gingerbread-looking piece of silver; whereas, if they would only leave a space of about the thickness of a shilling between the end of the rib and the horn, the recoil, however great, could have no influence on that part.

The length, bend, and casting off a stock, must of course be fitted to the shooter, who should have his measure for them as carefully entered on a gunmaker's books, as that for a suit of clothes on those of his tailor. He has then only to direct that his guns may be well balanced; to do which, the maker will put lead, proportioned to their weight; so that, on holding each of them flat on the left hand, with the end of the lock opposite to the little finger, he will find a sufficient equilibrium to make the gun rest perfectly steady on the hand.

I have proved that this degree of balance answers best, as a butt too much loaded is apt to hang upon the right hand in bringing it up, and *vice versa* on the left, which is top-heavy.

N. B.—The lower down the butt the lead is let in, the steadier the gun will keep to the shoulder, as it then acts like ballast to a rolling vessel.

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All stocks should have a good fall in the handle, and not be, as some are, nearly horizontal in that part. This has nothing to do with the general bend or mounting of the stock, but it is merely to keep the hand to the natural position, instead of having, as it were, the handle wrenched from the fingers while grasping it.

A stock that is deep and comes out well at the toe, or bottom of the heel-plate, is the most steady when pitched on the object.

For those who take a pride in the appearance of their stocks and select handsome pieces of wood, I know of nothing better to keep them polished, than a little linseed oil, and plenty of what is vulgarly called elbow grease.

[It is remarkable that Col. Hawker should make no allusion here to what I consider the greatest beauty of a stock—I mean a nice, slender, delicate gripe, without which it is scarcely possible to bring up a gun hastily and agreeably to the face. The defect in this point, clumsiness of the gripe, I regard as one of the worst faults a gun can have; and on that account I detest back action locks, which, unless this portion of the gun is unduly thickened, weakens it so much that a break is almost the sure consequence of a fall.]

The new and easy recipe for polishing gun-stocks is to varnish them precisely like the panels of a carriage.

[This varnish, however, easily scratches and shows an ugly white line. In my opinion, a plain well-oiled stock, if of handsome work, is by far the best, and, as the Colonel says, a little elbow grease always keeps that right.]

To Lay Up your Gun for the Winter.—Run melted mutton fat in the barrels until they are full. To do this the barrels must be moderately warm when you commence the operation, or the grease

will coagulate before it reaches the bottom. Anoint it well without, with any *animal* oil. Lay it away in a dry place, and it will take no harm in a dozen years.

To Clean It in the Spring.—Wipe the outside clean, set the piece (muzzle downwards) against a south wall in the sunshine, and as soon as the tallow is all run out wipe dry with tow.

Always in laying away a clean gun lay a bit of linen rag greased and doubled between the cone and the hammer—lay a square of greased rag over each muzzle and insert a punch wad driven down about two inches.

The best oil for guns is animal oil, in spite of the ill odor—olive oil holds salt in suspension, which is very injurious to the iron. This may be obviated, however, by putting half a pound of old iron —rusty nails or the like—into a clear glass bottle, filled up with the best olive oil and letting it stand a few days, when all the salt and impurity of the oil is precipitated on the iron, and the upper portion can be drawn off pure.

The very best oil in the world for this purpose, however, is got by paring away, with a very keen knife, the thick layers of fat which line the skin of a loon, or any other rank fat aquatic fowl; fry it out precisely as you would lard, and you have a gun-oil most impervious to water and absolutely rust-proof.

For preserving gun barrels and preventure against sea air, the best and simplest method I know of is to give all the iron work two or three coats of paint, which can easily be removed at any moment with turpentine. For large coarse swivel guns, or fine stocked ducking pieces of any kind, I would give the whole two coats of the new zinc paint, which has a peculiar affinity to iron, and in fact incorporates itself with it. For gunning skiffs the same paint would be invaluable.

Never let your gun, loaded or unloaded, cover anything except the object it is legitimately to be aimed at.

This rule steadily observed is worth all the gravitating stops ever invented.

Never let the muzzle of your gun point so directly downward that in case of a fall its muzzle would be buried in the soil. An accidental discharge at such a moment *must* burst the barrels, and would probably kill its owner.

When possible, carry your muzzle upward and forward.

In falling, always withdraw the finger from the trigger and elevate the muzzle perpendicular.

Practice and presence of mind will soon make this precept second nature.

Never allow your hammers to be down on your nipples, when they are capped.

I know no rule more important than this or more difficult to knock into the hard heads of people. Country shooters especially *will* carry their hammers down on the caps—of course quick shooting is impossible—and what more?

A sudden blow by a fall, or otherwise, on the back of the hammer surely explodes the charge.

Let a twig catch the hammer, when down on the nipple, draw it short of the half-cock and release it—it surely explodes the charge.

Whereas, carry it half-cock—let the same thing occur, and the lock is either full-cocked or it catches again, at the half-cock, in both cases safely.

A full-cock is safer than the hammer down, as a fall only can easily explode that. A twig does not catch the trigger once in a thousand times, owing to the protection afforded by the trigger guard.

I have certainly seen fifty guns exploded by twigs catching the snake's head of the hammer, but never one by twigs pulling the trigger.

I am satisfied that two-thirds of the

fatal accidents which occur in shooting —ninety-nine times to country gunners for one to thorough city sportsmen—are owing to the obstinate insanity of carrying guns with the hammers down on the caps.

I would as soon walk a day with a man who carries his gun at full-cock pointed squarely at my head, as with one who carries his cocks down on the nipples.

I have written pages on this subject already; but it is impossible to write too much on the subject. Yet one *ignoble* jackass charged me in the *Spirit of the Times* with recommending the practice. Of course, he knew the contrary. He was a paid gunseller's hack. Colonel Hawker doubts the possibility of killing double shots quick and in good style, by carrying the gun at half-cock, and cocking the locks only one at a time, as the bird rises.

I do not doubt it. I have shot in no other manner for five and twenty years, certainly killed as fair a share of double shots as my neighbors, and am aware that my fault in shooting is that I shoot too quick, as I believe is the case with every one who can shoot at all.

If you carry your gun at half-cock and cock it when dogs point, there is always this danger—that dogs often road on for some distance, yet following and momentarily expecting a shot, but the birds have stolen away unperceived—the dogs begin to beat wide again—and you forget all about cocking your gun, become careless because you fancy her at half-cock, and off she goes.

I do not know but with a careful person—with a careless one all methods are equally dangerous—it is just as safe a way as any to carry a gun at full-cock.

I have seen fifty fine shots in my life do so, and never saw an accident from it.

Still I recommend carrying the gun always at half-cock, and never cock till the bird rises. The first barrel is cocked as bird mounts, is fired, and if a second bird rises, the second barrel is cocked by merely relieving the butt an inch or two from the shoulder without taking it down; and the second or two lost gains you more in coolness than it loses you in time.

In loading, if one barrel only is fired, leave the barrel unfired at half-cock.

Put in your powder—return your horn draw two wads, put one in your teeth, insert and ram home the other *not too hard on the powder;* draw shot pouch, pour in shot, return pouch, insert wad, ram *smartly* home.

After ramming the powder home run the rod into the barrel *not fired*, to see that the wad is tight, and leave it there till the second barrel is shotted. A very little care will prevent any loose shot from running in upon the rod and if it does you have only to reverse the gun and it will run out.

Return your ramrod, recover the gun, half-cock the discharged barrel, see that the powder is up in the nipple, if not, pick the nipple, reverse the gun and give it a smart tap under the breech till the powder comes up. Cap your gun, and all is right.

Though the description occupies some time, the operation is as quick as lightning.

It is not a bad plan to drill a small hole through the center of each wad; they are more easily rammed home, and do not *squeak*, which *squeak* has lost me many a shot, over broken bevies lying hard.

In bringing up your gun, take care to

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keep the upper plane of the barrels level to the plane of the horizon. If the gun, when at your shoulder, is diagonal—that is, with one barrel higher than the other—it cannot shoot true.

Fix your eye, or eyes—I say eyes, and earnestly advise your keeping both open—steadily on your object, bring up your gun to your shoulder, and pull trigger the moment it is up. It will come right of itself. You will never shoot well if you sight along the barrel. This is the reason why extraordinary rifle shots never, or very rarely, shoot well with the shot gun on the wing.

Never attempt to keep your gun in motion or what is called *follow* your bird, except in wild-fowl shooting; and I say not even then.

In cross shots, allow six inches—that is, shoot ahead of your object so far—for every ten yards after thirty; and in very windy weather, or when birds are very wild and strong, or at wild fowl, twice that distance. Calculation at first becomes habit, or instinct—which you will.

No man who *follows* his birds can kill them surely in thick covert or handsomely anywhere.

Always beat down or across wind for snipe, never *up-wind;* for the bird can only rise up-wind, and if you go down on him he must cross you, and so give you a fair shot.

In raising, a snipe always hangs for a second or two on the wind and utters his cry "*scaipe*"—that is the moment to take him. If you wait as old Twaddles tells you to do, till he has *done twisting*, in wild weather, you'll wait till he's a mile off.

Never fire *both* barrels at a wild snipe—ten to one the second barrel will flush a gentle one close by.

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Never shoot across your friend's face, or try jealously to take *his* bird from him. Every bird is *yours* which after rising crosses from him toward you, and *vice versa*.

To shoot across a man's face is the acme of snobbishness.

Beat for quail early in the morning and late in the afternoon; find as many bevies as you can, and mark them as well as you can, before noon, without caring to follow them up. It is hardly possible to find them when looking in the heat of the day; and your midday sport must depend on the number found, scattered and marked early.

When you mark quail down, don't follow them at once. They have a knack of retaining their scent while alarmed, and ten to one you won't find them. Beat for a second bevy, or sit down and smoke your cigar for half an hour, or till you hear their call if sooner—then you will have sport with them.

Kill your quail, if you can, any way you can, except down on the ground or up in a tree. They are the bravest, strongest, quickest and most difficult bird to kill that flies anywhere; and it takes a top sawyer to stop a brace right and left in a thicket.

The most snobbish thing you can do in shooting is not to fire at a bird you *might* kill for fear of missing.

The next most snobbish thing is to blaze away at a bird so far off that you have no chance of killing.

In shooting ruffed grouse—partridge or pheasant—in broken ground with ravines, keep the guns half a mile forward of the dogs and the person who hunts them. These birds have a trick of running away from the dogs at top speed for two or three hundred yards, and then taking wing and going off quietly. In ground such as I have de-

scribed, I have heard forty or fifty birds go off in a rough day before very steady dogs without getting a shot ; by adopting this plan I have often had sport.

In shooting wild duck on rivers or brooks, keep well back from the shores when they run straight—crawl carefully into the turns, so as to command the next reach.

If you come on ducks suddenly in small ponds in the woods, they are apt to tower up nearly perpendicular, and if you are not aware of this peculiarity, and on your guard, it is five to one you will shoot behind them.

In shooting wild fowl to stools, fire above a rising and below a setting fowl, and a foot before the tip of his bill at thirty yards, and six inches more for every ten yards further.

In very strong weather I have killed both geese and coots quite dead, when, I am sure, I have shot five feet before their bills.

No rules can make a good shot out of a bad one, but attention to rules will make a tolerable shot a thorough sportsman, remembering always what Pliny says in his chapter on Black Duck, quoted by the lamented Cypress, Jr.:

"*Legere et scribere est pedagogi, sed optime collineare est Dei.*"

To read and write comes from the schoolmaster, but a crack shot is the work of God.

How to Buy a Gun.—Don't buy of a hardware man at any price.

Don't buy a very cheap gun of any one.

No gun—double gun—can be made, safe, sound and fit to shoot with, for less than $25 ; no single gun for less than $15.

Go to any respectable gunmaker and look at his own guns, with his *own name*, which it is of course his interest to keep engraved on them ; or to any respectable importer, also a *gunmaker*, and ask him to show you a good gun at such a price which he can recommend.

Either of these methods will do if you are in such a hurry that you cannot wait ; but rely on it that you will get a better gun, by fifty per cent., if you order one built direct, by a thoroughly good maker. In choosing the gun, unless you are a great judge, which I am presuming you not to be, you will be able to ascertain nothing but the external finish, and the glib, smooth and easy working of the lock—this you will arrive at by drawing the lock very slowly to cock, letting it down, catching at the various bents, not snapping, but seeing that there is no grist, and *hearing* that it ticks clear, sonorous, and like the ring of a sound bell, not with a thin, sharp, wiry creak.

This is some criterion, moreover, as to the whole, since good locks, which are proportionately the dearest part of the whole gun, are not used to be put on bad guns.

Still for quality, you must rely principally on the vendor's word. Therefore, deal with no vendor whose name is not a sufficient guarantee for his word, and no mere gun-importer's or hardware man's name can be such a guarantee, since he knows nothing about the quality or nature of what he sells, but what he knows by his invoice ; and he has no name to lose, for he is not responsible for the nature of what he sells.

Therefore, you must rely for quality on the price of the article and the honesty of the vendor, your only guarantee for which is his own good name as a gunmaker.

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To try the gun, first, as to its suiting you, having found a weight which you like and a nice delicate grip, fix both your eyes steadily on any object, a nail head on the wall or a pattern in the paper. Raise the gun slowly and steadily to your eye. Close the left eye, look along the barrel, and if the object is fairly covered, the gun suits you and you can shoot with it. If not, go on trying to find one that will.

But to be *sure* of a good gun, go to a good known maker. He will give you means of trying, so as to ensure *fitting* you, as to grip, bend of the stock, weight, etc.—for in order to shoot well your gun must fit you as well as your coat—and will receive your order as to weight, price, etc., and if you are not suited it will be your own fault.

As to prices, Mr. Krider can turn out a perfectly safe and sound common gun, which will shoot, not like his best guns, but well enough for ordinary work, for about thirty dollars ; for fifty dollars he can turn out a gun of which no sportsman need be ashamed, and which will do its work quick, clean, decisively and creditably to the satisfaction of all parties concerned ; and, from that upwards to one hundred and fifty dollars, one, which if it can be beat at all, will be very hard to beat, which will be beautiful enough in finish, proportions and everything, to fill its own place respectably against a handsome London gun ; and which I would rather have than any Birmingham gun, not excluding Dean & Adams', Westley Richards', or Ellice's, that ever was turned out.

Mullin's scale of prices are much about the same, and his work very similar to Krider's.

On and after January 1, 1897, the American Angler will be exclusively devoted to angling and its cognate themes, and the subscription price will be reduced to ONE DOLLAR.

Do this and you will have a good gun.

Don't, and perhaps you will get your head blown off ; but if you do, don't blame me.

Every man who wants a gun and can afford to have one, can afford to pay twenty-five dollars for one. If not, let him wait till he can. It will be a cheaper way to him than to buy a Brummagen at $12, and at the end of six months find himself without any gun —burst ? any hand—blown off ! a large doctor's bill—to pay !

At all events, if no accident happens, the having a good piece that will work, will amply compensate the delay which saved him from getting a piece of useless trash.

As to sportsmen, who keep guns for pleasure, *I say* they can always afford to give from $50 to $150 for a gun, or else they can't afford to shoot for pleasure at all ; and had better let it alone.

They can't get a real good one for less ; and if they shoot knowingly and intentionally with a bad gun, they are not sportsmen.

If you want to import a high-priced English gun, go to any respectable *gunmaker*, not gunseller, and say "I want a Manton, a Purday, a Lancaster, or anybody you please ; there is my check, or my security, or my order, if he knows you, get me a first-rate fifty-guinea gun." Weight, so and so. Write a private letter, if you please, to the English builder, and you will get the genuine thing.

I have done so more than once, and never failed attaining my object.

Now you know how to buy a good gun as well as I do, or as any one in the world who is not a practical gunsmith.

How to Try a Gun.—Load with its usual charge of powder and shot, which ascertain from the maker, and observe carefully.

Fire at forty, forty-five, fifty yards at a quire or two quires—better yet—of the largest sized stiff brown paper.

The penetration of the shot through the last sheet will give you the force.

The spread of the charge and the regularity of its target will give you the closeness or reverse of the charge; and as a general rule the proportion between the ram for entering the first sheet and piercing the last, gives the merit of the gun, of course the longer and at the farther ranges a gun preserves the same proportion, the better the gun.

Size and weight of guns are, and must be according to the fancies of individuals. I prefer myself, for upland shooting: Thirty-one inch barrel—fourteen gauge—seven and a half pounds weight, bar locks, one and a half ounce No. 8, equal measure powder.

For Summer Cock or Rail.—Twenty-eight inch barrel—ten gauge—six and a half pounds weight, bar locks, one ounce No. 8, equal measure powder.

For a Double Duck Gun.—Thirty-three inch barrel—nine guage—ten pounds weight, bar locks. Two to two and a half ounce No. 4, equal measure powder.

For a Single Duck Gun for Boat Shooting.—Three and a half feet barrel—five gauge—sixteen pounds weight—bar locks, no ram rod or ram rod pipes, loading and cleaning rod all in one, to lie in the boat, balanced by lead in the butt under the heel plate. Four ounce No. 2 to B. B., equal measure of powder. Two of these guns for stool shooting from a boat will beat any double in the world.

[THE END.]

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During the months of March, April, May and June, 1896, the four Vestibuled Limited trains of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway between Washington and Cincinnati made a remarkable record. Each train covered 599 miles 122 times, a grand total of 292,312 miles, or nearly 11¾ times the earth's circumference, and yet the four trains were on time 463 times out of a possible 488, an average of 95 per cent. Considering the number of trains, the period covered, the distance run and the mountainous nature of the country traversed, these figures speak volumes for the physical condition and management of the road, and account for its popularity with travelers between the East and West.

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For twenty (20) subscriptions—same as our 15 subscription premiums, but of superior quality.
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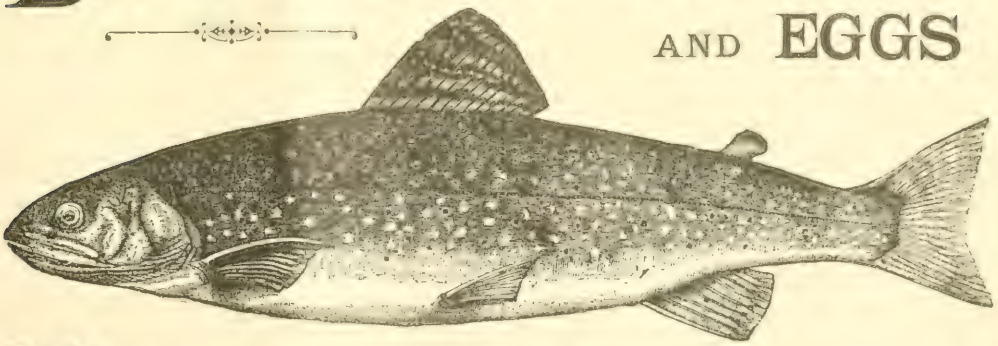


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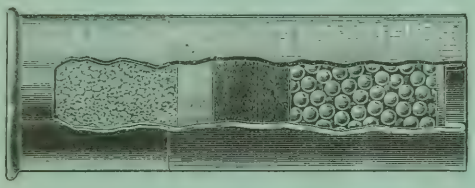
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